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THE
WORKS AND REST
OF THE
CREATION:

CONTAINING

I. An ESSAY ON THE UNIVERSE. Designed to promote a familiar, pleasing, and religious Knowledge of the EARTH and HEAVENLY BODIES.

IN FOUR BOOKS.

II. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. Adapted to the various Parts of the CHRISTIAN SABBATH; and its different DUTIES, EXERCISES, and EMPLOYMENTS.

IN THREE PARTS.

By MOSES BROWNE.

— *Hic castus artemque repono.* VIRG.

L O N D O N :

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M.DCC.LII.

W. Muggave!



TO HER GRACE

The DUTCHESS of SOMERSET.

MADAM,

IT is a peculiar Satisfaction to me that I enjoy an Opportunity, in which I can, with so much Propriety, have the Honour to prefix YOUR GRACE'S Name to this Volume. Each of the Pieces of which it is composed having been publickly addressed to you; though separately, and at very different Times: and have received the generous, animating Assurances of YOUR

A 2

GRACE'S

GRACE's indulgent, though undeserved, Approbation.

This is a Condescension, that lays me under a Necessity of making the most grateful Acknowledgments, while it gives the brightest Lustre to YOUR GRACE's Candour; and has been a powerful Motive to excite me, in the Exercise of a fresh Industry, to correct and improve these Sheets; by all the Methods my little Measure of Art, joined to a most laborious Application could effect. In hopes to make them still more acceptable to YOUR GRACE, in the present Edition; and to render them in some small Degree (it may be) worthier of that kind Entertainment, they have had the Success to meet with from the World.

Your GRACE has an Understanding too discerning and delicate, and what
is

DEDICATION, v

is far better, a Mind too religiously directed, to be engaged by any Artifices of a mean, and sordid Adulation. Nor have I the Skill or Inclination, a Baseness nor Venality to practice them; and should least of all be betrayed into, at the Time I am recommending a Performance to YOUR GRACE's favourable Regard, that professes to have the Service of Truth, and the sacred Interests of Piety at Heart. I need not have mentioned this, if I did not know YOUR GRACE possessed of such a singular Humility as makes you scrupulous in admitting, even of those Praises the common Voice acknowledges are justly due to your exalted Merit: and which I that have felt, and still feel the Blessings of its Influence, in a Variety of obliging Instances, cannot suppress my Zeal to own, in a

reverential admiring Silence ; under the strong Impressions I labour with, and that the many inviting and pleasing Ideas it has awakened, is presenting to me.

It was the powerful Attraction of so lovely and alluring a Character, that drew on and cemented the eminent and sacred Friendship, which so happily subsisted between your GRACE, and that late pious Wonder and Ornament of her Sex, the accomplished, divine PHILOMELA. It was the Prevalency of so many radiant Virtues that excited the tender and disinterested THOMSON to do them an immortal Honour, in some of the best Writing any Age will see : and that gave to me first the irresistible Inclination (which I plead in Excuse of my Unworthiness and Presumption) of consecrating

DEDICATION. vii

crating the Fruits of my earliest Art, to receive the Indulgencies I have ever since experienced, in YOUR GRACE's friendliest Countenance, and Patronage.

But these are Considerations of a lesser, private Nature. It was a superior *intrinsick Merit*, (above all her other Advantages of Birth, Alliances, and Quality) that selected out the amiable COUNTESS OF HARTFORD to become the Favourite, and endeared her to the Affections of the BEST OF QUEENS, that gained her such an Interest in the Royal Heart, and enabled her to direct the Streams of its Bounty, on such deserving Objects, as her Goodness had singled out for it to make happy. And upon your GRACE's Advancement, in a Course of Providence, to the Honours of the first Rank and Title in our *British* Nobility, it was *this* that preserved in your gene-

viii DEDICATION.

rous Breast that Equanimity, and native gentleness of Manners, by which you had been so constantly distinguished; without the least Change by your Elevation. *This* it was that rendered YOUR GRACE such a shining Pattern of Conjugal Excellence, in your Relation to the NOBLEST AND WORTHIEST LORD: And that supported you, with so much Dignity and Christian Submission, to sustain a Separation, the most melancholy and fatal; that, at this Distance, is bleeding fresh in every Mind: and can never be remembered, unaccompanied with the truest, and deepest Sorrow.

I know the Opinion of the World, and the Sentiments of (what is esteemed) the elegant Part of it, who think they cannot fast enough forget their deceased Friends, and are trying every irrational and unbecoming Expedient

DEDICATION. ix

dient to obliterate their Griefs, will think me very unpolite and unfortunate, in the Choice of such a Compliment, as I am making to YOUR GRACE ; but I consider I am writing to an *eminently Christian* LADY, whose Sense and Piety will not permit her to pass over such awful Transactions of divine Providence hastily, and with a customary Inobservation ; and who under the heaviest Pressures from such Reflections (which a Length of Time, it is hoped, added to other Considerations, may now have happily moderated) can derive a Comfort ; in a serious Review of such paternal, wise, and castigatory Dispensations.

A Character so Engaging, Influencing and Exemplary, as that of the late DUKE OF SOMERSET, ought never to be passed over in Silence : but be frequent-

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ly presented to the View of every Noble Person, as a Pattern for the fairest Imitation. And to myself, especially, it should be very dear: who had begun to taste his Favours, and was so happy as to be an Eye-witness to a Part of his singular Worth; while I had the Honour to be entertained as a Guest, at one of his GRACE's delightful Seats in the Country. Where I enjoyed the constant unintermitted Pleasure *every Night and Morning*, to join in the solemn Devotions of the *whole Family*; of which his GRACE was so strictly-pious an Observer, that he thought it not unbecoming his Dignity, in his Chaplain's Indisposition, to perform, himself, that sacred Office to them, rather than the important Service of his MAKER should be *once* omitted: The Effects of which were easy to perceive in the Civility,
Regu-

DEDICATION. xi

Regularity, and sober Deportment of all his numerous Domesticks. What a worthy and inviting Precedent to be followed, by every Governor of an Household ! How many were the Poor, around his Neighbourhood, that received a Sustainance, from the Liberality of his plentiful Table ! How mild was he in his Treatment of Inferiours ! How humanely concerned towards those, who had the Blessing to be under so gentle and beloved a Master, to make their Stations comfortable and easy ! How careful not to waste the Time (on which a Livelihood depended) of any that had Occasion of applying to him ; by formal Attendance, and unnecessary Delays ! How cautious and deliberate was he in his Promises, and how conscientiously exact in fulfilling of them ! And in the several afflictive Seasons of

A 6 severest

xii DEDICATION.

severest Pain, with which he was long and frequently visited, with how much Patience, and Sweetness of Nature, did he ever behave to all about him ! as those could Witness, who have had Obligations to be oftenest near him. No Wonder a Life thus regulated should be followed by such a Calmness, Composure, and Resignedness, such an heroic Fortitude and Constancy in Death ; which has afforded Admirati-
on, and has left a glorious Proof of the powerful Supports, that the Faith and Hope of the *real Christian* will furnish the Good-man with, in his most desti-
tute, and latest Moments. This is too affecting a Theme for me to dwell up-
on ; and should not have been recalled to your GRACE's Thoughts, but that, I think, such Reflections carry with them something of a divine Consolati-
on ; and my unfeigned Esteem for my

DEDICATION. xiii

NOBLE LORD would not let me omit a Season so proper, for giving this explicit Testimony, of the Love and Veneration which I bear, to his ever-honoured and distinguished Memory.

In that tenderest, nearest Connexion your GRACE had to his noble Person, and that Intimacy you must be led into with all his Sentiments, it is your Happiness to shine, adorned with the same princely Virtues, and to express them by so lively a Resemblance: which your GRACE's Disaffection to the Amusements of empty fashionable Pleasures, and senseless Popularity, and your ingenious Love of a contemplative Retirement, afford you vast Advantages for improving; and assist to the enriching of your Mind. I have been very tedious, and (I fear) too bold, in the Liberties I have ventured to assume in this Address; but as I may not have
another

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another Opportunity of this sort, or (as far as I can tell) of ever appearing again in any public Manner to the World, I am willing to hope I shall obtain a more easy Pardon: and that your GRACE will candidly accept of this very honest but homely Dedication. In which I have purposely declined every Thing that might have any Appearance of Art and Embellishment, and had an Inclination should be nothing more than a plain and simple Profession, of that ardent, real, and undesigned Duty, with which I have an Ambition to be thought and approved,

MADAM,

YOUR GRACE'S

March 14th,
1752.

most obliged,

sincerely grateful,

and obedient Servant,

MOSES BROWNE.

DEDICATION

another Opportunity of this sort, or
in any public Manner to the World, I
am willing to hope I shall obtain a more
easy Pardon than your GRACE
will readily accept of this very honest
and necessary Declaration.

THE

PREFACE.

I *Intended, on my finishing the SUNDAY THOUGHTS, to have republished the several Parts of them together, in one Volume. But they not making a sufficient Quantity alone, for such a Purpose, and being ALL I proposed to myself to write or, consistently, can write on the Subject; I was desired, by a very ingenious and dear Friend, (who is universally esteem'd, for his Elegance and Piety, as an Author of the first Abilities and Character) to let a Piece, which I had written more than twenty Years before, on the WORKS OF THE CREATOR, appear anew*

in

in this Edition: So large a Part of which is composed on the holy Solemnization of His REST, and will not seem an improper Connexion. On revising it, I found myself inclined to make several Alterations and Enlargements, which, tho' they cost me more Labour and Time than I am willing to own, I thought very necessary; and, I hope, will be seen to have considerably improv'd the whole. Where I had an Opportunity of following some Hints that the late eminent and candid Dr. WATTS had been formerly so kind to point out to me for this Purpose. The Motive that set me at first on writing this Poem, was, a Disgust I had taken in seeing so venerable and sacred a Subject, as the amazing Workmanship of the DEITY, treated by M. Fontanelle and other Imitators of his Dialogue, in so loose an Air of unseasonable Wit, with the Levity and Gallantries of a Romance: which otherwise express great Ingenuity, and convey in many Places, a fine Instruction. I conceived a much more useful, and possibly, as
pleasing

The PREFACE.

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pleasing an Attempt might be made, to give less judicious and considerate Persons an easy, and at the same Time, magnificent Conception of the astonishing Theory of the Universe, improveable to a virtuous and religious End; where I had still an Advantage they wanted, in their Use of a Prose, and familiar Stile. I had Hopes herein of inviting such to the Love and Pursuit of serious, useful Knowledge, whose Years, Sex, or Inclinations make them averse to reading deeper Authors on this Branch of noble Science; heartily uniting in that moral Wish of the learned Writer of the Astronomical Dialogues “ That Persons, “ especially of Birth and Fortune, might “ be induced to detach some Part of their “ happy Leisure from being lost by Sports, “ Play, or worse Avocations, and to dedicate it to the Improvement of their “ Minds.”

I have also made some few Changes in the other Part of the Work, that treats of the Christian

Christian Sabbath ; and have transposed the Order of the first and second Parts from that in which they appeared before ; whereby the whole is carried on in a better Method, and is regular in its Design. I have also added, some Lines in the second Part, on a solemn Ordinance of the Christian Worship, the Sacrament of Baptism, which was 'till now omitted ; and in a few other Places. My chief Aim in all has been to render it as pleasing and extensively useful, as I had a Possibility of making it ; and which, I have Reason to hope, will be the Consequence, since (as I have before this Time observed) I have avoided, as much as I could, every where, the discovering any Thing that might draw on me the Charge of favouring any particular Sect or Party among Christians ; my Desire being to make my Reflections on a Subject, in the Sacredness of which, they are all agreed, acceptable and useful to them all, as far as I could do it, consistent with my Love of Truth ; and to turn my Considerations chiefly on those
acknow-

The PREFACE.

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acknowledged Things, in which all good Men every where, and of every Party, do, and will agree. If in any Place I have Reason to mistrust I shall be disappointed in this charitable Endeavour, I imagine it is, where I have given my Opinion, with some Freedom, but no provoking Warmth, on some of those leading Points which have seem'd to me to be the proper Employments and Designation of a Gospel Ministry. I am sorry I have Occasion to remark, that these are not so much the fashionable Faith, nor the fashionable Preaching of the present Day, as it is wished they were, by those who desire to learn the whole of their Religion from the plain and express Revelation of their Bibles, and not from the refined Wit and Reasonings of human Pride, and the prejudiced Conceits of human Systems: which has subverted primitive Christianity; and been the real Occasion of that Ignorance and Wickedness, so notorious at this very Time. I shall not enter into Particulars here, nor pursue Debate; an Inclination too

too common, with Men of hot Heads, and cold Hearts. It would be well, if more of that Meekness of Wisdom was to be found in our Controversies, than is usually visible; which are a Strife rather for Victory than Truth: And too sadly confirm an Observation, Dr. YOUNG has made, " That the Dispute about Religion, and the Practice of it seldom go together."

I have laboured to be particular in exciting and warming the holy Affections, in the Passages that treat of the Sacrament of the LORD'S SUPPER: which may be considered by pious Minds, in the Nature of an assisting Communion-Office; in their Preparations, and after their Attendance on that sacred Ordinance. And it is the only one in its Kind, that I know of, which has hitherto been attempted in Poetry.

In my Observations about duly sanctifying the LORD'S DAY, I have avoided the Extremes

The PREFACE.

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tremes of those who would superstitiously load it with the Severities and Bondage of a legal, Jewish Sabbath, and the relaxing Principles of others, who would change a Gospel Liberty into Licentiousness; the Reproof of which I have, with more Tenderness than Asperity undertaken, in those moral Complaints, that are to be found in the Close of the second Part of the Poem.

If any Persons, from a weaker, or perhaps, a better Judgement (for I am not ignorant what may be said for either Side of the Argument) should be offended with my using the Title of SUNDAY Thoughts, imagining they have Scripture-Ground for such Objection, I have only to say, that common Acceptation and Consent have given Authority for using that Name; the original corrupt and idolatrous Sense of which is long since worn out and forgotten, and answers to*
the

* As in these Places following, *Exod. xxiii. 13. Josh. ii. 7. Deut. xii. 3. Numb. xxxii. 38. Psalm xvi. 4.*

*the same intentions with the Feria prima, secunda, &c. insisted on with so much Heat in the Romish Decretals. And in the Rubricks and Canons of our Protestant Church, the Day is established by that Name, as Easter-Sunday, Trinity-Sunday, &c. Among the antient Fathers; Tertullian expressly calls it Dies Solis, * Sunday; and Eusebius, and Justin Martyr,† by the self same Phrase *ἡμέρα ἡλίου*, or Sunday. It is sufficient that by this, every one knows what I mean; and my Desire is to have to do with Men, who have the Sense to express their Ingenuity and Candour, by the Regard they pay to Meanings more than Names.*

* Apol. c. xvi.

† Apol. ii.

THE
WORKS of CREATION.
AN
ESSAY on the UNIVERSE.
IN FOUR BOOKS.

- | | |
|---|---|
| I. Of the EARTH and
WATERS. | III. A Survey of the PLA-
NETARY WORLDS. |
| II. Of the Elements of
AIR and FIRE. | IV. Observations on the
SUN and FIXED STARS. |

Concluding with a H Y M N of Praise, to the
tremendous and adorable D E I T Y.

*Vincit amor Musæ, vincit DEUS: ardua quamvis
Sit via, non metuit virtus invicta laborem.*

PALINGEN.

*Above th' Olympian Mount I soar,
Above the Flight of Pegasean Wing.*

MILTON.

Essays on the Unity of the

AN
ESSAY
ON THE
UNIVERSE.
BOOK I.
Of the EARTH and WATERS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject proposed at large. Address to the Dutches of SOMERSET. An Invitation to the Lovers of Philosophical Science, especially those of the Fair Sex. The Terraqueous Globe, surveyed, with the Distributions and Uses of the Elements: Two of which, only the Earth and Waters, are treated of in this First Book; that concludes, with an Episodical Description of the general Deluge, and a View of the different Hypotheses concerning it.

A. N.
E S S A Y
O N T H E
U N I V E R S E.
B O O K I.

N O more a *Fisher*, by the Reedy Streams,
To easy Notes I chaunt the Rural Themes,
These pleas'd me once, when, artless in the
Shade,

I NATURE, first, in simplest Charms survey'd.
To gaze o'er all her Prospects now I soar; 5
The Streams, and Shades, confine my Haunts no more.

Teach me, FAIR TUTORESS, thro' thy Realms to
stray!

Steep are the Paths I climb, and long my Way.
Light, with thy Rays, my favour'd Feet to press
Thy awful *Fane*, they inmost deep Recess. 10
To midnight Walks, to visionary Cells,
To Groves, where *Hermit Inspiration* dwells,

B 2

Lead

Lead thy chaste *Vot'ry*; while my raptur'd Soul
 Wou'd range thy devious Lengths from Pole to Pole;
 To Stars, and Suns of boundless Space wou'd rise : 15
 To Worlds, yet, unsurvey'd by mortal Eyes.

THOU, whose bright Form the gentlest Heart in-
 spires ;
 Whose pleas'd Regards my sole Ambition fires ;
 Who, rais'd to cherish ev'ry generous Art,
 Dost, like a *Sun*, on All, thy Beams impart : 20
 By Nature fram'd benevolently kind ;
 Whom Birth not more ennobles than thy Mind :
 Will SOMERSET, auspicious Influence deign !
 While for HER Audience, I repeat my Strain ?
 That to her Patronage, long since, addrest 25
 Boasts no small Fame, in her Acceptance blest.
 Perhaps, that, now relabour'd, may appear
 Chang'd more to please her tun'd, judicious Ear.
 So got *Prometheus*, the celestial Ray,
 To warm, with Life, his Workmanship of Clay. 30

And YE, whose Taste *Philosophy* esteems,
 Not lik'd the less when Verse attempts its Themes,
 Free from the Spleen that dulls th' Adept severe ;
 In Tempers faultless, as in Judgment clear :
 But chief, YE FAIR, whose tempted Hand invites 35
 The Rose of Science, while it's Thorn afrights ;

Who

Book I. *the* UNIVERSE.

5

Who, by the Poet's Effort, may be won
To read deep Systems, that in Prose ye shun.
For love of Candour, as for Genius prais'd,
Smile on a Muse by generous Motives rais'd, 40
Cheer her bold Flights th' etherial Tracts along;
For You I meditate the arduous Song.

Hear, how CREATIVE WISDOM first design'd
This beauteous World, the Seat of Human Kind.
Orbicular HE turn'd the ductile Mold, 45
And thro' vast Space the pondrous Wonder roll'd;
Convenient Form, that round his *central Sun*
The *Wand'rer* might his *annual* Circuit run;
And on their Thrones reseate, in gentle Sway,
'The Pow'rs that rule, by turns, the *Night* and
Day; 50

That healthful *Tides* might unresisted flow,
And *Seasons* change, * and genial *Breezes* blow.
New, various Modes on Matter HE impress'd,
And taught th' Atomic Motion where to rest;
Spread the firm *Earth's* indissoluble Base, 55
And pour'd the liquid *Sea's* surrounding Space,
'Then finely stretch'd aloft the fleecy *Air*,
And bad to upmost Realms the *Fire* repair,
What various Blessings they for Man produce!
How wond'rous is the *Elemental* Use! 60

B 3

First

* *These Things are impossible, were the Earth plane,
angular, or any way contrary to the present Figure.*

First let me, Parent EARTH, thy Praise rehearse,
 And be the Theme propitious to my Verse !
 To thy own Graces similize my Song,
 Smooth as thy Plains, and as thy Mountains strong :
 Thy *Mountains*, whose robust, cementing Bands, 65
 With stable Sinews, brace the spacious Lands,
 Secure the Vales beneath from *Oceans* force,
 And check of nipping Winds the noxious Course ;
 On shelter'd Plains reflect the Solar Ray,
 Whence ripen'd Glebes the Peasant's Toil repay. 70
 Their Heights (each form'd some different Tribe to
 cheer)

The largest *Vegetable* Produce rear :
 Whose rugged Brakes, impassable and rude,
 Protect the Savage, solitary Brood.
 The *Tyger* here, and *Vulture's* rabid Kind, 75
 Their covert Lares, and shady Eyries find;
 Whom Nature banish'd from the social Plains,
 Nor cou'd subsist, with theirs, the milder Trains.
 Far down their hideous Steeps the frightened Eye
 Paths, never trod by human Feet, can spy, 80
 Prospects of vast Antiquity it views :
 The Thoughts deep-wildering in a strange Amuse.
 Where ruin'd Piles of age-fell'd Trees lie hurl'd,
 That seem the first Productions of the World :

At

Book I. *the* UNIVERSE.

7

At whose dead Roots, in all the Parent-Grace, 85
Rise the young Groves; a verdant numerous Race.
And from the bare, bleak Precipice, whose Height
Frowns shudd'ring Horror on the aching Sight,
One swoln, continuous Sheet the Torrents throw;
For ever thund'ring on the Beach below. 90

Cross the whole Earth, link'd close, long, broad,
and tall,
One Chain they stand, the World's steep, dreadful Wall.
Their apt Positions, rang'd from *East* to *West*,
The *Vapoury* Forces in their March arrest;
That, *North* and *South*, detaching off their Pow'rs, 95
Wou'd *Mid-Land* Climes deprive of succouring
Show'rs:

The humid Prisoners, on their Tops confin'd,
Mute, down their Sides, a furtive Passage wind,
Then in a gushing *Spring* their Freedom gain,
Or 'scape, a *River*, murmuring thro' the Plain: 100
While Part, that stop'd, and cool'd, to Clouds unite,
Thence, in dark Columns take their cumbrous Flight,
Least torrid Climes with barren Droughts shou'd pine,
Left a dry Waste, beneath the burning *Line*.
Their tall Ascents the ambient Land skips show, 105
And useful *Minerals* find their Beds below.
They Bulwarks stand, the safe defensive Mounds
Of neighb'ring States, and mark their separate
Bounds;

And aid the *Water-Nymphs* their Course to keep,
In easy Progress, to their Sire, the *Deep*. 110

Strange is the Sight *Tucoman's* Plain unfolds,
Whose Mount * the pleas'd *American* beholds:
It's lofty Clifts, a cristal Form display,
Like one vast Diamond glittering to the Day.
Beneath its huge Extent, a hideous Cave 115
Drinks in, a plunging Currents gloomy Wave.
O'er which the Natives, on a caney Raft,
In dread Adventure dared their Crew to waft;
Whose Length of subterranean Stream to trace
Spent the bold Band a whole diurnal Space. 120
Peru's vast *Andes*, how immense they rise!
And *Alpine* Summits pierce th' inferiour Skies.
Damoan's Pike the *Persian* gives by Night,
From its sulphureous Soil, a sparkling Light;
From whose clear Heights prodigious, he, by
Day, 125
The vastly-distant *Caspian* † can survey.
Who knows not, *Tenerife*, thy boasted Name?
Far as the *Sun* o'erlooks is spread thy Fame.
Renown'd in *Homer's* and in *Maro's* Song,
Ida's and *Atlas' Heights* shall flourish long; 130
And,

* A Mountain of an amazing Height and Extent in
Paraguay, famous by the Name of the Cristal Mountain,
† A Space of more than 180 Miles.

And, crown'd in sacred Lays, *Lebanus* stands,
Proud in her Groves, the Queen of *Asian* Lands.

Descend, my *Muse*, and view the humble *Plain*,
Haunt of thy Hours, and Emblem of thy Strain,
Nurse of the verdant Wreath that crowns thy
Lay, 135

The Lover's Myrtle, and the Poet's Bay:
Whose mild Retreats his rural Pipe persuades,
Hid in thy cooling Bowers, and twilight Shades.
Thy level Face, with vary'd Flowers o'erspread,
Affords the winding *Stream* an oozy Bed; 140
Luxurious *Pastures* yields the grazing Kind,
And plenteous *Ceres* to the toiling Hind.
O! who shall bear me from the Noon-Day-Beam
To *Tempe's* flow'ry Walks, and laurell'd Stream?
To where *Alcinous* fragrant Gardens yields, 145
Hesperia Groves, or *Enna* bloomy Fields?

How shall I count the various Reptile Race,*
That spread the fruitful Mother's latent Face;

B 5

whose

* *Dr. Hook discovered with the Microscope eight Millions, two hundred and eighty Thousand Animalcula in one single Drop of Water, and he suspects Millions of Millions might be contain'd in it. A Method of making these Computations is published by Mr. Lewenhoeck, Phil. Trans No. 131. P. 844.*

Whose ample Legions every Clime supplies
 Of different Instincts, Textures, Class, and Size, 150
 From the enormous *Elephant* supreme,
 To the base *Mite*'s scarce visible Extreme?
 And lower down, what Tribes unnotic'd throng,
 That Wonder raise, while they elude my Song!
 In one small humid Speck, the curious Eye 155
 Can Millions of their little Forms descry.
 What Kingdoms of th' innumerable Insect-Kind,
 On one small Leaf commodious Dwelling find!
 Perhaps, on this mean Spot, the little Pow'rs
 View Rivers, Hills, and Fields †; a World like
 ours. 160

The Ribs, and harder Parts, present their Eyes
 A Ridge of Mountains, that stupendous rise;
 Like those tall Summits the *Peruvian* boasts,
 Or those that part *Iberia*'s spreading Coasts.
 Long winding Streams appear their liquid Veins, 165
 And their smooth Coats a Width of boundless Plains.
 O NATURE, thy minutest Works amaze,
 Pose the close Search, and lose our Thoughts in Praise!

EARTH! who thy Objects, endless, can excite?
 Rich Funds of inexhaustible Delight! 170
 IF

† See Mr. Addison on this Subject, Tatler, No. 119,
 Spect. No. 420, and 519.

If on thy *Garden's* flowery Scene I stay,
I gaze bewilder'd at the bright Display.
What White can match the *Lilly's* virgin Snows ?
What Red the Crimson of the blushing *Rose* ?
What regal Purple with the *Scabius* vie ? 175
Or Scarlet match the *Poppy's* flaming Dye ?
What Yellow, lovely as the Golden Morn,
The *Lupine*, and the *Heliotrope* adorn !
How mixt a Hue the streaky *Tulip* stains !
How curious the *Carnation's* marbled Veins ! 180
Ethereal Blue the silky *Violets* wear,
And all unite their Sweets in mingling Air.

Sing we of *Plants* and Herbs a various Kind,
For Use medicinal, and Food design'd,
Effectual to retard th' impetuous Blood, 185
When *few'rish* Heats disturb the vital Flood ;
To free from *wan* Disease the beauteous Face,
And flush the Features with a lively Grace ;
The *Dropsy's* swoln Distortion to subdue,
Or change th' enfeebling *Jaundice's* loathsome
Hue. 190

They to new Strength the languid Pow'rs reclaim,
When pale *Consumptions* waste the pining Frame,
Or *paralytic Rheums* the Nerves untie,
And healing Balm to wounded *Limbs* apply.
With native Sweetness some delight the Sense, 195
And Pleasure to the Sight and Taste dispense.

When, in the salutary Garden led,
 Thy Steps approach the *Mint's* delicious Bed,
 How strong its grateful Scent embalms the Place!
 Or can the flow'ry *Thyme* thy Bosom grace, 200
 Dear to the labouring Bee, and not afford
 Rich Fragrance from its aromatic Hoard?
 The od'rous *Briar* thy Senses will beguile,
 Or the press'd Bank of hardy *Camomile*.
 When vigorous Health thy Appetite renews, 205
 Here may thy Hand a cooling *Sallad* chuse,
 Or Herbs by culinary Art prepare,
 For thy plain Board, *Pythagorean* Fare.

Ascend we now the Beauties to relate
 Of spreading *Trees* that rise with loftier State, 210
 Whose leafy Arms support the *feath'ry* Throng,
 Protect their Dwelling, and secure their Young;
 Or for the *Herd's* convenient Shelter form
 From the Night-Dews, or Day's pernicious Storm;
 Or serve for *Man*, a cool defensive Veil 215
 In sultry Hours, and fan'th'enlivening Gale.
 How tall the *Fir*! and yet his Root is found
 Spread o'er the Surface of the shallow Ground,
 To the hard Rock he grows cemented fast,
 And proudly braves the furious Northern Blast. 220
 Where the big *Ganges* rolls his princely Flood,
 The *Fig-Tree's* tow'ring Shade o'erlooks the Wood,
 Whose

Whose lofty Head the *Archer's* Skill defies,
 Nor can his fleetest Shaft to pierce it rise.
 Here, Nightly flowers, in fragant Blossoms gay, 225
 The *Nure's* fair Tree, that *Mourner of the Day* : *
 At Sight of whom she sheds her Eve-deck'd Charms
 Sinks her sick Head, and folds her sadning Arms.
 The green *Eufada* † springs, on *Afric's* Soil,
 A Wood in Breadth, without the Planter's Toil: 230
 The far-stretch'd Shoots, that thick its Trunk surround,
 Bend their Tops, arching, to the Parent-Ground,
 Whence a new Race, turn'd curving by their Weight,
 A fresh, and these a following, Crop create :
 In native Arbours, fenc'd to Sun or Rain, 235
 Embowring kindly all that sultry Plain.
 The *Lamb-resembling Plant*, ‡ with Fleeces full,
 Affords a mimic, vegetable Wool ;
 Warm as that Animals, when us'd undrest,
 To line from Cold the frozen *Russian's* Vest. 240
 Warm *India's Aloe* § yeilds the swarthy Brood
 Milk, Wine, and Oil, their Cloathing, House, and
 Food. The

* Called upon this Account, *Arbor triste de dia*.

† Some of these Trees cover a Thousand Paces in Circuit, and are able to lodge under the Branches Three Thousand Men.

‡ Of the Melon Kind; call'd by the Muscovites, *Borranetz* or Little Lamb, which it resembles in Figure.

§ The *Aloe Muricata*, and Cinnamon-Tree of Ceylon furnish the Indians with Food, Cloth, Oyl, Milk,

The wild *Priapus* || here, on arid Plains,
 In his swoln Leaf, a gelid Lymph contains.
 And Fountain-Trees § their plenteous Streams supply, 245
 Where scorching Climes the vital Springs deny;
 Whose gladding Shades the droughty Pilgrim finds,
 And quaffs Refreshment thro' their juicy Rhinds.
 In Troops the thirst-afflicted Insects rove,
 Sip the cool Draughts, and cheer their pining
 Drove. 250

Of Trees a numerous Growth each Climate bears,
 And ev'ry Soil their several Species wears:
 The *Alder* in the marshy Ground delights,
 And the dry Vale the *Myrtle's* Shade invites;
 Pale

Milk, Wine, Honey, and Materials for Building and Shipping, particulariz'd by Mr. Ray. Wisdom of God. As also by our pious Herbert:

————— *The Indian Tree alone*

*Is Cloathing, Meat, and Trencher, Drink and Can,
 Boat, Cable, Sail, and Needle: all in one.*

|| *The Priapus Vegetabilis holds Bags of Water at the Ends of his Leaves, somewhat like the wild Pine of Jamaica, accurately describ'd by Sir Hans Sloane, Lowth. Abrid. Phil. Trans. Vol. II. P. 669.*

§ *The Fountain or dropping-Trees supply the Deficiencies of Springs and Rain in the Island Ferro.*

Pale *Ash* the Mountain's steepy Head o'erlook, 255
And *Sallows* tremble o'er the gliding Brook ;
The *Ebony* in sultry *India* grows,
And hardy *Yew* thrives best in *Scythia's* Snows.
How well they seem for various Uses made,
The *Pine* for Straightness, and the *Beech* for
Shade ! 260

For stately Building we the *Cedar* prize,
And the firm *Oak* the naval Bark supplies.
Ceylonia's spicy Groves their rich Perfume
Afford, and *Myrrha* weeps her od'rous Gum.
The pleasing Theme, too copious, I decline, 265
To tell the Product of the useful *Vine* :

Or how, where warmer Climes the Soil improve,
Blooms, with perpetual Sweet, the *Orange* Grove.
Here ripening *Citrons* their Perfection find,
And the *Pomegranate's* rich, transparent Kind. 270
Shou'd I the *Orchard's* plenteous Growth commend,
Where the ripe Boughs with clust'ring Fruitage bend,
My Verse might sing the *British Apple's* Praise;
Fam'd in the modern *Georgic's* * happier Lays.
Or, should I, in inferior Strains, assume 275
The shapely *Pear* to praise, or glossy *Plum*,
The *Peach* with native Down enwoven o'er,
The *Mulb'ry* purpled with a Lover's Gore :

These

* Philips's Poem on CYDER.

These, liberal EARTH thy Blessings might declare,
Kind to our Wants with an indulgent Care. 280

Nor less the WATER's efficacious Aid,
For mutual Ornament and Service made;
To purify the Earth's corrupted Stores,
And drench with kindly Showers her droughty Pores;
Hence all the verdant, *vegetable Kind*, 285
And *Birds*, and *Beasts*, and *Men* Refreshment find.

What Beauties does the rural Landskip take
From the clear *Fountain*, and expansive *Lake* !
Can I forget the smooth relucant *Stream*,
So oft my Solace, and *so late my Theme*? 290
You cristal Natives of the flow'ry Mead
Invite my Walk, and tempt my sportive Reed ;
Unnumber'd Nations in your Branches play,
And fruitful Lands receive you in your Way ;
You to the *Father-Ocean* bear his Rains, 295
And from superfluous Moisture free the Plains.

In that new World, which *Europe's* Plunderers keep,
Canada flows, unfathomably deep :
Among the Race of Floods none fairer shines,
Whose Banks her *Nymphs* adorn with clust'ring
Vines. 300

Vast *Amazone* a Waste of Waters seems,
And *Oronoque*, with his disparted Streams :

Where

Where the wild Natives dare their Limbs expose
To hunt the *Caster* o'er the wintry Snows.
Largest of Floods the *Ganges*, where he glides, 305
Bengala's Land in girdled Isles divides ;
Hung with rich Fruits their Bosoms sweet appear,
And blooms, in Flow'rs, the ever-verdur'd Year.
The broad *Euphrates Asia's* Sons may boast,
Wide-watering, many a League, his peopled Coast, 310
Where once-fam'd *Babylon*, its choak'd-up Pass
Drowns, in a dreadful, desolate Morass.
See fierce *Araxes*, washing *Persia's* Soil,
In rapid Pace along his Channels boil :
Indignant, on the Pontal Curb * he frowns, 315
And in his Gulphs the ruin'd Fabric drowns.
Thro' *Afric's* Desert-Woods, and firey Sands,
The wave-full *Niger* pours his streaming Bands.
There furious *Volta*, white with foamy Stain,
His Torrents empties on the bellowing Main. 320
And, from the Seat of *Abyssinian* Kings,
Huge *Nile* his fertilizing Currents brings.

What have not darker Ages wond'ring read
Of its recluse, impenetrable Head ?
His strange o'erflowing Stream, that spread around 325
With a kind Deluge drowns the teeming Ground ;
And

* *Pontem indignatus Araxes.* Virg.

And how, thro' seven wide Mouths, he, rushing steep
 With deaf'ning Clamours, swells th' inferiour Deep?
 Of fam'd *Eridanus*, whose watry Bands
 Divide, with length'ning Streams, *Saturnian* Lands? 330
 A spacious Course; whence antient Bards devise
 He pours his ample Urn thro' half the Skies.
Neonian Verse shall *Phrygian Xanthus* praise,
 And *Tyber* flow renown'd in *Virgil's* Lays;
 Slain *Acis'* Change, and *Achelous'* Wrong, 335
 With artful Fable dress the pleasing Song.*
 Nor unremember'd, in the Classic Strain,
 Shall sad *Alpheus'* amorous Flood remain ||
 Unnumber'd Streams, that now ignobly glide,
 Swift *Lodon*, and *Enipeus'* sacred Tide, 340
 With smooth *Eurotas* murmur in the Lay,
 And *Peneus*; verdur'd with eternal Bay.
 Me, *Jordan*, shall thy hallow'd Name delight,
 And to rais'd Themes my musing Thoughts invite.
 What Wonders of thy sacred Stream are told, 345
 With Truth inspir'd, renown'd in Songs of old!
 How *Israel's* Sons thy dry Foundations † trod,
 And how the Prophet's Mantle ‡ cleav'd thy Flood!
 King of the watry Family, whose Wave
 Baptismal Rites to Man's REDEEMER gave, 350
 When

* Ovid. *Metam. Lib.* 13 || *Lib.* 9. *Ibid.*

† *Joshua* iii. 17.

‡ 2 *Kings* ii. 8. 14.

Book I. *the* UNIVERSE. 19

When o'er his Head was seen the radiant *Dove*,
 And Heav'n approv'd the Deed † with Words of Love.
 Happy the *Hermit* on thy Banks reclin'd,
 Who feasts with Dreams inspir'd his raptur'd Mind.
 Forbear we *Ister's* spreading Flood to name, 355
 The Northern *Volga*, or the British *Thame*
 For happy Shores, and gentle Streams renown'd,
 With princely Domes, and regal Navies crown'd.

How advantageous the surrounding *Seas*
 In their wide Tracts to cool the Summer-Breeze! 360
 The Ships unwieldy Burthen to sustain,
 And yeild an easy Passage thro' the *Main*;
 With all her rich Embargo swift she rides,
 Help'd by the Force of Winds, and hast'ning Tides.
 Thus vastly-distant Lands acquainted grow, 365
 And, mutually, commercial Aids bestow.
 Shall I their strange, exhaustless Treasure sing,
 How with rais'd Dews they feed the bubbling Spring,
 Supply the spongy Clouds with Showery Stores,
 And back receive the Tribute of the Shores? 370
 Vast Riches, that the Wealth of Earth outvie,
 In its hid, solitary Bottom lie.
 Or tell how the rebellious Deep of old
 O'er the broad Lands a direful Deluge roll'd,
 Whose swelling Tides, by angry Heaven employ'd, 375
 The World, with all its *guilty* Race, destroy'd?
 Say.

† Luke iii. 6. 21. 22.

Say, Muses, how averſe to Nature's Laws
Such Woe beſel, from what ſtupendous Cauſe †

Some think * ere this *nor Sea nor Hill* was found,
But a ſmooth Surface cloath'd our *Planet* round, 380
Till torn by Earthquakes its convexive Shell,
Sapp'd by th' imboſom'd Waters, inward fell;
When ſtrait th' unbroken Fountains pour'd their Stores,
With wide Confuſion, and o'ertop'd the Shores:
Hence *Seas*, and *Mountains* their Formation owe, 385
Reliſts of Ruin, and deforming Woe.

Others ſuppoſe † ſurcharging Rains might fall,
With double Weight, on half the drowning Ball;
Whence the o'erbalanc'd Pole preponder'd low,
And let ſurrounding Seas their Bounds o'erflow, 390
Which the whole Earth's diſorder'd Frame engroſs'd.
Its Center chang'd, and Equilibrium loſt.

A Sage‡, deep learn'd in Secrets of the Wiſe,
Reports, a *Comet* rul'd th' indignant Skies,

Whofe

* Des Cartes's *THEORY improv'd upon by Dr. Burnet, Woodward, and others, whoſe antiſcriptural Account of the Origin of Mountains, reflects very unhappily on the eminent Theoriſts.*

† Mr. De la Croſs in his *Memoirs* for the Ingenious. Mr. Ray countenances this Opinion, in part. *Miſcel. Diſcourſes*, P. 66.

‡ Mr. Whiſton in his *New Theory of the Earth*, aſſigns a *Comet* as a *Cauſe of the Deluge*, which, at
that

Whose Atmosphere, a vast collected Train, 395
Might furnish Vapour for th' incessant Rain.
Yeild we to them † who different Schemes propose :
How from his Channels antient Ocean rose,

With

that Time, in its Perihelion pass'd very near the Earth's Orbit. The same which since was observed in the Year 1680. This illustrates Kircher's Work De Arca Noæ, that asserts the Rain in the Deluge to be miraculous.

† This is thought the most ingenious System: and best agrees to the Scriptures of any. The Author is Mr. Abr. de la Pryme. See Lowth. *Abridg. Phil. Transf. Vol. II. P. 430.* It supposes the Antediluvian World had an external Sea with Land, Mountains, &c. about the Bigness these are of at present: That the subterraneous Caverns and Pillars being broken by Earthquakes, most Part, if not the whole, was swallowed up by the Seas we now have; and the present Earth rose out of the Bottom of the Antediluvian Sea, in its Room, as Islands are now sunk; and others thrust out in their Stead. Hence it is no longer a Wonder that Shells, Shell-Fish, Bones of Fish, Fruits, &c. are found in Beds and Quarries in vastly inland Mountains; for here they bred in the Antediluvian Sea, were elevated with them in the Deluge; fell into, and were buried in Chasms, that would necessarily happen in the thrusting up of the Earth; and are found in the Soil that was flung with Confusion and Violence from one Place to another, by the working of the Waters, and the Ferment and Hurry things were then put into.

With all his Floods to *fresh Possessions* led;
 And sunk on Earth his *new, perpetual* Bed; 400
 Whence his forsaken Bottom firmer grew,
 Drain'd by degrees, the present Scene we view.
 From hence they solve why oft we buried find
 The *Bones of Fish*, and their *testaceous Kind*,
 Sunk in the settling Ooze, when hurrying Floods 405
 Rush'd to *new Seats*, and chang'd their *first Abodes*.

Long time th' encreasing Waters cover'd o'er
 The delug'd World, all Ocean robb'd of Shore;
 When the *known Sire*, whom Heav'n's Concern to save,
 In the clos'd Ark indulgent Shelter gave, 410
 Loos'd first a *Raven* on enquiring Wing,
 That ne'er return'd her Embassy to bring.
 'Tis thought the Bird unclean her Hunger fed,
 And Feet upstaid on the thick-floating Dead.
 Then by the *Dove* he fresh Discovery sought, 415
 Who a soil'd Branch of dripping *Olive* brought,
 Pacific Signal, that distinctly show'd
 Earth's new Recovery from th' abated Flood.

Leave we unsung, the Globe in Ruin hurl'd,
 And drear, dead Silence of th' unpeopled World: 420
 A Scene so sad, ALMIGHTY PITY swore
 The wasteful Waters should prevail no more,
 When high in Air he plac'd the peaceful Sign,
 And bad his *sacramental Rainbow* shine.

Book I. *the* U N I V E R S E.

23

A milder Horror let the Muse explore, 425
The Northern Ocean, and its gloomy Shore:
Where Winters their eternal Stations keep :

A dismal Region, and a stormy Deep.

Yet, ev'n on those uncultivated Meads,
The hardy Stag her numerous Bety breeds. 430

In Air the Fowls, the Fish in Ocean sport,
And vast *Leviathan* maintains his Court.

Here dire * *Mael'stroom* with horrid Vortex raves,

By Sailors deem'd the † *Navel of the Waves*,

Suppos'd thro' perforated Earth to flow, 435

Or from some strange *Hiatus* mov'd below.

Not more destructive to the Seaman's Freight

Fam'd *Scylla*, or *Ceraunia's* antient Strait,

Nor *Malea's* dreary Cape, a fatal Land,

Nor where the *Syrtes* spread their swallowing
Sand. 440

Hapless the Bark that, down the Torrent hurl'd,

Surveys *the Bottom of th' amazing World*.

And hapless they whom icy Bonds controul,

Imprison'd far beneath the freezing Pole,

Constrain'd to suffer Winter's Rage severe, 445

And languish out the half-benighted Year.

Far otherwise the South's *pacific Main*,

Where never Storm disturbs the glassy Plain,

But only breathing Gales are heard to sigh,

And brooding *Halcyons* o'er the Surface fly. 450
Vast

* *A dreadful Whirpool on the Coast of Norway.*

Vast Lands unknown his peaceful Seas divide,
 And universal Ocean joins his Tide.
 What Muse the strange Inhabitants shall tell,
 That in the watry World secluded dwell?
 What undiscover'd Climes, and hidden Coasts, 455
 Conceal their new, unnam'd, unnumber'd Hosts?
 Or who recount the various Plants that grow
 In liquid Fields, and coral Groves below?

O DERHAM! *Britain's* fam'd, industrious Sage,
 Be this the Palm of thy accomplish'd Age; 460
 This last, this promis'd Enterprize pursue,
 Deny'd to *Athens*, and reserv'd for You †.
 While I new Worlds, and various, led to roam,
 Launch'd on wide Seas, far-distant from my Home,
 This Harbour for my little Pinnace seek; 465
 A short, sweet Respite in the shelt'ring Creek.
 Till on my Voyage, with a full-sprung Gale,
 Refitted, and refresh'd, I trust my Sail.

† *The learned World have unhappily lost this great Ornament of it, and probably that Treatise of the Waters, promis'd by him, since the Lines above were first written.*

The END of the First Book.

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AN
ESSAY
ON THE
UNIVERSE.
BOOK II.

Of the Elements of AIR and FIRE.

THE ARGUMENT.

The Subject continued; where the Elements of Air and Fire come last under Review: which together with those of Earth and Water (that compose the former Book) represent the whole Phenomena of Nature observable of our Planet. By the way, more Episodical Descriptions are inserted: Of the memorable Storm, 1703; and of the Destruction of the Cities of the Plain by Fire, recorded Gen. xviii. &c. Lastly, Man, as the chief Inhabitant of this World, is considered in reference to his Capacities and Pleasures, which he is exhorted to the regular, moderate Use of, agreeable to his superiur Faculties, and the Intention of his beneficent Creator.

A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
U N I V E R S E.
B O O K I I.

L OOS'D (by sweet Rest) more active from the Port,
See, the wish'd Winds my swelling Canvas court!
And, as they bear my gliding Bark along,
From *these*, I catch a Subject for my Song.

EARTH's Tracts already, and the wat'ry PLAINS 5
My *Muse* has measur'd, in her transient Strains!
Shown, in wise NATURE's Plan, how each conduce
To serve its Ends, of Pleasure and of Use.
Next, vital AIR! thy Theme demands the Lays;
A Gift as bounteous, and as due thy Praise. 10
Capacious ELEMENT! that round our *Ball*,
In thy large Trust, upholds the Life of ALL.
Our EARTH, without whose animating Breath
Would frown in Horror of eternal Death,

Nor *Plants* *, nor *Beasts*, nor *Man's* superior Kind
 Could due Supports of Respiration find. 16
 Nor the small *Insects* mean, unnotic'd Train,
 Nor numerous Natives of the wat'ry Reign.
 How apt is thy disseminating Care,
 The ripen'd Seeds on plummy Wings † to bear, 20
 And, with a lib'ral Distribution, pour
 On ev'ry teeming Glebe the genial Show'r!
 Else, too confin'd, the separate Tribes wou'd lie
 Fix'd to one Soil, nor gen'ral Use supply.
 Thy friendly Pow'rs the burthen'd Clouds upstay, 25
 And bear them round in their prolific Way;
 Unfold the Blossom on the vernal Plain,
 And waft its Odours to th' enamour'd Brain.
 Thy Medium lends the Sight extensive Bound,
 And taught th' attentive Ear the Sense of Sound; 30
 Gives the tun'd Breath its Melody of Song,
 And thy wide Fields sustain the Feathery Throng.
 The mounting Lark, the Warblers of the Grove,
 Safe thro' thy Heights with pleasing Passage rove.

The

* *Plants*, as Malphigi discover'd, have respiring Vessels as well as *Animals*. *Insects* have more. And *Fish* pass the Air and Water by their Mouths and Gills. Some, as the Dace, Chub, &c. have inflated Air-Bladders.

† The Seeds of Dandelion, Anemone, &c. and others of the papous or wingy Kind, have a Tomentum, or light Down, by which they are transported, when ripe, thro' the Air, to distant Places, for Semination.

The Household *Pidgeons* here in Troops resort, 35
 And in free Plains with circling Motion sport.
 Here, far upborn with unobstructed Aim,
 The generous *Falcon* tracks the flying Game;
 While the light *Swallow*, thro' the yielding Way,
 On agile Chase pursues her Insect-Prey. 40
 From the wild *Andes* with gigantic Wings,
 On the prone Herd the mighty *Condor* springs;
 And, sometimes, is rapacious seen to wrest
 The hapless Infant from it's Mother's Breast. 44
 In those large Woods, that stretch a boundless Space,
 Reside the *Mock-Birds* imitating Race,
 That, docile, catch the widely-varied Lay,
 Of ev'ry tuneful Warbler on the Spray.
 Where the *Ouriffia* * Bee-like in it's Size,
 Humming, from Flow'r to Flow'r, delighted flies, 50
 And in a wond'rous, living Rainbow drest,
 Shifts all it's Colours on his Wings and Breast.
 Here the proud *Guara* †, gay in tinctur'd Blooms,
 Decks his sweet Form with metamorphos'd Plumes;

C 3

In

* *The Humming Bird. One of which beautiful little Creatures with its Nest weighs no more than 24 Grains.*

† *Called by Europeans the Sea-Curlew. The Chevalier des Marchais in his Voyage to Guinea, in 1727, mentions to have seen something there of a like Kind with this famous American Bird, but with this Difference,*
that

In Raven Jet, brown Ash, and snowy White, 55
 Then, next, in Crimson robed he tempts the Sight;
 And, last, in dazzling Scarlet charms the Eye,
 Which as his Years encrease improves its Die.

To AIR the Season's grateful Change we owe,
 And Winds that from divided Quarters blow; 60
 The perforating *Eass*'s dispelling Wing,
 And *Zephyr*, Husband of the blooming Spring;
 Cold *Aquilo*, replete with gelid Pow'rs,
 And *Auster*, wet with ever-weeping Show'rs.
 The cheering Dawn, and Twilight's soothing Shade,
 Are each by its refractive Influence made. 66
 This gives the Sky to smile in cheerful Blue,
 And stains the lifted *Rainbow*'s varying Hue,
 Diversify's the Clouds with Colours gay,
 And thro' its Depths is shed the golden Day. 70
 Nor serve its Regions less the *Storm* to pour
 On guilty Realms, in Fate's avenging Hour,
 Such as of late distressed *Britannia* felt;
 O may no recent Stroke pursue her Guilt!
 A Land to Vice inur'd, a stubborn Land, 75
 Ripe for the Weight of Heav'n's vindictive Hand.

Scarce

that it changes from black to red on its first Moulting, then becomes blue, then green, and lastly yellow, retaining his Colours always very lively, and without any Mixture of one with another.

Scarce had the Night with sable Shades appear'd,
 Ere in dark Skies the must'ring Winds were heard;
 First, hoarse and low, the sullen Murmur pass'd,
 Rose by degrees, and grew with ev'ry Blast. 80
 Nought then was heard the Ear to entertain,
 No Voice of Mirth, nor Music's chearful Strain.
 But far resounded, thro' the dismal Gloom,
 The rattling Clamours of the falling Dome,
 Or the torn Roofs, in Show'rs of dreadful Hall, 85
 With hideous Din clos'd ev'ry deafning Gale.
 Deep Terror ev'ry trembling Breast amaz'd,
 And Fear within, still fiercer Tempest rais'd.
 From ev'ry Eye the downy Slumber fled,
 And only, Sleep's soft Rule, possess'd the Dead. 90
 Then rose aghast the pale adult'rous Pair,
 Compell'd to kneel in forc'd, distracted Pray'r.
 The sculking Thief, to nightly Murder prone,
 Dreads, from the tottering Battlement, his own.
 How different the religious Face appears! 95
 His steadfast Brow an awful Calmness wears.
 Tow'rd the loud Heav'ns his Eyes expressive roll,
 And Danger wakes Devotion in his Soul.
 Then Providence illustrious Tokens gave
 Of its sure Pow'r, and watchful Care to save*. 100

C 4

Nor

* See a curious Collection of Letters from all Parts, 8vo. entitled *The Storm*, written soon after this calamitous Accident, 1703.

Nor could the Land the spreading Storm contain,
 With equal Fury it assaults the Main,
 Let, *Ediston*, thy massy Tow'r declare
 How fierce the Elemental Conflict there,
 From the firm Rock thy deep Foundations torn, 105
 And to the Seas with total Ruin born.
 Here the huge Bark unmoor'd, its Tackling lost,
 By the chaf'd Waves, behold! confus'dly tosd;
 Or forc'd with all its Crew, a hapless Band,
 On the swift-splitting Rock, or burying Sand. 110
 There the driv'n Vessels meet, with clashing Weight,
 And by one Blow, both sink in mingling Fate.

How big the Woes of that disastrous Night!
 Nor ended here—the unrelieving Light
 But only serv'd Fate's Terrors to disclose, 115
 And a dire Scene of opening Horrors rose.
 Lo! the tall Buildings, late admir'd for Strength,
 That grac'd, but now, the City's spacious Length,
 Uncouthly shatter'd shock th' averting Eye,
 Or, with their Base, in levell'd Ruins lie. 120
 On the Sea-Strand the Wreck profusely strow'd
 Declar'd the Havock of the fatal Flood.
 The prostrate Groves their faded Honours mourn,
 Riv'd in the midst, or from their Bottoms torn.
 Such dire Designs the airy Forces form, 125
 When Heav'n's dread Word commands th' assisting
 Storm To

To force uprending Tempests from their Caves,
To shake the Shores, and heave the wreckful Waves;
To dart direct the Light'nings burning Ball,
And roll the Thunder thro' th' aerial Hall. 130

Oft from the blighting East the *Locust* Bands,
In swarthy Numbers, shade the vernal Lands.
The naked Fields lament the wasteful Drove,
The ruin'd Harvest, and the leafless Grove.
And oft the *South* malignant Seasons brings, 135
And sickly Autumns on her burning Wings;
When livid Poisons taint her stagnant Breath,
With putrid Steams, and Pestilential Death.
Then Friendship shuts her hospitable Door,
The Tyes of Love, of Nature, bind no more, 140
No more gay Mirth and Melody invite,
The Bloom of Beauty can no more delight,
O'erspread with wan Disease: at Noon of Day,
Loneness and Silence haunt the publick Way.
'The Babe and Sire, the Tim'rous and the Brave, 145
Bow with one Blow, and fill a mingled Grave.

Ethereal FIRE! thy Bounties last I praise;
Tho' last, yet not inferior, be the Lays.
Prolific Parent! Earth, and Sea, and Air,
Thro' all their Kinds, thy genial Use declare. 150
Without Thee all would sink in pristine Night,
Nor Heat had e'er been known, nor needful Light.

How short had Life's too hasty Date been made,
 Lost in long Sleep, or dull, disabling Shade,
 Did not thy Taper lend its gentle Ray, 155
 And add fresh Hours of *artificial Day*!
 Thy glowing Aids correct the wint'ry Air,
 And wholesome Meals for craving Man prepare.
 Else had Earth's Regions by th' unpeopling Frost,
 And Stores of Food to human Use been lost. 160
 To Thee his Skill the swarthy *Cyclop* owes,
 And Manual Arts from thy Assistance rose.

Mysterious Element! whose Seat unknown
 The Source of ev'ry vital Power we own.
 Some in the central Womb of Earth report 165
 Thou hold'st obscure thy deep impervious Court.
 And some thy native Residence convey
 To Solar Regions, and the Worlds of Day.
 How vaste! how wide an Empire dost thou know,
 Planets, and Suns above, and Earth below! 170
 Nature by constant gravitating Laws
 Each Body to her downward Center draws:
 But thine on new, on different Rules depends,
 Mocks her Restraints, and retrograde ascends.
 Strange *Chymist*! whose discriminating Art 175
 Can the remotest Seeds of Things impart,
 Unfold their Texture, and their Forms disclose;
 The Solid fracture, the Disjoin'd compose.
 Discordant Things, that widely disagree,
 Are all united and commix in Thee. 180

To thy pure Effence all converted turn,
And *simple Flame*, without Distinction, burn,
In Thee what wond'rous Contradictions meet,
Heat oft devoid of Light, and Light of Heat!
Thus glow the liquid Mineral's kindled Veins, 185
Yet dark and hid its lucid Seed remains.
Mark otherwise the *Glow-Worm's* living Light,
Whose beamy Tail with Radiance gilds the Night,
A harmless Fire : or wand'ring *Whisp*, that strays,
A gelid Flame, thro' Fenns and wat'ry Ways. 190
Who views not oft the Meteor shot from far
With trailing Light, a fancy'd Falling Star.
Whose seeming Fire, propell'd from nether Skies,
A cold, delusive, vap'rous Jelly lies ?
Behold the *North Aurora's* flashing Light, 195
A new *Phenomenon*, how strangely bright !
Yet, all devoid of Heat, the bursting Rays
Are found a lambent, inoffensive Blaze.
Unlike to these the Lightning's forkly Gleam,
That burns and blazes in a mixt Extreme, 200
Intensest Pow'rs of Light and Heat conjoin'd,
To Cattle dangerous, and th' unshelter'd Hind.
Why shou'd I sing of Mountains, that expire
From their torn Entrails Floods of sulph'rous Fire,
Which o'er whole Cities * pour their scorching Train,
And mark in lengthen'd Paths the furrow'd Main ?

C 6

Thus

* At Catanea in Sicily, in digging for Pumice-Stones,

Thus *Etna*, thus *Vesuvius*, (antient Names)
 For ever burn, and oft project their Flames.
 Ev'n frozen *Hecla* *, mid perpetual Snows,
 With the same Rage, a dread Volcano glows, 210
 Whose bursting Mouths like loudest Thunder roar,
 And strew with Ruins the deserted Shore.

Shall I of Horror sing? a mournful Tale,
 Might flinty Breasts with shiv'ring Dread assail? 214
 How Heav'n, provok'd by Crimes of monstrous Size,
 Rain'd Showers of Sulphur from th' avenging Skies, A
 Which

Stones, they find, at the Depth of 68 Feet, Streets pav'd
 with Marble, and other Footsteps of Towns which have
 been o'erwhelm'd in former Ages by the Eruptions of
Etna. In 1669, it overwhelm'd 14 Towns and Villages
 in the upland Country, where it had never made any De-
 vastations before; even as no Sign is left where such
 Towns were, only the Church and Steeple of one, which
 stood alone on a high Ground, still appear. The whole
 Island of *Sorea* in the *Molucca* Islands was in danger
 of being swallowed by a Firey-Lake proceeding from a
 Volcano there, 1693, which occasion'd the Inhabitants to
 desert it, leaving their Effects and Moveables behind
 them. The Mountain upon *Banda* has cast so many
 Stones (some 6 Feet long) as to cover a great Part of
 the Island; and the Sea, which there has been 40 or 50
 Fathoms deep, is fill'd up near the Shore, and appears as
 a dry Beach many Fathoms high above the Water. See
Lowth. Abridg. Phil. Transact. Vol. II.

* A burning Mountain in Iceland.

Which the doom'd Cities, and their impious Crew,
At once, with instantaneous Waste o'erthrew;
A Monument of Wrath: where still remain
The Lake accurs'd, and solitary Plain. 220

In antient Times (believe the sacred Tale)
Where Horror now deforms the blasted Vale,
A happy People dwelt; the fruitful Soil
Was rich in Vineyards, and profuse of Oyl.
Here fam'd *Engedi* fragrant Clusters gave, 225
And limpid *Jordan* led his wand'ring Wave.
Had not by monst'rous Guilt the daring Age
Their Land prophan'd, and urg'd th' Almighty Rage,
Still might their ruin'd Tow'rs, and branded Name,
Have proudly stood, and shone adorn'd in Fame. 230
But neither Nature, nor divine Command,
A gentle Climate, nor a fruitful Land,
Could the ungenerous Race from Crimes reclaim,
Crimes! Thought abhors, and Verse detests to name.

One only Man, a Worth unmatched and rare, 235
Preserv'd his Virtue from the public Snare:
With manly Shame and Anguish inly warm,
Beheld the Guilt, he knew not to reform.
Yet interposing oft, the Sire distressed 239
With such Complaint his anxious Speech address'd.

- “ O Men! to more than brutal Vice debas’d,
“ Unfitly with the Human Title grac’d,
“ Rather dire Monsters of th’ Abyfs below,
“ For sure ’tis only there such Guilt could grow,
“ Look to yon Skies, those Heights immense and
“ fair; 245
“ Speak they not some *dread Pow’r* that governs
“ there?
“ Taste not yourselves the Bounties of his Hand?
“ Who crowns your Seasons? who defends your
“ Land?
“ Too much that Heav’n must want its Honours due:
“ Will ye err worse, and put off Nature too? 250
“ Nature complains, your Guilt of matchless Size
“ Strikes at her Being, and alarms her Cries.
“ Trace her wide Round, Earth, Seas, and Air sub-
“ lime;
“ Is there a Semblance of your daring Crime?
“ Think of your Country, and her Wrongs repair,
“ Your relative Regards, the Names you bear, 256
“ *Men, Husbands, Fathers*, —venerable Names;
“ Redeem their Honours, and fulfil their Claims.
“ Restore the nuptial Dignity, restore
“ To slighted Age, the Reverence once it bore, 260
“ To Parents Piety, the Injur’d Laws,
“ To Vice the Rod, to Virtue due Applause;
“ And, ah! to HEAV’N its sacred Rights restore
“ Ere THIS, so oft provok’d, relent no more.

How

How hard the vicious Habit to erase, 265
Fond of the Sin, and blind to the Disgrace!
Heav'n long beheld, yet long delay'd the Blow,
To succour speedy, to avenge how slow!
The Hour was come, reserv'd for heavier Doom,
At once the Guilt and Guilty to consume. 270
Lo, from the parting Skies a radiant Pair,
On sudden Wing, the dire Commission bear.
Near the ill-destin'd Walls unseen they light,
Their Forms conceal'd, and chang'd to human Sight.
The Shape of beauteous Youths they strait assume, 275
Soft wav'd their curling Hair, and fresh their Bloom.
In the thick Concourse they promiscuous join,
And wait the Hour to act the dread Design.

Mean time th' ALMIGHTY SHECKINAH repairs
To flow'ry *Hebron*, bent on gracious Cares 280
To find the *faithful Patriarch*, and disclose
The fated Nation's soon-approaching Woes,
The last Extreme of Mercy to essay,
And on indulgent Terms their Doom delay.

Now on the destin'd Tow'rs aspiring Height 285
The setting Sun display'd his parting Light;
Those Tow'rs, that must no more reflect his Rays,
But quickly shine in one consuming Blaze.
'Twas now, releas'd from the Restraints of Day,
The Sons of Uproar throng the public Way. 290
Some

Some for long future Times their Thoughts employ,
 And form vain Schemes of distant guilty Joy.
 Ah! ignorant of Heaven's severe Decree,
 Nor Joy hast thou to know, nor Day to see!
 Ere the next Sun thy Ruin must begin, 295
 Exemplar, as thy strange, unequal'd Sin.

But pensive Lot, with pious Cares distressed,
 His homeward Steps with hasten'd Pace address'd.
 Patient his Ear endur'd the scoffing Throng,
 Nor in the publick felt his private Wrong. 300
 Sad as he pass'd, the *Angel-Pair* surprize
 The heedful Sire, and fix his wond'ring Eyes.
 He mark'd the *Stranger-Youths*, their sober Air,
 And noble Grace; then sigh'd with inward Care.
 " *Ah hapless, to so ill a Place betray'd!* 305
 " *Accept (He faintly spoke) my friendly Aid.*
 " *Perhaps you know not our detested Crimes?*
 " *Happy were more like you to bless the Times!*
 " *Beneath my fostering Roof remain conceal'd,*
 " *Till Morn's Approach your safe Departure yield.*" 310
 Unwillingness they feign, till, deeply prest,
 They yield, compliant, to his urg'd Request.

Scarce would the short, unfinish'd Hour afford
 To taste the Bounties of his frugal Board,
 Ere from without tumultuous Clamours sound, 315
 And a rude Rout the threatned Gate surround.

The

The careful *Hof* a thousand Offers tries,
Nor ev'n his Daughters in exchange denies;
Forgetting all their Sex's tender Shame,
And the white Honours of their *Virgin Name*, 320
Such was the pious Father's strange Intent,
By the less Guilt the greater to prevent.

When strait th' *Immortals* interpose their Pow'r,
And bent to punish, in a timely Hour,
Upon their visual Nerve Disorder threw, 325
And falsify'd each Object to their View.

Blinder in Soul, by Judgments harden'd more,
Madly thy rage, and still attempt the Door.
Astonish'd *Lot*, with boding Thoughts possess'd,
Ken'd the *bright Youths*, for now they shone con-
fess'd. 330

Their Deed declar'd 'em heavenly, and engage
In low Prostrations the religious Sage.
Whom with a fixt and earnest Brow they view,
And kind bespoke—in Words abrupt and few.

"We warn Thee hence—fly, Man approv'd, with speed,

"Heav'n has by us thy Country's Doom decreed. 336

"Nor question—nor delay"—The Sire afraid,

Bow'd, and in haste th' unquestion'd Charge obey'd.

Strait the red Skies at once indignant lour,
And big with Wrath the flaming Tempest pour, 340
Sudden as Light'nings thro' the Ether gleam,
Bursts the ripe Vengeance, an incessant Stream.

But,

But, oh! what mortal Genius can avail
 To close the Horrors of th' unequal'd Tale!
 The Looks aghast with Dread, the pale Surprize, 345
 The throbbing Anguish, and despairing Cries.
 Horrors that mock the Thought, too faint to show
 What the least Pang of that prodigious Woe.

Lo, deep within the bedded *Mine* are seen
 The Hoards of *Fire*, a dreadful Magazine, 350
 The *Nitrous* Trains, the *Sulphur's* sleeping Stores,
 And *Naptha* that th' imprison'd Flame explores.
 These, kindling oft * in Earth's profoundest Womb,
 With inward Waste the pillar'd Frame consume.
 The bursting Vaults a hideous Chasm expose, 355
 And Towns with all their Families enclose.†

Tremendous Element! whose spreading Sway
 Earth's inmost Depths, and Orbs remote obey,
 Thy awful Forces, in the last dire Hour,
 Shall universal Nature's Strength o'erpow'r. 360

As

* See some dreadful Instances of the Effects of these
Fire-Damps in Mines, in *Phil. Trans* especially one by
Mr. Robert Moyston. *Lowth. Abridg.* Vol. II. P. 378.

† No less than 54 Cities felt the Calamities of the late
Earthquake in the Island of Sicily in the Year 1692-3,
 by which 59693 Persons were destroyed: In the same
 Year 2000 perish'd by the same Accident in *Jamaica*.

As once the Floods prevail'd, so Heav'n's Decree
Ordains her *grand Catastrophe* by thee.

What Reverence shou'd th' impressiv Truth inspire!
What Virtues raise! a World dissolv'd in Fire!
A Scene how awful! when the cracking Frame, 365
Sea, Earth and Skies shall sink in mingling Flame.
Then ev'ry Work in Judgment shall be brought;
Ponder, ye Sons of Guilt, th' awak'ning Thought!
Its Woes to shun, its Terrors to subdue,
Live with the *solemn Certainty* in view. 370

O Man! supine and vain! how basely low
Thy Mind is fall'n, unconscious of thy Woe!
Slave to the meanest *Passion, Folly, Sense,*
Thy *Reason* blind, and *Freedom*, weak Pretence,
Where are they flown? thy native noblest Boast? 375
On fordid Cares, and vicious Pleasures lost.
Some, mad with Pride, or blind in sensual Night,
Reject, impure, the heavenly *Christian* Light,
Learn the dark Systems of the *Sceptic* Schools,
And sit degraded in the Form of Fools. 380

Some to their Idol Gold a Homage pay,
Some dream their soft, luxurious Hours away.
Th' adjusted Dress, the Compliment, the Ball,
The Play, the trifling Visit, waste 'em all.
O tear the Films from thy distemper'd Eyes, 385
Dare to be manly, virtuous, good and wise.

Shun

Shun the lewd Friend, the Oath, the Jest prophane,
 Mirth of the Thoughtless, Profligate and Vain.
 The *Drunkard's* Revel, *Gamester's* Lure, evade,
 And *Harlot's* Haunt, the shameless *Masquerade*: 390
 The Atheist, Ravisher, and Ruffian there
 (Fit Emblem of th' infernal Gloom) repair.
 Nor, by the fashionable Parties won,
 With their mean Taste to senseless *Pastimes* run,
 Ne'er, in a Canine, wanton Waste of Blood, 395
 Let thy *Gun* spoil the Music of the Wood.
 Nor thy free *Steed*, admir'd for Strength, and Grace,
 On needless Speed strain, madly, in the *Race*.
 Nor in the Butchery of the *Chace* engage;
 That low Diversion of a barbarous Age. 400
 Can the soft Heart humane, the polish'd Mind
 In Sport so cruel, e'er a Pleasure find?
 Or the fair Breast, to native Pity prone,
 By such Delights, their tender Sex disown?
 Let the wild Kinds, by *Nature*, savage bred: 405
 'The Wealth-spoil'd Rustic, of unthinking Head,
 'That feels no Bliss but what Disorder gives,
 Nor boasts to know but that he sleeps, and lives,
 Let such the Forest-Innocents annoy,
 And with Destruction edge their brutal Joy. 410
 Are *these*, Companions worthy of thy Kind!
 Are *these* Amusements for a REASONING MIND
 Man's Pleasures from THAT nobler Source should rise;
 Not what blind Passions, or wrong Modes advise.

Distrust

Book II. *the* UNIVERSE.

45

Distrust the Joys in vain Allurements plac'd, 415
False is the Relish of the sev'rish Taste.

Virtue and *Happiness* are both the same,
They only differ in Degree and Name.

Behold! *Philosophy* thy Choice invites,
How safe a Guide, how blameless her Delights! 420
Where e'er we fix or turn our wond'ring Eyes,
Around, on ev'ry Side, what Objects rise!

A Field of Contemplation meets our View,
For ever pleasing, innocent, and new.
Fear not thro' all her harmless Maze to stray, 425
'Tis hard to err where *Wisdom* leads the Way.

No Monsters haunt, no Plagues infest the Air,
The Dangers, we engage, we carry there.

When *Vice* to low and base Delights persuades,
Retire, and lose her in these purer Shades.* 430

Sport with the *Virtues* here, the sacred *Nine*,
Each moral *Nymph*, and loveliest *Grace* divine.

Confer with solid *Reason*, ask thy Mind
To what FIRST CAUSE it owes its heav'nly Kind.
Enquire its Obligations, Duties, End; 435
Obey its Dictates, and it's Pow'rs extend.

Then

* *What Anger, Envy, &c. can torment his Breast, whom not only the greatest and noblest Objects, but every Sand, every Pebble, every Grass, every Fly can divert? To whom the Returns of every Season, every Month, every Day do suggest a Circle of most pleasing Reflections? Sprat's Hist. of Roy. Societ. p. 345.*

Then range thro' all th' inferiour Scheme of Things,
 Unfold their Orders, Parts, and secret Springs;
 The *Insect* Tribes, the *Vegetable* Race,
 And various Nature's universal Face. 440

These of gross Appetites the Soul divest,
 Wake us to Man, and harmonize the Breast.

Myriads of Creatures (each too nicely small
 Bare Sense to reach) for thy Inspection call.

In Animacules, Germs, Seeds, and Flowers 445

Live, in their perfect Shapes, the little Pow'rs.

Vast Trees lie pictur'd in their slend'rest Grains:

Armies one wat'ry Globule contains.

The *Artificial Convex* * will reveal

The Forms diminutive that each conceal; 450

Some, so minute, that, to their fine Extreme,

The *Mite* a vast *Leviathan* will seem:

That yet of Organs, Functions, Sense, partake

Equal, with Animals of largest Make.

In curious Limbs, and Cloathing they surpass, 455

By far, the comeliest of the bulky Mass.

A World of Beauties! that thro' all their Frame,

CREATIONS grandest Miracles proclaim.

Make

* Some of these amazing Instruments (the best of which is the single Microscope) magnify the Cube, or solid Square of an Object, above Five Hundred Million Times; those view'd by the Solar Microscope, may be extended to, almost, any Dimensions.

Make these thy Day Employ—thy Task by Night
To reach, in pleas'd Survey, the Fields of Light: 460
With *Galileo's* far-discovering Eyes
Explore the Circle of th' illumin'd Skies.
The *Suns*, that blaze in Distances profound;
The *Planets*, with their *Moons*, attendant, round.
And when thy Thoughts a due Refreshment need, 465
When faint Decays too arduous Toils succeed,
The pleasing Poet, the converseive Friend,
With these thy gloom'd o'erstudious Mind unbend.
Or if a Husband's, if a Parent's Name
Thy softer Hour, and fond Endearment claim, 470
Indulge their tender Suit, dissolve thy Heart,
And the warm Fervours of thy Love impart.
Let the brisk Grape refresh thy languid Soul,
But shun the *Circe* of th' enchanting Bowl.
Or seek Relief from Music's sweet Repairs, 475
Of Instrumental Touch, or Vocal Airs.
Music! I love thy soft recov'ring Pow'r,
Balm of my drooping, Thought-o'er-labour'd Hour!
Oft to the *Field*, when Summer's Bloom invites,
Thy Course direct, and view her green Delights. 480
Breathe up the *Steeps*, roam wide, the *Lawns* and
Groves,
Or where the curving *Brook* soft-whisp'ring roves,
There may thy Eyes a thousand Pleasures trace
To watch the Instincts of the watery Race.

Their

Their Labours Arts, and Policies acquire; 485
Which, as more known, thy Thoughts shall more
admire.

What Entertainments of a various Kind,
To raise, engage, improve, and sooth thy Mind,
Thy GOD bestows ! his rich Provision see :
Great, good, and pure, if not abus'd by thee. 490

Thus wou'd I pass my unambitious Days,
Admire my MAKER's Works, and sing his Praise.
And, if unblam'd my fond Desires might plead,
A little *Cottage* on the lonely Mead
Shou'd be my Choice; refresh'd by silver Floods, 495
By Hills surrounded, and obscur'd by Woods.
How sweetly here my few, short Years shou'd glide,
My Passions all subdu'd, and Wants supply'd ;
Pleas'd I'd review a Life so calmly past,
Enjoy the present Hour, nor fear my last. 500

The END of the Second Book.

AN
ESSAY
ON THE
UNIVERSE.
BOOK III.

A Survey of the PLANETARY WORLDS.

The ARGUMENT.

A Commendation of Solitude and a Country Life. When the Subject proceeds, from a Survey of Earth, to consider the Planets which compose our System; where their Theory is summarily given with that of the Comets: And from a View and Comparifon of their Physical Refemblances to our World, arife fome Arguments in proof of their being inhabited: where the feveral Objections againft it are alfo fully answered. From hence an occafion is taken to celebrate the Praise of Astronomy, with refpect to its Discoveries, Improvements, Ufe, and Excellency.

A N
E S S A Y
O N T H E
U N I V E R S E.
B O O K I I I.

+ O Solitude ! blest State of Life below,
+ Friend to our Thought, and Balm of all our Woe ;
+ Where *Lust* no Objects for his Fires can gain,
+ And *Pride* wants Gazers to admire her Train ;
+ Where *Want* no Cravings feels, no Insults bears, 5
+ Kind *Lethe* of our Passions and our Cares ;
+ Far from the *Burse*, from *Courts* and *Levees* far,
+ The crouded *Theatre*, and wrangling *Bar*,
+ O ! far from *Cities* my Abode remove,
+ To Realms of Innocence, and Peace, and Love. 10
+ Thus liv'd the Patriarchal Race of old,
+ Kings of the verdant Plain, and fleecy Fold ;
+ By *Angels* honour'd, visited, carefs'd,
+ Nor seldom with th' ALMIGHTY-Converse blest.

Thus liv'd th' illustrious *Roman*, who prefer'd 15
 To royal Power his Plow and abject Herd,
 Refus'd the Scepter of the World to wield,
 And left the Throne to till his native Field.
 How sweet the lab'ring Rustic's wholesome Toil,
 The Flocks to tend, or dress the willing Soil! 20
 To mend the Fences, or to mow the Plain,
 Or in full Sheaves to bind the ripen'd Grain!
 Here *Philomel*, unlike the warbling Throng,
 At Evening, tunes her sweetly-mournful Song;
 The watching *Shepherd* oft her Strains delight 25
 And lonely *Angler* in the Summer-Night.
 Sweet Bird of Darkness, from thy neighb'ring Bow'r
 Cheer with thy Note, my still, nocturnal Hour!

- + Hail *Night*! whose Shade the sleeping World en-
 tombs,
- + Mother of Silence and lethargic Gloom, 30
 + Thy grateful Slumbers sooth the troubled Mind,
 + Best Solace of afflicted Human-Kind.
 + Welcome thy mild Returns; I love to muse,
 + Wrapt in thy Shades, and breathe thy humid Dews.
 + Thy Gloom the upper Worlds of Light display, 35
 + Hid in the fiercer Glare of dazzling Day;
 * His Season lures to Earth our grov'ling Eyes,
 * Thine lifts 'em upward, and unlocks the Skies.

Lo! all above, the pure, cerulean Height
 Is spangled o'er, with pendant Orbs of Light; 40
 That

That seem like Sparks to stud th' ethereal Blue :
 A Train innumerable to the wond'ring View.
 Six chiefly bear the Planetary Name,
 And one entire, harmonious System frame.
 These round the Sun, their common Centre, roll, 45
 And reach at distant Times their annual Goal;
 Those nearer, gravitate with swifter Pace,
 Small are their Globes, and shorter is their Race,
 While those remote, a Bulk, still larger show ;
 Their Orbits wider, and their Pace more slow. 50

First, verging on the lucid Fount of Day,
 Bright *Mercury* * directs his circling Way,
 In three short Months he rounds the Solar Sphere,
 His Seasons shifts, and ends his transient Year.
 Next *Venus*, † matchless in her brilliant Light, 55
 (Who seems the lesser *Cynthia* of the Night)

D 3

Her

* *Mercury is about two thirds of the Earth's Magnitude, near 32 Millions of Miles distant from the Sun, and 88 Million from us. He moves round it in something less than 88 Days, with the Velocity of about 100 Thousand Miles an Hour, which is almost as swift again as the Earth's Motion.*

† *Venus is nigh the Bigness of the Earth, distant from the Sun near 60 Million of Miles; her diurnal Revolution is in about 23 Hours; her annual 224 Days; her Motion in an Hour about 70 Thousand Miles. She never recedes above 48 Degrees from the Sun, whose Light and Heat is there 4 times as great as with us.*

Her Orbit measures round the *Station'd Sun*;
 And *double Time* requires her Race to run.
 Lo! in the midst, fair *Earth*,* our native Seat,
 And her attendant *Moon* their Course compleat. 60
 And higher, see! in *twice* our annual Space.
 Revolving *Mars* †, conclude his larger Race.
 Then *Jove* ‡, prodigious Planet of the Skies!
 His Orb presents; of huge amazing Size,
 None equals his immense, enormous Mass, 65
 The whole, joint System's his Contents surpass.
 On Earth *twelve Years* their Date compleatly close,
 Ere his, *one* finish'd Revolution knows.
 View *Saturn* § last, how faint his distant Gleam!
 Remotest Planet in our *Solar Scheme*; 70
 Tho'

* Next to Venus is the Orbit of the Earth (with that of the Moon.) Her Distance from the Sun is (Mr. Locke computes) 81 (others) 90 Millions of Miles. annual Revolution 365 Days, 5 Hours, 49 Minutes.

† Mars is much less than our Earth, distant from the Sun 123 Millions of Miles, revolves round him in 687 Days nearly, at the Rate of 45 Thousand Miles an Hour. His Light and Heat are twice, sometimes thrice, less than we receive from the Sun.

‡ Jupiter is distant from the Sun 424 Millions of Miles, round which he revolves in 11 Years and 10 Months, at the Rate of 24 Thousand Miles an Hour.

§ Saturn, the last Planet in our System, is distant from the Sun 777 Million of Miles; his annual Revolution is in 29 Years, 138 Days, his hourly 18 Thousand Miles, he is about 94 times as big as our Earth.

Tho' vast his Globe (so large his Orbit's Space.)
Our Thirty Years but show his annual Race.
Above, appear the Comets *, devious Train,
Still slower moving thro' th' elliptic Plane.
Five hundred Years with us their Round repeat, 75
Ere some their tedious Period can compleat.
Unknown their Number, as their Use unknown,
But found vast Orbs, erratic like our own.

D 4

Not

* The Comets are a kind of Temporary Planets, revolving in determined Periods round the Sun, only visible to us in their Perihelion, or nearest Approach; they are generally of the Size of the Planets, and have Atmospheres like our Earth, tho' more dense and thick: They sometimes appear very large; that in the Time of Nero, Seneca relates, was not inferior in Magnitude to the Sun itself; that in 1652, Hevelius observes, was as large as the Moon. They move in Elliptical Orbits, extremely excentric, insomuch that many Astronomers maintain their Courses are Rectilinear; hereby their Nearness and Distances from the Sun are such, that their greatest to the smallest Degree of Light and Heat differ so much as to be above 400 Millions of times to 1.

The irregular and various Motions of Comets have confirmed these three great Points, viz. that there are no such solid Orbs as the Ptolemaic System imagin'd, no Vortices, or fluid Whirlpools, as Des Cartes maintain'd, and that the Planets move in a perfect Vacuum without any resisting Matter.

Not, as blind Antients * taught, meer Meteors all,
 Exhal'd and rang'd beneath the Lunar Ball. 80
 No Ills portentous, as the Vulgar hold,
 Th' unusual Visitors to Earth unfold,
 Tho' with red Trains their kindled Disks appear:
 Cause of vain Doubt, and superstitious Fear.

How dense a Compound must their Globes re-
 quire, 85
 Whole Ages chill'd with Frosts, or scorch'd with Fire!
 Whether, to distant Suns by turns convey'd,
 Far Systems they supply with secret Aid?
 Or Worlds they be, to Conflagration doom'd
 (As once must ours) on their last Pyre consum'd? 90
 Or dolorous Mansions serve of penal Woe?
 Too vainly curious, we aspire to know.

These Planetary Orbs, these Seats unknown,
 Perhaps, are Earths, all furnish'd like our own.
 Else say, morose Disputer! why so small, 95
 So distant plac'd from this terraqueous Ball?
 If only for its nightly Use design'd,
 If form'd alone to serve our single Kind,
 Why oft do Clouds obscure their total Light?
 Or why retire they † from th'enquiring Sight? 100
 What

* The PERIPATETICS.

† As is the Case especially of Mercury, whose Proximity to the Sun, never receding more than 28 Degrees, makes him seldom discernable.

What gives the optic Chrystal to descry
 Myriads of Orbs, that 'scape the naked Eye? *
 And farther still a new Discovery trace
 Thro' the deep Circle of uncompass'd Space?
 Wou'd *Wisdom* infinite such Works produce, 105
 Design such Labours, and prevent their Use?
 Wou'd HE, who no mean Atom † forms in vain,
 Such uselefs Trophies of his Pow'r ordain,
 When a *few Moons* ‡ might brighter Influence lend,
 And by an easier Means effect his End? 110
 No, Man deceiv'd! to partial Views confin'd,
 In nobler Thoughts extend thy straiten'd Mind;
 And follow, while th' ethereal Muse describes
 Worlds yet unsung, unview'd by vulgar Eyes.

Mark those bright *Wand'ers*, that their Courses
 run 115
 With *Earth*, attendant on th' imperial Sun:

D 5

Like

* *Instanc'd in Jupiter's and Saturn's Moons, the Galaxy, or Milky Way, whose strange Whiteness is found to proceed from the vast Number of small Telescopic Stars: As in the Pleiades, or little Constellation of 7 Stars (as they are call'd) more than 70 have been counted.*

† *The Scriptures speak of God as making all Things in Number, Weight and Measure, weighing the Mountains in Scales, and the Hills in a Balance.*

‡ *The Light of all the Stars put together does not amount to above a 10th Part of the Moon's Light.*

Like is their Form, their Furniture the same,
 Resembling *her's* in Motion, Bulk and Frame.
 All like Exchange of *Seasons* * undergo,
 And *Days* and *Nights* † in due Succession know; 120
 Surrounded with an *Atmosphere* ‡ of Air,
 And *Clouds* discharge || their treasur'd Meteors
 there :

Strong Intimation that some *Creature Race*
 The beauteous. habitable *Mansions* grace,
 Else for what End thus furnish'd? wherefore
 made? 125

Not merely our benighted Globe to aid.
 For then why hides the close *Mercurial Star*
 His bashful Head, beneath the Solar Car?
 On *Earth* how rarely view'd; immerg'd in Day.—
 Why flits so fast the *Cyprian Star* away 130
 To

* *Observable in Saturn particularly, whose Axis inclines to the Place of the Ecliptic above 31 Degrees, which is 8 more than is in ours.*

† *Venus, Mars, the Earth, and Jupiter, it is certain, have diurnal Revolutions.*

‡ *That Venus, Mars and Jupiter have Atmospheres is indisputable: As, from the Observation of solar Eclipses, some Astronomers conceive the Moon to have; tho' different from ours.*

|| *The Spots in Jupiter and Mars are a Proof of this, by their dark Colour, continual Change, and frequent Dissipation.*

To tend her radiant Lord ? Illustrious Queen !
 Whose Orb has oft in Noon's full Shine * been seen !
 Sparkling and vivid, in her Eve-lov'd Hour,
 Her dancing Rays their soft Effulgence pour,
 Yet soon she leaves our wishing View, to rise 135
 On Day-light Plains, obscur'd in lucid Skies.
 Tell me (if all the Planets serve to wait
 Attendants, merely on terrestrial State)
 Proud Boaster, tell ! so seldom why appear
 Bright Mercury's or Saturn's paler Sphere ? 140
 Waste they the Light design'd for us alone ?
 How is Heav'n's Care employ'd, or Wisdom shown ?
 What needed *Jove* such Width of spacious Plains ?
 Two hundred Earths † his single Orb contains.
 Had Fate design'd him our Attendant Ball, 145
 Why shines he plac'd so high, his Light so small ?

D 6

No ;

* *This is only observable when the Earth is in her Perihelion, and Venus in her inferior Conjunction with the Sun, at which time she is 6 times nearer to us than in her superior Conjunction. When we behold her with this delightful Brightness, a fourth Part of her Disk only appears enlighten'd thro' the Telescope, and she is then horned like our New-Moon. Mr. De la Hire observed in the inner Part of her Crescent a Train of very high Rocks, that he thinks contribute greatly to this extraordinary Lustre.*

† *Jupiter is about 220 times bigger than the Earth, which is more than equal in Bulk to all the Planets put together.*

No; for more Honour made, behold afar
 Four radiant *Moons* surround th' imperial Star,
 Large as our boasted World; whose silver Light
 His Regions visit in the Gloom of Night. 150
 Nor this the Fancy of deluded Eyes;
 Mark'd are their Periods thro' sublimer Skies.
 Oft does th' Astronomer his Tube display,
 And view 'em, in Eclipse, with pleas'd Survey,
 To this the curious Genius Knowledge owes 155
 Of Light's swift Motion, and its Measure * knows.

Why roll these vast *Satellites*? why attend
 Their spacious Orb, and kindly Influence lend?
 Why were they form'd?---to shine on barren Strands,
 On rocky Wastes, and void unpeopled Lands? 160
 On lifeless Meads to play with wasted Beams,
 And glimmer o'er a length of useless Streams?
 Too small their far-fixt Globes, too weak their Ray,
 To reach our Confines thro' the distant Way,
 Hid from past Ages, and a Secret still 165
 But for the *modern Artist's* † abler Skill.

The

* By Observations made from the Eclipses of Jupiter's *Satellites*, the Motion of Light was first calculated and demonstrated by Mr. Romer. Mr. Huygens observes, that a Bullet discharged from a Cannon would be 25 Years in coming from the Sun to us, whereas the Rays of Light (which is a Body too) arrive in 7 Minutes and a half of Time.

† GALILEO.

The shining Orbs, we well infer from hence,
 To other Worlds their Virtues must dispense;
 Or only stand vain Marks of Pow'r unwise,
 Perplexing Error of the burthen'd Skies. 170
 Far hence, ye Thoughts profane, with Rev'rence
 bow,

And the great MAKER's sapient Work allow.

But look we on to Saturn's out-moſt Star,
 Whoſe Beams remote but faintly reach ſo far.
 Ev'n here th' aſſiſted Eye with pleas'd Amaze 175
 A freſh Supply of Lunar Orbs ſurveyſ.
 The weaken'd Sight can only five attain;
 For new Diſcovery others may remain.
 Some ſam'd Obſervers, with Suſpicion * ſtrong
 Deem that more Moons to this fair World belong. 180
 Theſe in the Planet's ſad, benighted Hour,
 From different Quarters, their Refulgence pour,
 Light his huge Plains, or in Eclipſes view'd
 May teach his Sailor needful Longitude,
 While their joint gravitating Force preſides 185
 To ſwell, and ſink by turns, his monſtrous Tides.

Muſe,

* *This was the Opinion of Mr. Huygens and Dr. Harris. Between the 4th and 5th of Saturn's Satellites (ſay they) there is a Diſtance not at all proportionable to that between all the others, where may probably be a 6th Moon, or perhaps another may lie without the 5th, which yet may have eſcaped us. Cosmotheo. p. 114 Aſt. Dial. p. 133.*

Muse, raise thy Voice mysterious Truth to sing :
 How o'er the copious Orb a lucid Ring,
 Opake and broad, is seen his Arch to spread,
 Round the big Globe at stated Periods led ; 190
 Perhaps (its Use unknown) with gather'd Heat
 To warm the Regions of that gelid Seat,
 The want of nearer *Phæbus* to supply,
 And fill with reflex Beams his Summer Sky,
 Else might the high-plac'd World, expos'd to Frost,
 Lie waste, in one eternal Winter lost. 196
 And why in Life's Behalf such needless Care,
 If no created Race inhabits there ?
 If only made to shine for *Earth* below,
 Vain is the Light his circling *Moons* bestow : 200
 Unserviceable *here* ; how vain a Thing !
 Vain the Convenience of his radiant Ring,
 Entirely vain ; as bright his Beams would show,
 Tho' stript of these, or bound in endless Snow.

[That Heav'n with Choice of animated Births, 205
 May have enrich'd like us the Sister-Earths ;
 These *Moons*, in the Positions they appear,
 New Arguments suggest, in Reason's Ear.
 Those two, near Neighbours to the Solar Light *,
 Want no such Solace, in their gloom-less Night. 210

Or

* MERCURY and VENUS.

Or want they? each, so splendant and so nigh,
 Aids may to each, reciprocal, supply.
 While *Earth*, that farther from the Sun recedes,
 The friendly Rays of one Satellite needs,
 If, haply, none to *Mars* allotted fall, 215
 Shall one lost Proof enerve the Strength of all?

Ours, or the *Moons* of *Jove* may light his Skies;
 And less Degrees his Planet's Wants suffice.
 Whose Axis shows him (different from the Rest)
 With Length, unchang'd, of Summer-Radiance †
 blest. 220

Jove, more remote, four large-orb'd *Moons* obtains;
 Five, dimmer *Saturn*, to illume his Plains,
 Wins not such pleading Evidence the Mind?
 That indicates a Care so wise! so kind!
 If chance-like-Pow'r, Heav'n's Vault dispers'd them
 o'er, 225

Why had *Jove* these? or why not *Venus* four?
 So well proportion'd, by a proper Lot,
 In Number, Magnitude, and Place!---for what?
 'For nothing'---the obdurate Wrangler cries,
 Or means, who Consequence so plain denies. 230
 But, let th' Objector, unconvinc'd, disclose
 His various Doubts, and all their Force oppose.

Some

† The Axis of *Mars* having very little or no Inclination to the Plane of his Orbit (as the Motion of his Spots discover) shows no perceivable Variation of Seasons there, and that there is little sensible Difference of Summer and Winter in that Planet.

Some fancy, shou'd the *Planetary Train*
 A Race of living Animals contain,
 Those fixt in *Mercury's* too splendid Seat 235
 Must sink, oppress'd beneath the fervid Heat *;
 Or by too strong a Ray, the tortur'd Sight
 Fail, quite o'erpower'd with unabating Light.
 Or, if *superior Planets* we prefer,
 High *Jove's*, or *Saturn's* large, extremeſt Star, 240
 What *Hercules* enflam'd, as Fables tell,
 Could in their mildeſt Climes attempt to dwell.
 On whoſe Equator, Snows perpetual lie,
 And ev'n our dreaded Poles their Heat outvie †?

Allow we this, what Disputants maintain, 245
 Nor will it render our Opinion vain.
 The ſame of us might the *Mercurials* hold,
 “ A Planet uninhabitably cold;”

And

* Which is there (Dr. Harris thinks ſeven, Mr. Huygens) nine Times as great as our hotteſt Summer, and is ſuppoſed ſufficient to make Water boil. His Fluids and other Parts muſt be dense in Proportion, or the Sun would ratify them ſo as to make them (it is believed) all paſs off in Fume and Vapour.

† The Solar Light and Heat which Jupiter receives, is but a 27th (Dr. Keil ſays a 25th) Part of what we enjoy. In Saturn the Sun appears 100 times leſs than we ſee him, and both his Light and Heat are diminiſhed in the ſame Proportion. His warmeſt Regions are therefore more frigid than our coldeſt.

And those reverse in *Saturn's* icy Seat
Suppose us burnt with more than *Ætna's* Heat, 250
Each by their World comparing ours, might deem
Their Reasons firm, and err in wide Extreme.

From *Mercury* we seem a far Remove,
Far as from *Earth* appears the Orb of *Jove*.
Perhaps the highest Star his Systems own, 255
Mars, *Jove*, and *Saturn* may be, there, unknown,
While we *Saturnian*-like, to him may seem;
Just dimly lighted by Day's faintest Gleam.
Perhaps from *Jupiter's* remoter Ball
Scarce are we view'd, or not discern'd at all *, 260
Unless the poring Sage, empower'd by Art,
The rare-believ'd Discovery can impart.
His *Mercury* our fiery Planet seems,
Burnt in th' o'er-fervid *Sun's* too neigh'ring Beams. ✓
And yet our *Earth* a temperate Seat we find; 265
No ever-during Frosts the Furrows bind, ✓
Nor burning Defart lies our wasted Plain, ✓
Tho' deem'd unpeopled, by Conjecture vain.

Suppose

* *The Earth observ'd from Jupiter, never departing above 11 Degrees from the Sun, which is not so much as half Mercury's greatest Elongation with us, may, as Dr. Keil observes, "make the Sight of it (even there) "a strange and unusual Spectacle," and to answer in some respect what he conjectures of the Saturnian Astronomers "that perhaps they may not have yet discovered that there is such a Body as our Earth in the "Universe."*

Suppose a Native of the briny Flood,
 Who ne'er on *Earth* beheld our living Brood, 270
 Cou'd reason thus ;---“ This Element I view,
 “ Sure never Race of breathing Creatures knew
 “ Too thin a Region ; in so purg'd a Sky
 “ How can the Lungs their labouring Tubes supply ?
 “ Starv'd in Vacuity ; my Medium yields 275
 “ Substantial Air, and more commodious Fields.”
 Th' Objection shou'd the watry Kind rehearse,
 Or *we on them* the Argument reverse,
 Each, to themselves apt Reasoning might appear ;
 And serve, in our Debate, as aptly here. 280

But say, how know we the *Mercurial* Shore
 With Wastes and fiery Plains lies cover'd o'er ?
 The Antients, while the World was scarcely known,
 Fram'd like Conceptions of our *torrid Zone*.
 By later Ages found a peopled Land, 285
 Cool'd by vast Rains, by constant Breezes fann'd.
 And who can tell but *Solar Clouds* may aid
Mercurial Skies, and yield a gelid Shade ?
 Or lend him Intervals of milder Light ?
 Or help his Seasons in their circling Flight ? 290
 Oft are they seen to maculate the Sun,
 And round his Globe perpetual Courses run,
 Succeeded still by new, as these retire,
 Mysterious Exhalations from his Fire.

Who

Who knows that *Jove* with endless Frosts is
bound ?

295

Swift to the Sun he turns his Planet round *,
Forbidding Night's long Stay to freeze his Air,
And soon regains the Sun-beams mild Repair.
The countervailing Day his Glebe may warm
With genial Seeds, and Winter's Force disarm. 300
Ev'n utmost *Saturn*, tho' he views from far
The less'ning Sun diminish'd to a Star †,
But feebly glimm'ring on his dusky Ball,
With Light and Heat proportionably small,
May from his *Ring* Amends of each receive, 305
Or by a *length of Day* the Loss relieve.

But let th' Objection stand---These Orbs suppose
Scorch'd with hot Rays, or chill'd by prisoning
Snows :

No doubt th' ALMIGHTY cou'd his Worlds replete
With Creatures, suited to their various Seat, 310
Intense Degrees of Cold or Heat to bear,
Of Light, or Gloom, a pleasing, proper Share,
To

* *Jupiter is observ'd to have perpetual Equinoxes, and
the Interchanges of Day and Night successively every
five Hours.*

† *The apparent Diameter of the Sun, seen from Sa-
turn, will be little more than twice the Diameter of Ve-
nus, when nearest the Earth.*

To them agreeable, by Nature blest,
 Painful, howe'er, imagin'd, to the rest,
 Of this on *Earth* Similitude we find;
 Each Place to fit Inhabitants assign'd,
 The *Bird of Jove*, with an undazzled Sight,
 Kenns the clear Sun, and towers to reach his Light;
 Whilst the benighted *Bat*, and *Owl* obscene,
 Attend the Chariot of the shadowy Queen.
 Upward the Feathery Nations all repair,
 And range at large th' extensive Fields of Air;
 To firmer Earth the grosser Kinds adhere,
 And wat'ry Realms the finny Natives cheer.
 The *Ant* and *Mole* their downward Courses guide,
 And, deep intrench'd, a gloomy Race, reside.
 And *Bees* their artful Palaces contrive
 In the close Cavern of their darksome Hive.
 Pleas'd, to his destin'd Mansion each is prone,
 Form'd best to suit, and best approve his own.

But leave we Worlds that less conspicuous shine,
 And to the *Moon* our nearer Search confine.
 Here obvious *Mountains* rise with lofty Head*,
 And *Seas* and *Lakes* in wide Dimensions spread.

" Or

* These are larger in Proportion than ours. Their
 Tops gilded by the Sun appear as so many bright
 Specks up and down, a considerable Time before the
 darker Interspaces, which are the Valleys, become
 enlightened.

" Or do those Spots, that shade the lucid Ball, 335

" With deepning Caverns in its Surface fall?

" Whence the dense Soil unwater'd, cleft, and dry,

" One waste, unpeopled lonesome Rock must lie."

Weak Doubt! inseparate from the *human Fool*, 339

That SELF wou'd make the fixt, unvarying Rule:

As if an *Atmosphere*, more thin and pure,

No *Plant* could stand, no *Animal* endure;

As if, (allow no *Clouds* those Regions fill)

Dews might not, imperceptibly, distil.

Perhaps, did, there, extensive *Oceans* flow, 345

Rul'd by one common Cause with ours below,

Too strong a *Gravity* might *Earth* impel,

And their vast Tides in Deluges o'erflow.

Least Planet of the Skies, yet view'd so near *,
How large her Size! how bright her Beams appear!

Thus meaner Virtues, to advantage plac'd, 351

Shine, oft, with a superior Lustre grac'd.

Nor shall we this our fair *Satellite* find

For *Earth's* meer ornamental Use design'd:

Wise *Heav'n* intended 'em, with friendly Aid, 355

By turns to shine, for mutual Service made.

IF

* *The Moon being in our Neighbourhood (distant but 60 Semi-Diameters of the Earth, which make two hundred thirty nine Thousand and ten Miles) her Diameter is nearly the same with the Sun's apparent Diameter, yet is in reality not above a fortieth Part of the Earth's bigness.*

If in our Night her splendid Rays she pours,
 We silver o'er her Plains in gloomy Hours;
 Her larger Moon, increasing as she wains,
 And full our Orb, when hers a Crescent gains. 360
 Thrice five times brighter Influence we display,
 Light scarce inferiour to a second Day *.
 A glaring Globe we seem, immense and vast:
 O'er the small World, in fixt Suspension † plac'd;
 While only half her Disk the Sight attains. 365
 Obscur'd her adverse Hemisphere remains.
 That still enjoys Earth's large reflected Light,
 This Darknes mantles in uncheering Night.
 So Jove's fair Moons, so those that Saturn grace,
 Turn to their Chiefs, like ours, one constant Face. 370

Yet mark this Star, whose neighbouring Orb may
 seem
 Best known of all the Planetary Scheme,

Alas!

* The Earth appears 15 times bigger and brighter to the Moon than she does to us. This may be observ'd just about new Moon and after; when her then dark Body is render'd plainly visible by the reflected Light of our Earth; yet this terrestrial Light, when the Earth appears at Full to the Lunar People, is not above a 3600th Part of the Sun's Light there.

† The Moon who in respect of the Sun and Stars turns round herself, in respect of us does not turn at all; they seem to her to rise and set in the space of 15 Days; but our Earth appears to her to be held up in the same Place of the Heavens. Fontan. Plural. of Worlds. p. 44.

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71

Alas! (vain Boast of Science here below!)
Of what we obvious view but *least* we know.

Her *Variations* so extremely wide, 375

Mock our weak Rules, to no sure Measures ty'd;

None can her strange *Phenomena* impart,

Humbling to human Pride, the Foil of Art.

Shall I relate how some, with wild Essay,
To this new World, have sought a vent'rous Way,
Upborn on airy Sails, presumptuous Aim! 281

And justly gain'd of *Lunatick* the Name?

Ah! Wretch, be warn'd, so rash a Strife forbear,

Nor, boldly urg'd, the certain Ruin dare.

Keep *Icarus'* unhappy Fate in view, 385

The Tale fictitious, but the Moral true.

Dash'd on the rocky Surge, the fatal Flood

Strew'd with his borrow'd Plumes, and stain'd with
Blood.

But if no Caution, no Reproof can find

A pow'rful Charm to awe thy hardy Mind, 390

Think o'er thy Scheme, impracticably vain;

Attracting Earth thy Passage would restrain:

That Pow'r * which checks her *centrifugal* Force,

Wou'd fast withhold thy strange, eccentric Course.

Or

* The centripetal or gravitating Force exceeds the centrifugal, almost 300 times, by which all Bodies are kept subsiding to the Surfaces of their respective Planets.

Or cou'dst thou break her Law, and pass the Bound,
What Guide shou'd lead thee thro' the void Pro-
found ? 396

Cold, dark, and destitute of vital Air
Thy Lungs to nourish, or thy Flight to bear!
Eternal Ages fix'd, thou must appear
Of suff'ring Fools a Monument severe. 400

O too aspiring Man! whose Thirst to know
Involv'd *our Sire* and all his Race in Woe,
If Love of Things unknown inflame thy Mind,
On *Earth* a safer, easier Labour find.
The *South's* vast undiscover'd Tracts explore, 405
And brave the Winter of our *polar Shore*:
Or wouldst thou such advent'rous Toil forbear,
And on more useful Search employ thy Care,
To *know thyself*, the nobler *World* within,
And all that lies unnotic'd there, begin. 410
To sail the Seas of *Passion* understand,
And steer aright to *Reason's* flow'ry Land.
What *pois'nous Weeds* spontaneous Growth obtain
Discreetly prove, and what resists their Bane.
To cultivate the wilder'd human Mind, 415
With Seeds of ev'ry wise and virtuous Kind,
Prepare; let *Piety* enrich the Place,
And ev'ry *moral, learn'd, and social* Grace.
Let the sweet Charms of sacred Science move
To contemplate the shining Orbs above, 420

Heav'n's ample Volume studious to peruse,
And wond'ring Thought in pleas'd Conjecture lose.
The *differing Times*, revolving *Planets* know,
Will *pleasing Lessons* to the Mind bestow.

Compare with *Mercury* Earth's *annual Pace*, 425
To theirs how lengthen'd seems its hasty Race!
Like us if subject to be born and die,
If Fate Life's Course by our short Measure try,
Alas, how soon they reach the destin'd Gole,
Whose *four full Years* in our *one Period* roll! 430

So the *Ephemeron*, on the wat'ry Plains,
From Embryo Seeds its swift Perfection gains.
The grown, pleas'd *Insect* skims the native Flood,
Acts, rests, and propagates her future Brood;
Yet few short Hours include her vital Date, 435
One *transient Eve* both gives her *Birth*, and *Fate*.

With *ours*, when match'd, how yet more long ap-
pears
'The spacious Measure of *Saturnian Years*!
While *two* the Infant, there, can fully gain,
Man's whole *threescore* completed Date obtain: 440
When, to the *Comets*, *Saturn's Year* compare,
In some, as vast exceeds the Difference there.

Do various *Beings* all these Mansions fill?
The restless Mind has fresh Enquiries still.

E

What

What *Forms, Proportions, Natures, Senses, Arts*, 445
 Dispens'd to each, *Creative Pow'r* imparts?
 Seem they like *ours*, or differ each, in all?
 Fix how we can, on *Mystery* we fall!
 Whatever Race possesses th' *ethereal Plain*,
 What Orbs they people, or what *Ranks* maintain,
 Tho' the deep Secret Heav'n conceal below, 451
 One Truth, of universal Scope, we know;
 Our nobler Part, the same celestial *Mind*,
 Relates Earth's Sons to all their *Reas'ning Kind*.
 One DEITY, one SOLE CREATING CAUSE, 455
 Our active Cares, and joint Devotion draws.
 Whether (since doubtless from Man's Trespas freed)
 Their Pray'rs the *Mediatorial Incense* need,
 Lies closely veil'd. *Heav'n's Oracles* record
 All Worlds were form'd by this *efficient WORD*: 460
 And whether the ETERNAL, pleas'd to own
 By full, illustrious Marks his darling SON;
 Or, his *Perfections* brighter to display,
 Deigns no Approach, but *this appointed Way*,
 Say, Race of social Creatures! who fulfil 465
 His high Command, and know th' ALMIGHTY WILL.

THEE *Parent blest!* thro' all thy Works ador'd,
 They praise, and hail Thee, *universal Lord!*
 THEE first, from *everlasting*, they proclaim,
 Just, wise, almighty, pure,—thy *awful Name*; 470
 Then all thy *milder Glories* they diffuse,
 The darling Titles thou delight'ft to use,

Thy

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75

Thy Attributes of *Mercy, Goodness, Grace,*
Mild FATHER, kind PRESERVER of their Race ;
A Name thy dear Affections well approve, 475
Whose Nature, indefectible, is *Love*.

Meet me, blest Thought, in my retired Hour,
When my bent Knees confess this WOND'ROUS
Pow'r !

When with rais'd Eyes I view those Worlds above,
Engag'd in the same grateful Work of Love, 480
Let the grand Scene my solemn Act prepare,
And my Soul join a *universal Pray'r* !

ASTRONOMY, hail, Science heavenly-born !
Thy Schemes the Life assist, the Mind adorn.
To changing Seasons give determin'd Space, 485
And fix to Hours and Years their measur'd Race.
The pointing Dial, on whose figur'd Plane
Of Time's still Flight we Notices obtain ;
The *Pendulum*, dividing lesser Parts,
Their Rise acquire from thy inventive Arts. 490
Th' acute *Geographer*, th' *Historian* sage,
By thy Discov'ries clear the doubtful Page.
From mark'd Eclipses *Longitude* perceive,
Can settle *Distances*, and *Æras* give.
From his known Shore the Seaman distant far 495
Steers, safely guided, by thy *Polar Star* ;
Nor errs when Clouds and Storms obscure its Ray,
His *Compass* marks him as exact a Way.

When frequent Travels had th' instructive Chart
 Supply'd, the Prize of philosophic Art!
 Two curious mimic Globes, to crown the Plan,
 Were form'd; by his CREATOR's Image, Man
The first, with Heav'n's bright Constellations vast
 Rang'd on the Surface, with the Earth's Climes *the*
last.

Copy of this by Human Race possess'd: 505
 Which Lands indent, and spacious Seas invest.
 Fram'd on imaginary Poles to move,
 With Lines, and different Circles mark'd above.
 The pleasur'd Sense, by this Machine, can tell
 In what Positions various Nations dwell: 510
 Round the wide Orb's exterior Surface spread;
 How Side-ways some the solid Convex tread:
 While a more sever'd Race of busy Pow'rs
 Project, with strange Reverse, their Feet to ours.
 So, in the limpid Pool, the Gazer sees 515
 Huge Mountains pendant, and inverted Trees.
 So on the Apples smooth, suspended Ball
 (If greater we may represent by small)
 The swarming Flies their reptile Tribes divide,
 And cling, Antipodal, on every Side. 520

Hence pleasant Problems may the Mind discern
 Of ev'ry Soil their Length of Days to learn;
 Can tell when round, to each fix'd Place, shall come
 Faint Dawn, Meridian Light, or Midnight Gloom.

These

These Gifts to Astronomic Art we owe, 525
 Its use extensive, yet its Growth but slow.
 If back we look on ancient Sages Schemes,
 They seem ridiculous as Children's Dreams:
 How shall the Church, that boasts unerring Truth,
 Blush at the Raillery of each modern Youth; 530
 When told her Pope *, of Herefy, arraign'd
 The Sage, who Earth's Rotation once maintain'd!

Vain *Epicurus*, and his frantic Class,
 Misdeem'd our Globe a plane quadrangle Mass;
 A fine romantic Terras spread in State, 535
 On central Pillars that support its Weight;
 Like *Indian Sophs* †, who this terrestrial Mold,
 Affirm four sturdy Elephants uphold.
 What Ideot Fables of the Sun they feign!
 "New ev'ry Morn, ascending from the Main, 540
 "A smooth, flat Disk, nor of a larger Size,
 "Than what it measures to the naked Eyes."
 As pos'd the *Stagyrite's* dark School appears,
 Perplex'd with Tales devis'd of *Crystal Spheres*,
 Strange *solid Orbs*, and *Circles* oddly fram'd; 545
 Who with Philosophy their Reveries nam'd.

How

* Urban VIII. who imprison'd Galileo in the Inquisition five Years, for asserting the Motion of the Earth round the Sun, and exacted his Recantation at the Age of 60, before he could obtain his Enlargement.

† See Bernier's *Memoirs*, Tom. III. p. 169.

How long did *Ptolomy's* dark Riddle spread,
 With Doubts deep-puzzling each Scholastic Head.
 Till, like the *Theban* wife, in Story fam'd,
COPERNICUS that *Sphynxian* Monster sham'd; 550
 He the true Planetary System taught,
 Which the learn'd *Samian** first from *Egypt* brought,
 Long from the World conceal'd, in Error lost,
 Whose rich Recovery latest Times shall boast.
 Then *TYCHO* rose, who, with incessant Pains, 555
 In their due Ranks replac'd the starry Trains.
 His Labours, by a fresh Industry mov'd,
HEVELIUS, *FLAMSTEED*, *HALLEY*, since improv'd.
 Lo! the great *LYNCIAN* ARTIST † now aspires
 Thro' the rais'd Tube to mark the Stellar Fires! 560
 The *Galaxy* with clust'ring Lights o'erspread,
 The new-nam'd Stars in bright *Orion's* Head,
 The varying *Phases* circling Planets show,
 The *Solar Spots*, his Fame was first to know,
 Of *Jove's* Attendants, Orbs till then unknown, 565
 Himself the big Discovery claims alone.

CASSINI

* *Pythagoras learnt from the Egyptian Priests the true Theory of the Universe, and brought it into Greece, which Copernicus since restor'd and establish'd.*

† *Galileo was the first that toward the beginning of the last Century, applied the Telescope (the admired Invention of Metius of Amsterdam) to celestial Observations.*

Book III. *the* UNIVERSE.

79

CASSINI next and HUYGENS, like renown'd,
The *Moons* and wond'rous Ring of *Saturn* found,
Sagacious KEPLER, still advancing, saw
Th' *elliptic Motion*, Nature's plainest Law,
That universal acts thro' every Part:
This laid the Basis of *Newtonian* Art.
NEWTON! vast Mind! whose piercing Pow'rs ap-
ply'd
The secret Cause of Motion first descry'd;
Found Gravitation was the primal Spring,
That wheel'd the Planets round their central King;
Mysterious Impulse! that more clear to know
Exceeds the finite Reach of Art below.

Forbear bold Mortal! 'tis an impious Aim,
Own God immediate acting thro' the Frame,
'Tis HE, unsearchable, in all resides;
HE, the FIRST CAUSE their Operations guides
Fear on his awful Privacy to press,
But, honouring HIM, thy Ignorance confess.

The END of the Third Book.

AN
E S S A Y

ON THE
UNIVERSITY

FOR

OBSERVATIONS ON THE
STARS

AN
ESSAY
ON THE
UNIVERSE.
BOOK IV.

Observations on the SUN and FIXED
STARS.

THE ARGUMENT.

The former Books having been employed in a Survey of the EARTH AND PLANETS, This last proceeds to consider the SUN, the Head and Principal of our System, and from thence, by Occasion, passes on to a View of the FIXED STARS, believed in their Nature and Uses to resemble our Solar Orb; where a few Enquiries are proposed concerning the Times of their Creation and Dissolution, with some Reflections on Comets, and the sudden Appearing and Disappearing of several new Stars. Whence the Absurdity of the Peripatetic Philosophy is inferr'd. And the Epicurean appeal'd to, for the Existence of a God and Providence. The whole concluding with a Hymn of Praise to the tremendous and adorable DEITY.

AN
ESSAY
ON THE
UNIVERSE.
BOOK IV.

FROM *Earth*, our glorious, tho' inferiour, Seat;
From *Planets*, that their changeless Course repeat;

More boldly ventrous I my Search pursue:
And *Suns* above, in vast Expansion view.

O MOLESWORTH! Deathless in thy PATRIOT-
FAME;

Dear to thy BRITAIN by her CATO's Name!
To *Me*, by grateful Memory, dearer still!
First, GENEROUS PROMPTER of my tuneful Skill.
Who my young Genius by thy Favours rais'd:
Long to be mourn'd! as ever to be prais'd!

E. 6.

10
This

This Wreath, my Love thy living Worth design'd,
Sad, round thy URN, the pious MUSE shall bind.

Behold the SUN! how near, to Sense, he seems!
Small, neighb'ring Globe, array'd in lucid Beams:
That *West* appears, deceptive of our Eyes, 15
At Eve to set; that *East* appears to rise;
Behold! (amaz'd, when serious we enquire)
Immense his Size we find, an Orb of Fire,
So large, *ten Million Earths* * like ours below
Wou'd but suffice his equal'd Mass to show. 20
So distant, *eighty Million Miles* wou'd fail,
Vast Sum! to count a full proportion'd Tale.
Plac'd in the midst he keeps his central Throne,
In State revolving on himself alone;
Twelve Days *here* doubly clos'd † his Motion spends
Ere the huge Sphere one Circulation ends. 25
While thro' his System, from his Regal Seat,
His Rays dispense prolific Light and Heat;
Their Homage Planetary Subjects pay,
And round him, distanc'd, take their order'd Way. 30
What

* *The Sun's Diameter, or Breadth from side to side, is about eight hundred thousand Miles; therefore the Quantity of Matter in him must exceed that of the Earth above ten million times.*

† *The compleat Revolution of the Sun, upon his own Axis, his Spots discover to be in about 25 Days.*

What is this Globe, Compact? of Earthlike
Mold?

Or liquid all? an Orb of melted Gold?
Whose Action, Denfity, and *Bulk*, conspire
Perpetual to preserve his wond'rous Fire;
Cloath'd with an Atmosphere, whose Weight's Ex-
cess

May forcibly th' exhaling Parts compress,
As Magnets back their Steams retracted call;
Or Floods disgorg'd, in their own Whirlpools fall.
Else his exhausted Stores, with dread Decay
Wou'd, by long Time, burn out, and fume away. 40
Six thousand Years, to Life, prodigious Space!
His Beams, incessant, have refresh'd our Race,
On all th' *ethereal Wand'ers* shed their Light,
Yet still his Pow'rs unwafted seem to Sight.
If meer Antiquities of ev'ry kind 45
Impress a pleasing Rev'rence on the Mind,
The uselefs *Coin* obscur'd with eating Rust,
The shatter'd *Ruin*, or the mould'ring *Bus*,
More venerable far our Thoughts should deem
'This *eldest*, *signal* Work, of Pow'r supreme. 50

Behold this *Brightness* still! wou'd Sense suppose
Dim Spots shou'd e'er its lucid Face enclose?
Yet such, detected by th' *assisting Glass*,
Oft o'er its Surface in Succession pass:

Some, spacious as our *Europe's* ample Plains, 55
 Vast as our *World*, th' observing Eye attains.
 Now form'd, augmenting while their Tour they make
 Now lost, as floating o'er th' enkindled Lake;
 Borne on his Ball they keep mysterious Round,
 A while obscure him, and then scarce are found. 60
 Whole Days * their Mists have veil'd his Light from
 View,

Whole Years † it wore a faint and palid Hue.
 Shall they at last, in desolating Shade,
 Th' incrusted *Star* with dire Eclipse invade?
 And as the *Seers inspir'd*, prophetic, write †, 60
 * Blot his fair Lustre with eternal Night?
 Prelude of fatal Doom; when in return
 Earth, scorch'd with purifying Flames, shall burn;
 Perhaps consum'd, but (Phoenix like) to rise,
 Fair as a *Sun*, in renovated Skies. 70

Pals

* Theophanes the Historian relates it was once so dark, in the Time of Irene the Empress, for 17 Days together, that Ships lost their Way, and were in Danger of splitting against each other.

† The Year following Julius Cæsar's Death, Pliny affirms there were "prodigiosi & longiores Solis defectus, totius anni pallore continuo." *Hist. Nat. L. 2.* It appear'd again a whole Year so in Justinian's Time, Cedrenes writes, with a very dim and duskish Hue, as if he had been in perpetual Eclipse. The Solar Maculæ were not then discover'd, but it is not questioned but they were the Occasion.

† Joel ii. 2. compared with iii. 15.

Book IV. *the* UNIVERSE.

87

Pass we th' o'er-curious Theme, nor vent'rous, scan
Heav'n's hid Decree, inscrutable to Man.

Lo! to new Wonders now thy Search remove.
See'st thou those *Orbs* that numerous roll above?
Those *Lamps*, that nightly greet thy visual Pow'rs,
Are each a bright capacious *Sun* like ours.
How vivid they emit their lucid Streams!
Not like the *Planets* dull, reflected Beams;
Of their *own Essence*, like the *Solar Ray*,
Thro' boundless Spaces they their Flames convey.

In the fam'd *Bear*, whose Lights our Pole sur-
round,
Observe, *two* close-appearing Stars are found.
Both small, tho' diff'ring; both so near reside,
A Hand might seem the shining Points to hide.
Ah! treach'rous Sense! — *each* far from *each* re-
mains,
Far, as from either lie *Earth's* sever'd Plains.
Tho' in our *annual Path* * we upward run,
Rais'd in the Heav'ns twice higher than the Sun,

Almost

* It is one very considerable Argument for the immense
Distance of the fixed Stars, that those *two* in the Tail
of the Great Bear afford no Parallax, nor admit of any
Encrease, whatever Point of our Orbit we view them
from; which is very strange, for in moving round the
Sun we must have approached toward them by the whole
Diameter

Almost two hundred Million Times more nigh,
 No seeming Difference can we there espy.
 Thro' our whole Circle in the changing Year,
 From all Positions they the same appear:
 No Benefit of Height, no Help of Art,
 Can to their Figures least Increase impart;
 Tho' of these Optic Instruments they tell
 Some, ev'n to Hundred Times, their Objects swell.

Mark! Sirius mounted in th' unclouded Sky,
 How strong he glitters on the pleasur'd Eye,
 In Lustre matchless, on the azure Plain,
 Nearest to Earth * of all the station'd Train :
 Nearest,

Diameter of the Magnus Orbis, which consequently is double our Distance from hence to the Sun, and an advance in the Heavens, of one hundred and sixty Millions of Miles, by the lowest Computation.

* Sirius, or the Dog-Star, is supposed the nearest to us of any of the fixed Stars. Mr. Huygens imagining him much about the Bigness and Brightness of our Sun, thought upon an Experiment to measure his Distance (given in his Cosmetho. &c.) by so lessening the Sun's Diameter as to make him appear thro' the Tube not larger than the Dog-Star. He found the Difference was as twenty seven Thousand six Hundred sixty four to one, or that Sirius is so many of the Sun's Distances from us, which (taking Dr. Harris's lesser Computation) is Twenty seven Thousand six hundred sixty four times 80 Million of Miles; tho' Mr. Derham, Dr. Halley, &c. think the Sun's Distance to be almost 40 Million of Miles more, which makes the Amount, nearly, half as much again.

Nearest, perplexing Thought ! yet distant more
 Than Rule can measure, or than Mind can soar.
 Stretch to the Sun thy long prodigious Flight,
 Thence, twice ten thousand times, exceed his Height,
 But little, little Gain thy Toil wou'd cheer, 105
 Scarce there, his Orb wou'd magnify'd appear ;
 Six hundred thousand Million Miles proceed,
 Short of thy End th' extended Path would lead †.
 Yet this, the *only measur'd Star* we know,
 Compar'd, will seem diminutively low : 110
 Farther from *this*, than *this* from *Earth* is plac'd,
 Th' ethereal Regions with new Orbs are grac'd ;
 Farther than *those* from *this*, fresh Numbers still
 The Depths of lost Infinity may fill.
 Since from our Centre so remote they lie, 115
 Can our far *Sun* their Flux of Light supply ?

Were

† Mr. Huygens has observ'd, the Distance from us to Sirius is twenty seven Thousand six Hundred sixty four times the Sun's Distance from us. After 20 thousand of those could be passed, there is 7664 Distances remaining, which multiply'd by 80 Millions, the least supposed Distance of the Sun, amounts to more than the Numbers I have mentioned. It may be thought incredible, so large an Accession of Miles should not alter the Appearance of these Bodies, yet it is Dr. Harris's Observation, " That could we advance 99 Parts in 100 of the whole Distance, and there was but the one hundredth Part left, they would appear very little larger than they do now." Astron. Dial. p. 82.

Were it to reach th' immensurable Way,
 Cou'd we receive the weak, reflected Ray?
 What can they be? (thus self-illustrious shown)
 What, less than *Suns*? * resembling each *our own*. 120

Our own resembling! Why did Heav'n produce
This Orb, but for his *Planets* mutual Use?
 Have *theirs*, to cherish with their vital Fires,
 No happy Train, no circulating Quires?
 Shine they all void thro' solitary Space? 125
 Fair to no Service? fruitful with no Race?
 No *Reptile*, *Plant*, nor *Animal*, to tend?
 Vast, without Worth? and active, for no End?
 O! rather think, since form'd with *equal Pow'rs*,
 HEAV'N meant *their Systems* as compleat as *ours*. 130
 O'erwhelming Image! what a boundless Scene
 Breaks on the Mind! what Musings intervene!
 What! when Discov'ries still their Sum enlarge,
 Swell on, and Mental Faculties o'ercharge.
 With the Perspective; lo! th' Observer sees 135
 More num'rous Orbs, and more, succeed to these.

" * *Questionless those sparkling Fires have a nobler*
Use than barely to spangle our Hemisphere; a Benefit
every passing Cloud can deprive us of. — How much
more rational is it to consider them as the several Suns
of different Systems of Planets!" Phil. to Hydasph.
 zd Con. p. 21.

In the bright Knot, where six small *Pleiads* shine,
Full seventy clust'ring Luminaries join;
Where fam'd *Orion's* Constellation glows,
Two thousand mingling Stars their Orbs disclose. 140
How thick, discernible to aided Sight,
Their Central Forms possess the *Milky Height!*
Whose Spheres elude the Reach of naked Eyes,
And seem with Light to belt the whiten'd Skies.
Have each (a Sov'reign in his System's Bound) 145
Their lighted *Earths*, and *Moons*, revolving round,
Inhabitable all? their *Plants* and *Flow'rs*?
Their *Insects*, *Animals*, and *Reasoning Pow'rs*?
Confute it, Mortal! whose elating Pride
Wou'd to thyself the *Universe* divide. 150
What, tho' no *Planets* round those Orbs of Light
Appear, thus distant, to thy failing Sight,
Seen from their Region would thy *Wanders* run
To a like Point, all shrunk within thy *Sun*.
Thy *Sun* wou'd seem, by a Remove so far, 155
Diminutive as *theirs*, suppos'd a *Star*.
View'd with his kindred *Lamps*, their Night to cheer,
In the same Surface of one concave Sphere.
Say, do Reflections, Man! enlarg'd like these,
Thy vain Ambition's ruling Lust displease; 160
Yet, humble *Christian*, thy unswelling Mind
May from their Lessons deep Instruction find.
JESUS THE GOD! th' existing Worlds proclaim,
To Thee related by a dearer Name;

JESUS

JESUS THE MAN! th' incarnate, saving Friend, 165
 To thy admiring Thoughts they more commend;
 HE, who thy Nature bore, thy Sins atton'd,
 Is LORD of all this vast Creation own'd;
 If lessen'd by the View thyself thou see,
 The more his Love it magnifies for Thee. 170

My JESUS! thou, dear MEDIATORIAL LORD!
 Can'st to HEAVEN'S SOV'REIGN nigh access afford;
 Can'st introduce me to his bright Abode,
 And raise a Worm, to view his wond'rous GOD. 175
 Eas'd of my Guilt, his Terrors disappear;
 No more his Justice wakes my trembling Fear:
 His Holiness, his Truth, my dread before,
 All leagu'd with Mercy, now dismay no more.
 By THEE redeem'd, thy Mite, thy breathing Dust,
 Sees him appeas'd, yet holy; good, yet just. 180
 Sees o'er the Angelic Nature Man's preside,
 With GODHEAD'S SELF in near Relation ty'd;
 Sons new adopted, ransom'd to supply
 Thrones of fall'n Seraphs, in th' eternal Sky.
 O! may their Wand'rings ne'er my Heart misguide,
 Keep me, BLEST SAVIOUR! from their Wiles and
 Pride; 186
 If with pure Souls thy Love has number'd mine,
 THINE be the Praise, as all the Merit THINE.

Here Reason, fain, inquisitive would pry,
 And ask when rose these Glories of the Sky: 190
 Form'd

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93

Form'd when our World at first Existence gain'd?
 And to one final Period all ordain'd?
 Or, since wide Space they independent fill,
 Apart created? or creating * still?
 Do Scriptures clear, the aw'd Assent oppose?
 They chiefly our Original disclose.
 Do they assert, ere we in Being came,
 GOD ne'er was own'd by the CREATOR's Name?
 Where then were *Angels* †, elder Race to Man?
 Who fell seduc'd, perhaps, ere He began:
 Do they assert PROLIFIC POW'R, at rest,
 Shall in no future Instance shine confess?
 How then shall, long foretold, (declare ye Wise)
 New Worlds, new Heav'ns in distant Ages rise?
 What if the sacred Page shou'd only mean
 To paint the forming *one* creative Scene,
 These *Heav'ns* that visibly our World embrace,
 This *Sun* with all his *Planetary* Race?

Fair

* "Who shall presume to set Bounds to the Producti-
 on of infinite Power, actuated by infinite Benevo-
 lence? Who shall circumscribe the Theatre upon
 which an omnipotent Goodness may think proper to
 display itself." Phil. to Hyd.

† The Formation of Angels prior to Man, is an Opi-
 nion the Generality of Divines have allow'd: As the
 more judicious have thought the Creation recorded by
 Moses, was confined in its View to that of our visible
 and Solar System.

Fair *System*! whose *completed* Work we own.
 Perhaps, too, Suff'rers in one Doom alone. 215
 Must all those *sep'rate Worlds* with ours below,
 Fix'd by one Law, a general Period know

Forgive, if briefly I impart a Thought:
 What, to the Muse, conject'ral, has been taught.
 Some think more *Planets*, than have reach'd our
 Sight, 220
 Lie hid 'twixt *Mercury*, and the *Solar Light**;
 More still, betwixt the Orb of *Saturn* cast,
 And the *Fix'd-Stars*, may fill that *mighty Vast*,
 Which GOD, on his *CREATING WORK* employ'd,
 Perhaps, wou'd scarcely leave *one total Void*. 225
 Six Thousand have been guess'd their Sums, and
 more,

That might be rang'd this wide Expansion o'er †;
 These

* The regular Returns of the same Spots in the Sun have been, by some, thought favourable to this Hypothesis, (whose Author is the learned Mr. Wall) none knowing what those Spots are. After several Years that they have been lost, we begin to see them again; generally at the Hour and Place of the Sun, where they ought to appear. M. de la Hire. Hist. de l'Acad. des Scien. 1700.

† Suppose (to take the least Measure for the vast Space betwixt Saturn and the fixed Stars) it be a thousand Times as far as from the Sun to Saturn; there being six Planets in the latter, proportionably, six Thousand may be in the Former.

These He may destine, in their severall Turn,
 The *Sun's* o'er-close Proximity shall burn,
 Whirld (in eccentrical Descension lost) 230
 It's Sphere too nigh; or in its Furnace tost.
 And each new *Comet*, that our Sight acquires,
 Of such doom'd Worlds may be the *Funeral Fires**:

Nor Wonder, while amid so large a Throng,
 Earth and her *five near Sisters* 'scape so long. 235
 Had, each ten Years † since first our World begun,
 The fatal Conflagration seiz'd on *One*.
 More than five Thousand of the numerous Train,
 Safe in their separate Bounds wou'd yet remain;
 One Neighbour should those tragick Flames infest, 240
 Prefageful Dread might well alarm the Rest.]

Thus *Reason* aims beyond her Length to see:
 Still, stranger to HEAV'N's mystical Decree.
 Yet will she ask why in sublimest Skies,
 Suns, there, themselves expire, and *New* arise? 245
 In that *Lacæal Path* that shines above,
 Frequent those direful Revolutions prove. ✓

Where

* *A Comet is a solid Body about the Earth's bigness*
 (more or less) all on Fire. They have always their Line
 of Motion falling towards the Sun.

† This Calculation is founded upon the Observation,
 that about seven Comets have been seen thus falling within
 the last seventy Years of our Time.

Where the bright *Ship* is seen with Lights emboss,
 Two signal Stars * have long their Stations lost.
 The well-known *Orbs* no Search could yet regain;
 Void lie their Regions on th' ethereal Plain. 251
 Once seven † were number'd in the *Pleiade* Throng,
 Where since, for Ages, only *Six* belong.
 'Tis thought, their *Spots* might fatal Growth acquire,
 Dim the clos'd *Orbs*, and quench their native Fire. 255
 Near fair *Andromeda's* ‡ illustrious Sign,
 The MODERN § first discern'd a *Globe* to shine;
 Unview'd, till beaming on his wond'ring Sight,
 As *Sirius* large, as nearest *Venus* bright.
 Yet, strange to tell, ere two short Years were past,
 The vanish'd *Star* a total Shade o'ercaст.

While

* “ *These were in the Stern and Yard of the Ship Ar-*
 “ *go, observed in 1664, but in 1668 there was not the*
 “ *least Glimpse of them to be seen; when they disap-*
 “ *peared first is not known: The rest about them, even*
 “ *of the 3d and 4th Magnitudes, remain'd the same. I*
 “ *have observ'd many more Changes, to the Number of*
 “ *100, among the Fixed Stars, yet none so great as*
 “ *these, &c.*”

Mr. MONTANERE's Letter to the Roy. Soc.

† Quæ septem dici, sex tamen esse solent. Ovid.

‡ The new *Star* in *Cassiopeia* was first observed
 about the middle of November 1572, its Lustre was so
 great it could be seen in fair Sun-shine. It never changed
 its Place all the Time, but by Degrees diminished, and in
 about 18 Months became invisible.

§ TYCHO BRAHE.

While lo! appearing in the *Swan* * to rise,
 A fresh Discov'ry claims our noting Eyes,
 An Orb, far less, but *Stationary* found;
 Like the bright *Centres* which our View surround. 265
 Since, have an hundred Years their Circles roll'd,
 Yet clear its fixt Illuminations hold.

Whence are these Changes in the mighty Void?
 Are *Worlds* created there, and *Worlds* destroy'd?
 Some, *lucid Suns* just kindling into Light? 270
 Some, whelm'd, and closing in a fatal Night?
 Some, *half obscur'd*, eluding all Survey,
 Then glimmering with a *temporary Ray*?
 State, dismal sure! to all the *Systems* near,
 If *Planets*, *Life*, and *Creatures* plac'd to cheer. 275
 Are these unfathom'd Myst'ries, that we trace,
 True *Solar Lustres* †, fix'd thro' vary'd Space? ✓
 Whose *Fires*, in-pent, thick *Spots* have dark entomb'd,
 Freed by some *Comets* Blaze, and re-illum'd?
 Or *Planets*, seen when nearest our Abode, 280
 The *Suns*, wide circling of the *Milky-Road*?

F

Saturnian

* That other new Star in the *Swan's Breast*, was discovered by Kepler in the Year 1600; afterwards for some time it disappear'd, but was discern'd again by Hevelius in 1666, just in its first Place, as a Star of the Sixth Magnitude, where it still appears.

† It is difficult to determine what these new Stars are. The sudden Appearing of some; the total Disappearing of others;

Saturnian like, each *System's* outmost Part;
 Or *Comets* that excentrical convert?
 Omnific GOD! thy Beam refulgent vail!
 To trace THY WORKS all Man's Ideas fail. 285

Blush, *antient Master* * of the Sages Chair!
 Confuted, now, thy Ignorance declare;
 Who bold, yet blind, who teaching, to be taught,
 Of *changeless* Make the *Heavenly Matter* thought,
 Its Orbs firm *Diamond*, of dural Stay: 290
 All unfusceptible of least Decay.

And You, worse Patrons of absurd Misrule,
 Ye vainly learn'd in *Epicurus'* School,
 Who HEAVENLY POW'R, and PROVIDENCE disgrace,
 To clear Conviction yield, ye erring Race!
 Search the least Path CREATIVE POW'R has trod, 300
 How plain the Footsteps of th' apparent GOD!
 His Art cou'd Organs, Strength, and Sense implant
 In the small agile *Fly*, and reptile *Ant*,
 In the mean *Mite*, so much minuter still,
 Thy Finger's pressing Point may Millions kill. 305

Mark'd

others; and the Half-occultation of a third Sort, sometimes turning their dark, then their light Sides toward us, has occasioned various Conjectures of learned Men, express'd in the Poem. None of which solve all the Phenomena, the same having been discovered of some of the known fix'd Stars themselves: A Wonder, which, perhaps, Man's Art will never fathom.

* ARISTOTLE.

Mark'd by the *Magnifying Christs* Aid,
 In ev'ry Place, what Proofs will stand display'd!
 Lo! from the stagnant Pool one Drop obtain;
 Of Insects this includes a sumless Train:
 Buoy'd in the little Pool they frisk and play. 310
 Pleas'd with their short Existence of a Day.
 That Blue with which the glossy *Plum* is grac'd,
 (That gives such poignant Pleasure to it's Taste)
 Or azures o'er the *Damsen's* Velvet Rhind,
 A Groupe of *smallest Animals* we find. 315
 The little *Gnat*, in Beauties, may compare
 With all his rival Brothers of the Air,
 Transparent Feathers, Purple, Green, and Gold,
 His Wings, small Feet, and gay-fring'd Tail enfold.
 Four sharpen'd Spears his Head with Weapons arm,
 And his pearl'd Eyes * with liveliest Graces charm. 320
 In Down of ev'ry variegated Die 322
 Shines, flutt'ring soft, the gaudy *Butterfly*.
 That Powder which thy spoiling Hand distains,
 The Forms of Quills, and painted Plumes contains;
 Not Courts can more Magnificence exprefs, 226
 In all their Blaze of Gems, and *Pomp* of Dress.

F 2

How

* These are composed of several Thousand little Hemispheres, or in Reality are so many distinct Eyes; which have such a Power of magnifying, and are of such a wonderful Structure, in many of the minutest Insects, that they are capable herewith to discover Objects many thousand Times less than themselves.

How fine a Fur the Spider's Robe supplies,
 Encircled with his brilliant Ring, of Eyes:
 By one quick Glance directing ev'ry Way,
 The watchful Hunter to secure his Prey,
 Thy Mycrosopic Glass admiring bring,
 And view the humble Hornet's sharpen'd Sting.
 Then on the slend'rest Needle turn thy Eye,
 And the vast Diff'rence in their Points descry:
 This view'd, more polish'd seems, acuter far;
 That, rough as from the Forge some blunted Bar.
 GOD's smallest Work all human Skill degrades,
 Foils the lost Man, and sinks his Worth in Shades.
 If lesser Proofs such Demonstration show,
 What may th' unmeasur'd Universe bestow?
 Think, cou'd blind Chance, dead, unexisting Name,
 Produce such Order, so complete a Frame?
 That Sun, bright Fountain of Life-gladd'ning Day,
 Who kindled first his cheering vital Ray?
 (Fix'd, that not too remote, nor near he shines)
 And stores with Fuel his eternal Mines?
 What Hand th' unnumber'd Solar Worlds sustains,
 And guides their circling Planetary Trains,
 That from their Orbits ne'er excentric wheel
 The whirling Spheres, and dire Confusion feel?
 Is there no Wisdom in th' Appointment shown?
 Own they no FORMER, no PRESERVER OWN?
 Cou'd Nature's constant, wise, harmonious Laws,
 Spring from weak Chance? so impotent a Cause!
 Did

Did it bestow on *Man* his Reasoning Mind?
 Or needful Instincts on th' *inferiour Kind*?
 Or the mixt Species of their various Race
 Maintains, in due Succession, Number, Place?
 Can it their diff'rent Wants discern, relieve? 360
 Whence has it Pow'r? and how does it perceive?
 Reflect, vain Dreamers, ye pretended Wise!
 You who confide on darken'd *Carus*' Eyes,
 Close his dim Leaves, and ponder Nature's Page,
 There let clear Truth your pleas'd Assent engage, 365
 And the dread God confess; his Sapience own,
 Thro' the fill'd Space with brightest Lustre shown.

'Tis He, 'twas his efficient Word profound,
 Form'd, conservates and rules the Worlds around;
 How grand a Scheme, cou'd we our Search pursue,
 And thro' its various Ranks CREATION view! 370
 The Depths 'twixt *Seraphim* and *Angel* scan,
 And trace, by slow Gradations, down to *Man*;
 From *Man*, thro' *Orders numberless*, descend,
 'Till the last Link the Chain of Beings end; 375
 Lost in the Point where Entity begun. ———
 Or, backward, cou'd the Mind revolving run;
 Quite up again, and with admiring Eyes,
 See the huge Scale to new Perfection rise.
 From *Seraph*, up thro' *Hierarchies* unknown, 380
 Onward advancing, nearer to the Throne,

Nearer, and endless, still, advancing more;
Yet infinite the Distance as before.

O how sublime a *Wisdom* must intend,
So vast a Plan! to ev'ry Part descend, 385
And know their various Int'rests to pursue,
At one clear, unperplex'd, immediate View!
Admir'd OMNISCIENCE, that at once can see
Past, present, and whate'er shall future be!
How great a Pow'r must all their Wants supply! 390
Its Cares how watchful, and its Aids how nigh!
Each Spring to move, each Hind'rance to controul,
And act, by Parts, subservient to the Whole!

Hail, INFINITE CREATOR; with thy Praise
The Muse began, with Thee shall end my Lays. 395
These are thy Works, blest ARCHITECT DIVINE!
Earth, all this *universal Offspring* thine!
THY Breath first bid *inactive Matter* move,
And strait with Life the genial *Atoms* strove;
Producing *Animal*, and *Plant*, and *Flow'r*, 400
Concurrent Proof of *Wisdom* and of *Pow'r*.
THY potent Word infus'd the *Solar Light*,
And spread the Curtain of refreshing *Night*,
With splendid *Orbs* enrich'd the *Void* profound,
Rang'd the bright *Worlds*, and roll'd their Courses
round. 405

O sing HIS Praises then ! how justly due,
Created Kinds, the Strains of Praise from You ?
How grateful the deserv'd Returns of Love !
Praise HIM, thou *Earth*, ye *Worlds* that roll above,
Each Pow'r, whole Nature, all HIS Works, conspire
In Songs of Praise ; an Universal Quire ! 411

Thou *Sun*, Creation's pure resplendent Eye,
And all ye *Solar Orbs* that deck the Sky,
Round whose vast *Systems* peopled *Planets* move,
Ye *central Suns* of numerous *Earths* above ; 415
Praise the DREAD POW'R, whose *Goodness* ye pro-
claim,
And let your warbling Spheres attune HIS Name !

Thou *Moon*, whose Rays diffus'd of silver Light,
Brighten the shapeless Gloom of awful Night ;
And you *Satellitary Orbs* on high, 420
Who kindly Beams to distant Worlds supply,
Hymn your CREATOR'S Praise ; whose Skill divine
Impow'r'd your Mass to roll, your Globes to shine.

Ye *Comets* ! that in long *Ellipses* stray,
Whole Ages finishing your annual Way ; 425
Thou *Darkness* ! Nature's emblematic Tomb,
Yield him thy Reverence of impressive Gloom,
In silent Praise ! And thou, dread *Space* profound,
Thro' all thy waste, interminable Round.

Winds! who in troubled Air your Voices raise,
 Swell with loud Accents in your MAKER's Praise,
 And you, soft *Breezes*, that perfume the Spring,
 Bear HIM a Tribute on your gentler Wing.
 Spread it, ye pealing *Thunders*, round the Sky,
 Wide as your *Vollies* roll, or *Lightnings* fly! 435
 Ye *Meteors!* your CREATOR's Praises show;
 The spangled *Dew*, the Clouds reflected *Bow*,
 And moist'ning Show'r. Ye *Frosts!* His Praise pro-
 claim;
 The pendant *Ificle's* clear, native Gem;
 Hoar *Mists* congeal'd, that dress the Meadow pale:
 Blue *Vapour*, whitening *Snows*, and pearly *Hail!* 441

Praise HIM, ye *Seasons!* Spring with youthful Face,
 And Summer blooming with maturer Grace;
 Ripe *Autumn*, clad in Wines, with *Harvests* crown'd,
 And *Winter* old; His solemn Praise resound! 445

Ye *Flow'ry Tribes*, in all your proud Array,
 Your lovely Forms, and dazzling Hues display!
 Young fruitful Branches! white with vernal Bloom,
 In rich Oblations breathe your fresh Perfume!
 Praise HIM, ye *Plants!* with all your sweet Supplies;
 Ye od'rous *Herbs*, in grateful Incense rise!

Insects! that creep on Earth, or spread the Wing,
 In 'Troops your tributary Homage bring.

Fowls of the Air! and *Brutes* that range the Meads!
And the finn'd Race that Stream and Ocean breeds.

CHERUBIC DIGNITIES, in Heav'n, who shine, 456
OWN'D SYMBOLS of the TRINITY * divine!
Ye SERAPHIM, bright Flames! ye *Angel* Quires!
To the lov'd Theme tune all your sounding Lyres!

Saints! thron'd in Bliss, Sin-vassal'd once below,
In noblest Strains your loftier Praise bestow! 461
Man! Image of thy MAKER's moral Pow'r,
Last, labour'd Work of Heav'n's creating Hour!

F 5

O

* Ezekiel i. 28. x. 18, 19, 20. Fire, Light, and Air (or Spirit) seem to have been the proper, known, and scriptural Emblems of the TRINITY in the ONE ESSENCE. Their familiar Hieroglyphicks were the Ox; whose curled Forehead aptly represented the Fire, the Emblem of the FIRST PERSON. The Lion, from his brightness of Sight, was used for the Hieroglyphick of the SECOND. And the Eagle, the highest soaring Bird, of the THIRD. Accordingly the Cherubic-Faces, exhibited in the above-cited prophetic Vision, bore these several Figures. The fourth Face, of a Man joined to that of the Lion (the Hieroglyphick for Light, the Emblem of the SECOND PERSON in the TRINITY) had a beautiful and teaching Signification, of the Assumption of the Human into the Divine Nature by our LORD JESUS CHRIST; and might convey this comfortable Doctrine to our first Parents, when thus beheld (in the Appearance of the Cherubim placed over the Gates of Paradise) at their Expulsion. See also Rev. iv. 6, 7.

O shall HIS Goodness, HIS Indulgence, move
 No warm Returns, nor swell the Breath of Love?
 Priest of the mute Creation, HE demands 466
 Their Off'rings from thy consecrated Hands,
 Deputed Lord; from thy dead Slumber start;
 Let *Nature* wake, awake the Pow'rs of *Art*,
 And with exerted Force attune HIS Praise, 470
 In Notes may emulate celestial Lays.
 Let *Music* her divinest Succours bring,
 The breathing *Flute*, the *Viol's* warbling String,
 And dulcid *Voice*. Ye *Concerts*, louder grow!
 Let the strill *Trump*, the deep'ning *Organ* blow, 475
 While with the Notes the tremulating Ground,
 And echoing Roofs, strike awful Rapture round.
 Praise him, each Creature, *Plenitude*, and *Space*;
 Things of *Inanimate and living Race*!
 From the Terrestrial to the Starry Pole, 480
 Praise HIM HIS *Works*, and thou, my prostrate Soul!

† Thus, while in vain the wretched human Brood
 † Pursue on Earth a false, imagin'd Good;
 † That Good, which Creatures never can bestow,
 † With HIM still only found, from whom they flow;
 † While *Gold* or *Lust*, with a deceitful Bribe, 486
 † Tempt to sure Woes the easy-list'ning Tribe;
 † While *Faction* leads th' unsteady Herd aside,
 † And *Deism* perverts the Sons of Pride;

Wou'd

- + Wou'd I from Vice, from Luxury remove, 490
- + Converſing with the Themes of heavenly Love.
- + Theſe ſhall my Hours of virtuous Life amuſe,
- + Cheer its *dull Glooms*, and brighter Hopes infuſe;
- + Pleas'd the lov'd Viſit frequent to renew,
- + While certain Blifs my rais'd Deſires purſue, 495
- + To meditate MY MAKER; and my Lays
- + Tune to HIS Pow'r, who gave me Breath to praiſe.

The END.

THE
 REST OF CREATION
 SUNDAY THOUGHTS
 ON THE
 Various Parts of the Christian Sabbath
 AND
 Its different EMPLOYMENTS
 In three PARTS

I. The Morning's Rest	I. The Morning's Rest
II. The Sabbath Day	II. The Sabbath Day
III. The Sabbath Evening	III. The Sabbath Evening

The whole containing a Comparison of
 the Sabbath with a Comparison of
 the Sabbath with a Comparison of
 the Sabbath with a Comparison of
 the Sabbath with a Comparison of

THE
REST of CREATION.
SUNDAY THOUGHTS

ON THE
Various Parts of the CHRISTIAN SABBATH,
AND

Its different EMPLOYMENTS.

In three PARTS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| I. The MORNING'S ME-
DITATING WALK. On
the internal, early, and
preparatory DUTIES. | III. EVENING EMPLOY-
MENT. On the subse-
quent and closing DU-
TIES, Recollection,
Self-Examination, and
the several Offices of
CHARITY. |
| II. THE SACRED, PUB-
LIC DUTIES. Includ-
ing <i>those</i> of the Family
and Solitude. | |

The whole concluding with a Contemplation on
the ETERNAL SABBATH. And a Glimpse of
the SAINT IN GLORY.

Ὁ ἥλιος τῷ οἴκῳ σου κατέφαγέ με.

JOHN ii. 17.

— the consecrated Hour

Of Man, in Audience with the DEITY. YOUNG.

SUNDAY THOUGHT

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

T H E

MORNING'S MEDITATING WALK.

P A R T I.

**On the Internal, Early, and Preparatory
DUTIES.**

ADV E R T I S E M E N T

THE FORTY-NINTH

WILLIAM W. BENTLEY

Notes, 1911-1912, 1913-1914, 1915-1916, 1917-1918, 1919-1920, 1921-1922, 1923-1924, 1925-1926, 1927-1928, 1929-1930, 1931-1932, 1933-1934, 1935-1936, 1937-1938, 1939-1940, 1941-1942, 1943-1944, 1945-1946, 1947-1948, 1949-1950, 1951-1952, 1953-1954, 1955-1956, 1957-1958, 1959-1960, 1961-1962, 1963-1964, 1965-1966, 1967-1968, 1969-1970, 1971-1972, 1973-1974, 1975-1976, 1977-1978, 1979-1980, 1981-1982, 1983-1984, 1985-1986, 1987-1988, 1989-1990, 1991-1992, 1993-1994, 1995-1996, 1997-1998, 1999-2000, 2001-2002, 2003-2004, 2005-2006, 2007-2008, 2009-2010, 2011-2012, 2013-2014, 2015-2016, 2017-2018, 2019-2020, 2021-2022, 2023-2024, 2025-2026, 2027-2028, 2029-2030, 2031-2032, 2033-2034, 2035-2036, 2037-2038, 2039-2040, 2041-2042, 2043-2044, 2045-2046, 2047-2048, 2049-2050, 2051-2052, 2053-2054, 2055-2056, 2057-2058, 2059-2060, 2061-2062, 2063-2064, 2065-2066, 2067-2068, 2069-2070, 2071-2072, 2073-2074, 2075-2076, 2077-2078, 2079-2080, 2081-2082, 2083-2084, 2085-2086, 2087-2088, 2089-2090, 2091-2092, 2093-2094, 2095-2096, 2097-2098, 2099-2100, 2101-2102, 2103-2104, 2105-2106, 2107-2108, 2109-2110, 2111-2112, 2113-2114, 2115-2116, 2117-2118, 2119-2120, 2121-2122, 2123-2124, 2125-2126, 2127-2128, 2129-2130, 2131-2132, 2133-2134, 2135-2136, 2137-2138, 2139-2140, 2141-2142, 2143-2144, 2145-2146, 2147-2148, 2149-2150, 2151-2152, 2153-2154, 2155-2156, 2157-2158, 2159-2160, 2161-2162, 2163-2164, 2165-2166, 2167-2168, 2169-2170, 2171-2172, 2173-2174, 2175-2176, 2177-2178, 2179-2180, 2181-2182, 2183-2184, 2185-2186, 2187-2188, 2189-2190, 2191-2192, 2193-2194, 2195-2196, 2197-2198, 2199-2200, 2201-2202, 2203-2204, 2205-2206, 2207-2208, 2209-2210, 2211-2212, 2213-2214, 2215-2216, 2217-2218, 2219-2220, 2221-2222, 2223-2224, 2225-2226, 2227-2228, 2229-2230, 2231-2232, 2233-2234, 2235-2236, 2237-2238, 2239-2240, 2241-2242, 2243-2244, 2245-2246, 2247-2248, 2249-2250, 2251-2252, 2253-2254, 2255-2256, 2257-2258, 2259-2260, 2261-2262, 2263-2264, 2265-2266, 2267-2268, 2269-2270, 2271-2272, 2273-2274, 2275-2276, 2277-2278, 2279-2280, 2281-2282, 2283-2284, 2285-2286, 2287-2288, 2289-2290, 2291-2292, 2293-2294, 2295-2296, 2297-2298, 2299-2300, 2301-2302, 2303-2304, 2305-2306, 2307-2308, 2309-2310, 2311-2312, 2313-2314, 2315-2316, 2317-2318, 2319-2320, 2321-2322, 2323-2324, 2325-2326, 2327-2328, 2329-2330, 2331-2332, 2333-2334, 2335-2336, 2337-2338, 2339-2340, 2341-2342, 2343-2344, 2345-2346, 2347-2348, 2349-2350, 2351-2352, 2353-2354, 2355-2356, 2357-2358, 2359-2360, 2361-2362, 2363-2364, 2365-2366, 2367-2368, 2369-2370, 2371-2372, 2373-2374, 2375-2376, 2377-2378, 2379-2380, 2381-2382, 2383-2384, 2385-2386, 2387-2388, 2389-2390, 2391-2392, 2393-2394, 2395-2396, 2397-2398, 2399-2400, 2401-2402, 2403-2404, 2405-2406, 2407-2408, 2409-2410, 2411-2412, 2413-2414, 2415-2416, 2417-2418, 2419-2420, 2421-2422, 2423-2424, 2425-2426, 2427-2428, 2429-2430, 2431-2432, 2433-2434, 2435-2436, 2437-2438, 2439-2440, 2441-2442, 2443-2444, 2445-2446, 2447-2448, 2449-2450, 2451-2452, 2453-2454, 2455-2456, 2457-2458, 2459-2460, 2461-2462, 2463-2464, 2465-2466, 2467-2468, 2469-2470, 2471-2472, 2473-2474, 2475-2476, 2477-2478, 2479-2480, 2481-2482, 2483-2484, 2485-2486, 2487-2488, 2489-2490, 2491-2492, 2493-2494, 2495-2496, 2497-2498, 2499-2500, 2501-2502, 2503-2504, 2505-2506, 2507-2508, 2509-2510, 2511-2512, 2513-2514, 2515-2516, 2517-2518, 2519-2520, 2521-2522, 2523-2524, 2525-2526, 2527-2528, 2529-2530, 2531-2532, 2533-2534, 2535-2536, 2537-2538, 2539-2540, 2541-2542, 2543-2544, 2545-2546, 2547-2548, 2549-2550, 2551-2552, 2553-2554, 2555-2556, 2557-2558, 2559-2560, 2561-2562, 2563-2564, 2565-2566, 2567-2568, 2569-2570, 2571-2572, 2573-2574, 2575-2576, 2577-2578, 2579-2580, 2581-2582, 2583-2584, 2585-2586, 2587-2588, 2589-2590, 2591-2592, 2593-2594, 2595-2596, 2597-2598, 2599-2600, 2601-2602, 2603-2604, 2605-2606, 2607-2608, 2609-2610, 2611-2612, 2613-2614, 2615-2616, 2617-2618, 2619-2620, 2621-2622, 2623-2624, 2625-2626, 2627-2628, 2629-2630, 2631-2632, 2633-2634, 2635-2636, 2637-2638, 2639-2640, 2641-2642, 2643-2644, 2645-2646, 2647-2648, 2649-2650, 2651-2652, 2653-2654,

ADVERTISEMENT.

I Have inserted two little detached Pieces in the first Part, in the Manner of Notes : at the 127th and 141st Pages. Which I composed a great while since, and published elsewhere. They were Parts of a Work I had begun consisting of Meditations, designed as a Companion for the solitary Christian in his rural Walks, and were all that I finished : One of which I afterwards chang'd into Verse, and printed, at the End of a Volume of Poetry, (with this Title *Musing by a River*) from whence I have now expung'd it, as more proper (together with the other) for this Place ; which I designed also to have versified and interwoven into the Body of the Poem : But it having become familiar to me by a long use ; and being at the Time I wrote it a Kind of extemporary Effusion of my Heart, to myself it seem'd, and I hope will be thought by the devout Christian, more pleasing to have it in its natural simple Dress, as it came warm from my Thoughts, than to give it another Form. For which Reason, and to satisfy some Friends, I have here distributed it at the Bottom of the 127th, 128th, 129th, 130th, and 131st Pages, as it was originally written.

CON.

C O N T E N T S.

AN Introduction to the Subject. The Advantage of separating some time the Evening before a Sabbath. Address to the Dutcheſs of Somerſet. The Appearance of the Dawn. Reflections upon riſing; at walking Abroad; on the Pleaſantneſs of the Season—on a Liſe of rural Retirement; a Morning Hymn on aſcending a Hill, in a View of the ſurrounding Proſpects; Reflections during a ſolitary Wandring in a Church-yard—obſerving a Rookery—ſitting by a River; a Viſit to a lonely Abbey, and taking ſhelter in its Ruins during the Violence of a Thunder-ſtorm. Its Horrors deſcrib'd, with ſome cloſing Reflections on our late Earthquakes—The ſweet Appearances in Nature on the Calm.—Lawfulneſs of walking in the Fields for Meditation in the Intervals of a LORD'S DAY; one Part of Sabbath Duties a Remembrance of the Works of Creation; the other thoſe of Redemption. Various Conſiderations and Inſtances of the Bleſſings and Privileges of the latter—upon firſt hearing the Bells from the different Villages—the Walk broke off; and an Application to a timely Attendance on religious Ordinances in the Houſe of God.

SUN-

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

PART I.

ON THE

INTERNAL, EARLY,

AND

PREPARATORY DUTIES.

MUTE with conceal'd Distress, joy-widow'd
long,
My own sad Burthen, had my tuneless
Mind

Disconsolate, life wearied, dropt the Lyre ;
Like the sad, pensive, wint'ry *Philomel*
Silenc'd from Song : By Melancholy's Gloom, 5
By Griefs, unyielding to the *Muse's* Charm.
Nor purpos'd more, nor wish'd I, e'er to wake
The once relieving String. So lost with me
Care's Cheerer, Hope, ah ! that Deceiver fair!

My

My Spirits broke, by worst Prefage impress,
A Mind benighted, with a wasting Frame.

10

JESUS! dear Name of Love! O SAVIOUR GOD!
After long Absence, how divinely Sweet
Thy felt Return! like instantaneous Health,
Delightful, to a Wretch by Sickness worn,
Snatch'd back miraculous from dying Pangs.

15

+ He comes! Pain's Balm, the healing Visitor,
+ The sympathising Friend! Rise, languid Soul!
+ From thy dark, deep, dull, damp, dead Lethargy.
With kindled Zeal resume, with fresh-felt Love,
Thy wonted Labour; not (perhaps) my least,
If heavenly Goodness please the Strain divine,
To dictate, and assist her kindred Theme.

20

Six days has Man in duteous Toil employ'd:
His Sum assign'd. And now the Eve appears,
Prelude to sweetest Hours of holier Rest;
Kind Respite, in the round of Weekly Time,
For travell'd Dust to call its Labourer home
The Partner *Mind*; to steal her from the Throng
Of loud Intruders, charg'd with worldly Schemes;
And strike a partial Truce with mortal Care.
To cleanse her Soils, adjust her decent Dress,
And mould her, in Composure fit, to wait
Her Call; when she, on Audience, soon shall meet
In his full Court, the *universal KING*.

25

31

35

The

The Chamber, for the milder *Presence*, fix'd
 Of condescending *DEITY*. So went
 Th' obedient *Sire* * his dear, devoted *Son*
 Conforting, up th' appointed *Mount of God*,
 And, *inly* tended, with *Exclusion* mete, 40
 At distance, left below his *servile Train*.

I sing to matchless *SOMERSET*: where'er
 The Changes lead me of this sacred Theme
 (Truths *Evangelical* tho' plainly phras'd)
 Her's is the Song. Her shining Pattern view: 43
 Mark it ye Great! from *her* aspire to gain
 By *Goodness* Love, true *Dignity* from *Sense*,
 And Exaltation by *Humility*:

Blest Gifts, the Crown of *Piety and Faith*.
 Her's is the Song; auspicious prove it's Art! 50
 As *She*, mild Excellence! auspicious proves.

See! *Night* has thinn'd her *Shades*. The watchful
Bird

Days warning Centinel, with *Crowings* loud
 Gives Signal. O! like weeping *Peter* touch'd!
Duly let *me*, affecting Monitor! 55
Thy Summons hear. Thus woke th' illustrious

Greek †

Rous'd, ev'ry Morn, by a shrill Herald's Cry,

* *Abraham. Genesis xxii. 5.*

† *Philip of Macedon.*

"*King! thou art mortal.*" Moral Voice, how harsh
In Courtly Roofs!—But mark! the meek-ey'd
Dawn!

Lights youngest Daughter, drest in Vesture pale, 60
With sweet, cool Breath, descends from odorous
Skies!

The *Sabbath Dawn*, *first* of the Week, and best,

- "Up *Sleeper!* from thy Bed. *At earlier Hour*
- "*From sadder Bed, for Thee thy SAVIOUR rose!*"
- By Memory warn'd, at the lov'd Name I wake. 65
- At the known, reverenc'd Voice devoutly wake;
- I wake with God: *last* in my Thoughts and *first*
- By *Night* and *Morn.* My Guardian of the *Night*,
- My Guide by Day. Ah! what is *lightless Day*
- Without *thy Light?* Ah! what is *lifeless Life* 70
- Without *thy dear Vitality?* As *Flow'rs*,
- Weeping in wat'ry Dews, their Faces bend
- To their all-cheering Parent's genial Ray
- The soft'ring *Sun*, so turns my Soul to feel
- Her quick'ning FATHER. In thy Arms of Love 75
- Safe have I slept; thy Arms of Love *alone*
- Can safe-uphold me waking. Led by *THEE*
- My Footsteps now I trust in open Skies;
- In sacred Meditation rapt; to taste
- The fresh, prime Fragrance of returning Light: 80
- While thy soft Daughter, Summer's Virgin-Nymph,
- The bloomy *May*, deck'd amorous by *thy Eland*,

Courts,

Courts, sweet, the *lonely-roving Walker's Eye*;
Chaste-wooing ev'ry Sense, by ev'ry Charm.

+ *Retirement* ! thou celestial Solacer !

85

+ The Care-tost *Voyager's* dear, welcome Bay,

+ Faint with the beating Storm of adverse Life.

+ Lot, most desir'd ! most happy ! — O with me

Muse, Genius, Fame, Ambition, A-v'rice, Wealth,

My little, amplest *whole of earthly Good* !

90

For *thee* I long have sigh'd — but sigh in vain !

Sole woo'd, yet unconsenting to my Joy.

— Yet cease I not by Dawn, or Evening-Hour

— Thy lov'd Recess (tho' hopeless) still to haunt,

— And vent my secret Moan ; by dewy Mead,

95

Dark Cave, or vocal Stream, or Moon-light Grove.

Like some poor exil'd *Lover*, who by Stealth

Watches, when he his solitary Walk

Can take ; in desperation to complain.

— All that below (of calm, of good and pure,

100

— Of bland, or rational, devout, or sweet,) —

— Is found in Wisdom's School, to train, mature,

— And lift sublime the Heart, inhabit here.

Here shines the *Hero*, here *true Greatness* lives,

Lives on *its own*, nor needs to ask *Without*

105

(Hard penury) Loans, from mean, dependant Joys.

Leagued with the high-born *Genii* there, meek *Peace*,

Fair Child of Virtue, and her Sister-Grace

Divine *Contentment* ; with her Little blest :

The

The Dower bestow'd on patient Poverty. 110

Happiest Abstraction from the tempting World!

Not monkish, slothful, fullen, and austere;

The *Palmer's* Penance, and the *Hermit's* Cell,

The false-religious *Bedlam's* Beads and Straw.

— No Couch for *Indolence* to hatch her Dream: 115

— But to repose for Action; to purge off

— Rank *Envy's* Gall, the lep'rous Spot of *Pride*,

— Dropsied *Ambition*, *Pleasure's* feav'rish Heats,

— The *Soul's* *consumptive* Thirst of earthly Bliss,

— And her ill Habits by Example fix'd. 120

— Where led in awful Visits to *herself*,

— Internal Intimacies charm the Heart.

The *Home-brought Stranger* entertain'd and pleas'd

Feasts with her kindred Pow'rs, and happier grows,

Acquainted with the Family within. 125

And from her Centre thro' wide Duty's sphere

(Of sacred and of social) looking round,

Notes her high Birth; and nobler walks Abroad,

In Acts of *Faith*, *Benevolence*, and *Love*,

With Rank superior, in the *moral* World. 130

Hail silent Fields! with your Inhabitant

Blest CONTEMPLATION! friendly to the Muse.

Yet grateful Interruption may ye here

By Change admit; of Flocks that bleating feed,

And Herds deep lowing, and the Musick shrill, 135

Heard round me, of the Insect's buzzing Wing,

And,

And, loud, of early Birds the vary'd Charm.

+ These praise their MAKER all, and lift in praise

+ The pious Heart, to join in *Nature's Prayer*.

Nor Things of Voice alone, each humid *Flow'r* 140

It's Incense breathes to THEE ! each dewy *Plant*

And *grassy Spire*, thick-strung with native Pearl !

ALMIGHTY FATHER ! Flocks, and Herds, and Birds

Insects and Flowers, and Plants, all Nature's Births,

+ All praise thy Goodness, *all*—but thankless Man ! 145

+ Man, *most ungrateful ! most obliged !* of all.

But see ! in mild, resplendent Majesty,

See ! where ascending, the bright *Lord of Day*

(His Forehead hung with Locks of curling Gold)

Smiles from his eastern Throne ; dispelling fast 150

Th' invading Mists, that with distemper'd Shade

Hang on Night's dusky Rear, and hide from view

Surrounding Prospects fair : of Flowret Meads

And Wood-clad Hills, with Villa's intermix'd

Of antient Aspect ; fram'd for rural Peace, 155

Delightful Residence ! and verdant Groves

Of Structure tall, and silver-skirting Streams,

Winding thro' Vales in *Flora's* Wardrobes drest,

Or rich in stately Grain ; whose loaded Plumes

Dance proudly on the Breeze ; and like a Sea 160

Roll, far, the sounding vegetable Wave.

And, all beyond, the Mountain-Heights appear,

By distance blue ; that lose themselves in Sky.

G

How

How chang'd a Prospect! from the Scene of late,
When *Darkness*, Emblem of still Nature's Grave,
Had clos'd her in a temporary Death; 166

Annihilating Colours, Sense, and Forms,
On ev'ry Lid had shed her Poppy Dews,
And round *Creation's* silent Bed had drawn
Her sable *Curtains*, of Nocturnal Gloom. 170

Thus looks the *Convert* (late in Bondage lock'd
Of legal Terrors: a tremendous *Night*,)

Thus chang'd! when on his sad, tenebrious Soul
JESUS, the Day-Star, from above, shall rise
With *healing* Balm beneath his radiant Wings; 175

JESUS, of *Righteousness*, that brighter Sun!

Is Light so grateful to the human Sense?

Created Light? a faint, refracted Ray?

One, distant Sun? the Shadow, *but*, of God!

Dark *Adumbration* of the DEITY? 180

+ O! what is *Heav'n*! that Day of endless Light?

+ Where *Saints* shall from th' essential Fountain drink

+ Of Radiance! in God's *full*, *Paternal* shine?

+ Ah! what is *Hell*? of ever-absent Day

+ A Night, all hopeless! — and all endless too! 185

Welcome *bright Influence*! kindest Gift of HIM

Who bid thy Orb of Splendours pour on Earth

Life, Health, and Joy! thy warm, thy friendly Ray

How

How grateful ! while the vapour-weeping Mead
Reeks with chill Mist, an incommodious Track 190
For the rash Trav'ler yet, whose weltring Feet
Brush from the plaiſhy Blades the Tears of Morn.

Here let me wander, where, in Fragrance full

Or rosy Light, this more inviting Hill

Drinks, on his sloping Side, the franker Beam. 195

With pace relax'd the steep Ascent I gain ;

But gain with Toil — how like the *Christian's* Path :

A sweetly-pleasing, yet laborious Way —

And now, how vast a Landskip, kenn'd from hence
Breaks on my wilder'd Eye ! in roving lost. 200

From Field, Farm, Village, Park, Dale, Stream and
Grove !

Gay, Primrose Lawns, flaming in vernal Gold,

Or Daisie-interlaid, of checquer'd Hues :

With Herds and Flocks, wide-feeding round at will.

And Woods Night-brown ; where ever and anon 205

Some opening Glade I meet, with ranging Troops

Of timorous Deer ; viewed here, and there, between.

And here, and there, a Branch of some fair Stream

Silv'ring the Vale ; and, over all, the Tops

Of sacred *Spires*, that tow'r in antient State, 210

I catch, at distant Glance ; a solemn Sight !

Beyond them *Thames*, her Ocean-haft'ning Flood

Throws widely open to the Beam of Heav'n.

Her Bosom white with proudly-swelling Sails, 214

That bear her Home the Treasures of the World :

Spread, a full Breadth, to gather all the Winds,
 By the glad Crews, revisiting her Shores,
 Whose Spirits dance, with Expectation warm,
 Parents, or Friends, in Transport soon to greet,
 Consorts, or Children ; after absence long. 220
 And farther on, in Smallness almost lost
Augusta, seen in soft'ning Miniature,
 O'er a profusive Longitude of Plains,
 Her hundred Temples rears : Like Needle-Points
 Uprising slender in th' enbrighten'd Air. 225
 Where, in the midst, the Work of *Wren* *, displays
 It's graceful Dome ; and to the *West*, just spy'd,
 The *Gothic* Abbey : Where sepulcher'd, sleeps
 (Thro' a long Race) the Dust of *Albion's* Kings.
 Around I gaze—around—by Raptures tir'd. 230
 Yet never full---some Object new, and fair,
 Some fresh-presented Charm, where'er I turn,
 The Scene expands --- and still expands the Scene,
 With Prospects ever fair, and ever new.
 But all is seen *Below*, a Picture spread 235
 Beneath my Feet, with nought above but Skies.

--- So looks the *Saint* (so ever shou'd he look)

On earthly Glories, with his Brow in Heav'n.

+ Hail! Beauties, pencil'd by OMNIPOTENCE!

+ Hail! *Nature's* Concert, pleasing to an Ear 240

+ In wonder list'ning, to the *silent Hymn*

+ *I*deal heard! sung *inward* to the Soul

* *St. Paul's.*

From

- + From *Forms* harmonious, this *mute Quire* of *God* !
 Like the feign'd, mystic Musick of the *Spheres*
 Unheard, unheeded by Sense-grov'ling Minds. 245
 See too ! responsive, with her holiest Strains,
 The *Muse* awakes ; while now the mounting *Lark*
 From his green *Pallat* rous'd, yields lavish Song :
 Inviting of my Lay, symphonious tun'd,
 That calls *Attention* from his sylvan Bower. 250
- — — MAKER of all Things fair ! of all Things good !
 — That now, by gross, or mental Sight beheld,
 — Claim Adoration high ! thy Power I own !
 — Lib'ral ! profuse ! benign ! confess'd by Knees
 — Thus prostrate bent in Dust ; and Hands, and Eyes
 — Turn'd tow'rd thy Throne, in Praise, and kindled
 Love ! 256
- O what a BUILDER ! what a FATHER ! here
 His House has furnished, with unsparing cost,
 For *Man* his Creature ; his unworthiest Son !
 For *Me* of vilest *Prodigals* most vile ! 260
 Praise HIM ! my GOD, your MAKER ! praise my
 KING
- Ye *Seasons* ! that in sweet vicissitude
 Roll on, of grateful Change : Fresh, *vernal* Fields
 That now his Liveries wear of youthful Green !
 Summer, his fragrant First-born ! loveliest deck'd 265
 Of all thy *Sister*-Train ; in softest Robes
 Of *Twilights*, glistring with pellucid Gold,
 Thy cheerful *Night*-Attire ; perfum'd in Sweets

Of various *Flowers*: And serv'd in *daily* State
 By free-attendant *Suns*, and waiting *Gales*! 270
 Thou *Autumn* too! more ripe; in *Matron*-Charms,
 Of harvest-Fruits; thy Offspring, large and fair;
 And hoary *Winter*! in thy sable *Stole*
 Of Storm and Clouds, with ermine *Cincture* tipp'd
 Of Mountain *Snows*! when freezing Vapours pale
 On the dimm'd Windows dress their mimic Forms:
 And with rude Bracelets, on the Cob-web'd Wall
 Pearl the coarse Arrais of *Arachne's* Loom,
 From a full Chorus of the quarter'd Year,
 Praise HIM! my GOD, your MAKER! praise my
 KING! — 280

--- In your alternate Courses, Eve, or Morn,
 Be witness! if ingrateful, I forget
 His wondrous Goodness; or, my *Hymn*, his praise:
 MAKER of all Things fair! of all Things good!
 THINE is the Heaven*, the Heaven of Heavens is
 THINE. 285

With their innumerable Host! but the broad Earth,
 Work of thy Love, has thy rich Bounty giv'n,
 A large Possession, to the Sons of Men!

Strange Bliss has transc'd me! an extatic Calm!
 Serv'd, by *Devotion*, at this *Feast of Sense*, 300
 My Pulse of Joy beats high.---Led on the while,
 In the warm *Ardours* of *Seraphick* Zeal,

My

* *Psalms* cxv. 16.

My filial reverent Thoughts still search for THEE

Their dear, dear GOD: as of the Subject, sweet,

My *Meditation* takes her pleasing fill. 305

-Where is my FATHER? where my MAKER? view'd

-In all his Works, conspicuous, free and kind?

-All view'd? all near? all present? — yet *unseen*?

-Where is my GOD? the *wisb-impassion'd* Mind

-Has wondrous Power, from farthest-severing Space

-It's Object to invoke; and, as with Charm 311

-Of Magic Spell, make present. Load my Tongue

Repeats a *Lesson* which, with Solace blest,

Was wont to chear me, in my loneliest Walks:

When far from every Ear (my list'ning Heart 315

By utter'd Sounds more deeply to impress)

Frequent was us'd, in Accents audible

My Voice, *its* lov'd *Soliloquy* * to breathe.

The

* THE MEDITATION.

*How fragrant is the Air of these delicious Fields! how
sweet the surrounding Prospects! furnished out for my
Entertainment, by the Hand of the GOD OF NATURE.*

*Has he put so much Refreshment into every perfumed
Breeze? Crouded such a variety of different, pleasing Co-
lours, Shapes, and Essences into so many little Flowers?*

*Given to such diversity of Fruits and Foods their cot-
trary, yet grateful Flavours? Afforded such innumerable,
multiform Prospects to engage the Eye, one single Sense?*

*Such an interchange of Melodies to entertain the Ear?
And contrived, by no less than five different Mediums*

The Prospects cease. For from yon Summit now
 Insensibly, in wistless Pond'rings I brought

320
 The

THE MEDITATION.

of Senses, to give Gratification to the meer animal Faculties, which are by far the most ignoble Part of me, that I might behold him in this Glass of Nature? This Mirror of Wonders?

IF I lift my Eyes upwards how shall I conceive of his awful Infinity? Who can place a World, ten thousand Times the Magnitude of ours, at so remote a Distance, as to appear but as a lucid Point, a little twinkling Star? If I bend them downwards, what Instances are every where of amazing Power, that could produce such an Appearance of Order, and Beauty, out of so mean and irregular a Collection of Dust, and Atoms? Hast thou provided such stately Furniture for these lowest Apartments of thy universal Palace, and for thy meanest Attendant? O what then are the Grândeurs that adorn thy PRESENCE CHAMBER! What, these magnificent Mansions! where thou displayest the pleased Rays of thy beatific Glory, in the higher, and better Worlds!

HAS created Goodness all these Beauties? A little earthly Spot on which I tread, and gaze (embellished with his least Adumbrations) so fair a Firm? Such lovely Charms? O then, how much more infinitely lovely is HE, who has given these Things all their loveliness! Who puts into them whatever Sweetness they contain, or can convey! These are but Copies, ah! faint Copies all! of the Goodness of their FAIR ORIGINAL. Where is the perfect, UNCREATED GOOD? Where the enamouring IMAGE OF LOVELINESS ITSELF? Where is the

ORI-

- The Scenes that charm'd me, late, are view'd no more.
 - How like the Christian still! who ne'er can climb
 - Th' extatic Mount, but soon he treads the Vale
 Of

The MEDITATION.

ORIGINAL BEAUTY? — *I can discern HIM in every thing around me: Discover, in every smallest Part of formed Matter, some vestigia of the DEITY. The FORMER of these accomplished Works was also my FORMER. Where art thou? My all apparent yet unperceived MAKER! How shall I hold converse with THEE? How approach THEE? Am I no better able to conceive of THEE than these Trees? Those Brutes? This Clod that bears me? Am I not related to thee by Mind and Spirit? ordained a Priest of this thy mute Creation? Nay, am I not thine, by nearer Relation, and Union? The Brother and Associate, the Lower and Friend, of thy dear INCARNATE SON? A Member of his Body *? One with HIM †, and thereby one with THEE? Adopted in thy eternal Purpose! Regenerated by thy SPIRIT, and purchased to THYSELF by his Blood? Hath he said, I go to my FATHER and to your FATHER ‡? And shall I not then call thee my FATHER? And may I not converse with thee as a FATHER? Present every where, present always, present now? While thus I am surrounded with imagined Solitude and Secresy, and meditating, with delight, upon thy beauteous Works.*

BUT O! what new Beauties and Pleasures does it put into every Scene, when I consider this World I am now viewing, is a Kingdom of my FATHER'S! Mean as I am in my obscure Condition here, censured, overlook-

G 5

* Ephes. v. 30. † John xvii. 21. ‡ John xx. 17.

— Of deep *Humiliation*—— Lo! my Feet,
At unawares, a rural, still *Church-yard*

325

Have

THE MEDITATION.

*ed, or despised, I am yet a royal Child, and the Inheri-
ter of a glorious, a sure, tho' invisible Crown. Let the
great vain Men of this Earth take their vanishing Por-
tion; divide this contested Spot, into little, momentary,
uncertain Possessions, which they falsely call their own;
delude themselves with a conceited Happiness, and adore
their sensual Idol. A little, little, little while, and the
GOD I live to, and converse with here, MY FATHER,
and MY GOD, will translate me to a State of far higher
Honours. It is his good Pleasure to give me a King-
dom, incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not
away. (Characters opposite to this changing, polluted,
and perishing Scene) reserved in Heaven for me.
Here he is training me up by his SPIRIT, in the Princely
Life and Temper, meeting me in the academic Re-
tirements of Groves and Shades, till I am ripened for
the opened Glories of my Coronation Day.*

*O! happy Retirement! O! heavenly Solitude! that
always affords me the Presence of my FATHER, and
GOD! where I may at all Times find THEE, speak to
THEE, and receive the delightful Intercourses of THY
Converse, and Love. Happy Poverty! where THOU,
never-failing Fountain of Fulness and Riches! art my
inexhaustible Portion. Happy Banishment! that can at
no smallest Distance ever separate me from THEE.
Happy Prison! where thy Society cannot, for one Mo-
ment, be excluded. Happy Bed of Sickness! where*

THOU

Have enter'd ; dark with *Elm* and *Funeral Yew*,
 Scarce ever, but on *Holy Festivals*
 Frequented ; far from ev'ry public Path :
 Of Situation loneliest, and obscure.

—Dread Seat of *Death* ! A Theme which lately *Thou*
 —*Hervey*, lov'd Friend ! fam'd, sacred *Meditant* !
 —Hast touch'd so well. Yet useful *Lores*, tho' less,
 My humble Genius, haply, may attempt
 For moral Ears ; not noted in *thy Plan*. 314

See ! this large antique Pile ! how reverend Grey
 In hoary Age, it's Walls ! and mouldring Tower !
 With tufted Moss and Ivy rudely hung.
 From whose high Turrets, now by Years decay'd,
Five times, struck deep and slow, the solemn Bell
 Resounding hoarse, has told the Hour of Morn. 340
 These lonesome Walks, of thick, uncouthest Shade,
 Thro' lengths of Century's past, by turns have clos'd
 Each Race of Tenants, in the Village round :

G 6

The

The MEDITATION.

THOU art continual'y by to cheer and support me. *Happy*
Hour of Death ! when my Spirit is expired but only
 into THY ever circling, and paternal Arms. *Happy*
Condition ! extending itself to all Places, all Circum-
 stances, and thro' all Duration. *Happy Creature* !
 both here and for ever possessed of the inseparable,
 intimate Presence and favour of A GOD. A FRIEND:
 A FATHER.

The wasted Spoils of old Mortality.
 How wondrous ! when the awful Trump of Doom
 Heard thro' Earth's Realms and Hell, shall start, re-
 cloath'd,
 (Swift as the Motion of the twinkled Eye)
 Each *Form*, now chaos'd in this mingled Mass;
 Mark'd in these Ranks of Graves, and cloystring
 Tombs.

One *common Chamber*, kept for fellow Dust.
 None *deferenc'd* there : dead ! in the *Pomp of State*
 — State ! state in Death ! O Mockry too severe
 — For my worst Foe ! deep Proof of Pride in Man !

How many, without least Memorial left
 Of whom, or what *they were*, in this cold Bed
 Mix in Oblivion, with coeval Clay ?
 Borne like light Bubbles down the Tide of Time ;
 Or Leaves, which Autumn sheds ; dispers'd, and lost.
 Some seek a frail Remembrance, *on their Graves* :
 Surviving in a *Monumental Life*.

Alas, how vainly ! these brief *Registers*
 Scarce more, at best, than barely *this* relate
 That once --- “ a private Name, to Most unknown,
 “ Lived, a short, usual Sum of common Years
 “ With Man --- and then --- with Man, in common ---
 “ dy'd.”

Meer Folly weak, and Ostentation, poor,
 Of Self Esteem. Yet striking in its Use,

And

And Doctrinal; that anxious, general Wish
Of proud immortal Fame, in mortal Man,
Proves, to *Man's self, his Immortality.* 370

— But who? what *Worthy?* by Inscription large
On this fair Obelisk, with Trophies hung,
Asks reverence, from th' admiring Passenger?
High, is the Praise bestowed; if haply due.

"*The fam'd---Benevolent---the strictly Good---*" 375

"*The perfect Christian*"---who demands the *Palm*
This Worth confers, of Panegyrick full?

---Oh!---turn thy Eyes away, nor view *the Name!*
Of foulest Grain! *detestable in Death!*

Where Virtues shine not, signal, in the Life; 380
View'd in Example, in their Influence felt,

— 'Tis basest Adulation paid to *Dust!*

— 'Tis branding the dead *Convict* in the Front!

— 'Tis loud Reproach, 'tis studied Infamy!

Abortive Boast! not all the Gloze on Tombs 385

Can *saint* a CHARTRES, or make *just* a WILDE.

Who? meanly lodg'd, beneath *sepulchral* Fence
Of native *Fir* and homely Workmanship,

This Tenure claims? with cros-resembled Bones,

And weeping *Angels*, painted on the Wood? 390

"*Four lovely Babes,---with their dead Mother, snatch'd*

"*By hasty Fate in Childbed's dolorous Pangs.*"

Ah! happy Mother! happy Family!--

+ ---Yet must I weep---some few, some humane Drops,

In

- + In pity---to a Father's, Husband's loss!--- 395
 — Your *Number*, (with the Circumstance) recal
 — My *own* sad Loss, still felt!-- some Tears I weep,
 — Yet are they Tears of Joy.---Safe prove thy Rest
 — Fair, *Parent-Shade!* and ye, blest *Innocents!*
 — Ah! sweetly sleep. Your heavenly SIRE of such 400
 — Elects his Kingdom. That bright Multitude
 On the new *Sion* view'd by raptur'd *John*
 In holy Vision * ; in whose blameless Mouths
 (Acknowledg'd without Fault) was found no Guile.
 EMANUEL'S Purchase, the *first Fruits from Earth* 405
 Redeem'd to GOD, his choicest *Virgin Train*.
 ---Rich Consolation, in few Words express'd,
 (At the coarse Foot of this plain *Tablet* wrote)
 This *Motto* gives ; " NOT LOST, but GONE BEFORE."

What

* Revel. xiv. 1. to vi.

+ I have purposely introduced this Passage for the Consolation of pious, mourning Parents: For whom, by severest Experience of the same Trials, I have the tenderest Sympathy. The Scripture, here adverted to, affords the richest Comforts in such afflicting Seasons, the Death of Infants, who no doubt make a very numerous Part of the redeemed Family: Distinguished from the Confessors, described Chap. vi. 9th v. From the Penitents, C. v. and vii. From the whole Body of Believers, C. xix. And seem evidently marked out for Observation in this Place, by the exactest Characters, and fullest Descriptions.

What Fragments of insculptur'd Marble these ? 410
 Thus scatter'd ? thus in Heaps neglected cast ?
 The lordly Ruins of oblivious Time ?
 What do I read ! --- come here ! come here ! and
 learn,

Imperious Pride ! what says th' insidious Stone ?

— “ *Here lies the noble.* ” --- *Here ?* hah ! where ? where
 lies ? 415

— Show, if thou canst ? where rests th' *illustrious Peer ?*

— --- Behold ! behold him ! from his Bed of State,

— His sack'd *Mausoleum*, dragg'd, disturb'd, and thrown :

— Mix'd with each Puddle, whirl'd by every Gale,

— Or, undistinguish'd from Plebeian Dirt, 420

— Spurn'd unconcernedly, by each *Peasant's* Heel.

O madness of Ambition ! vain, vain hope

Of Honours, meerly gain'd from Names, or Blood !

Unstable Structures, not by Merit rear'd

On Virtue's Basis : durable alone. 425

Yet—where is *he* ? what more than *Parian* Bust,

Labour'd with costliest Art, directs my Eye

To find *the Man*, the Man ? Ah rather sure

The Angel in that Form ! who late below,

Thro' long Eclipse of gloomiest Poverty, 430

Look'd, yet, so lovely from his suffering Sphere.

His life, a *Soil* where ev'ry heavenly Grace

In their full Clusters grew. *Zeal*, warm while meek

By

By *Charity* : A *Piety* most rais'd
 Yet, an *Humility* most deep abas'd : 435
 Most *Patience* in worst *want* : The worthiest, best,
 Of Christians *be*, of Fathers, Husbands, Friends.

- My Feet have trac'd him out, I recollect
- The once-known Spot---and liest thou, liest thou
 here ?
- In this poor Shrine, obscure, of Filth and Weeds !
- Worthy in noblest Pyramid to rest
- Of Brass or Gold : whom, claim'd in Skies anon,
- Bright hov'ring *Seraphs* shall with Songs attend
- ---Wait !---sweetly rested.---So may some kind Turf
 Hide *my* mean Dust, deserted and forgot ;
 Wrong'd with no Monumental Flattery.
 Thou pitying Mother, *Earth* ! ah ! when ? when ?
 when ?

Shall this try'd Child of Grievs his care-sick Head,
 (Weary'd with Woes and Frailty) gently sink
 On thy *Grave's* kind, cold Pillow ? there to rest 450
 Fresh for his Bridal, Resurrection-Morn ?
 Period of wish'd Perfection ! why recoils
My shudd'ring Flesh, at Dissolution's Name ?
 Our Entrance into Life may reconcile
 The Thought, to *Death* : entomb'd, before we're
 born, 455

A living Death ; in the *Maternal* Grave.
Death, from the very Cradle, early woos
 Our timorous Childhood by his *Image* Sleep ;

And

And lectures Manhood in his nightly School.

+ "But Guilt wakes Fears?" -- yet, points a lenient Balm. 460

+ Look to the bloody Cross! behold thy Cure!

+ To Calv'ry go! view his *Aceldema*,

+ That sanguine Field! where *Death* my SAVIOUR fought

+ *A Vic'tor bath'd in Gore!* and vanquish'd there

+ That All devourer, foul, of Human Race. 465

He conquer'd Sin, by Sufferings, Pains by Sinart,

And Death, by dying: In his Conflict, there,

Conquer'd *for thee*, and by his Vict'ry, made

That stinging Monster his *Believer's* Friend. 469

Sing, ransom'd Worms! ye Pris'ners, glad, of hope,

Shout, shout his Triumphs; your *Deliverer's* Praise.

But O!--O what remains?---a Throne! a Crown!

For us! base Aliens! *us!* his *Murderers* won!

With *him* deputed Heirs, *joint-heirs* of Heaven! 474

O! Pow'r, Fruit, Gift of strange mysterious Grace!

Abyss! when fathom'd, but more lost---to view

A prime Arch-Angel from his golden Orb

Fall'n, to a Fiend! a Human Reptile, vile!

Rais'd from a frail, weak Infant of a Span,

(Guilty as weak) to fill his vacant Throne! 480

And is *this* Glory mine? It is! it is!

- O, false Humility! thou Vice disguis'd

- In specious Drefs, of proud, infernal Die,

Thou

- Thou loud Blasphemer of the Truth of Heav'n!
- That dares the *Promise*, dares the *Oath* of God 485
- Discountenance, by unbelieving Fear. I *lute* *stom*
- These Glories all are mine! as sure in Pledge,
- As if possess'd; when *Death* the Hour of Joy,
- That waited, wish'd-for Hour! shall minister,
- My large Induction. Sad, distrustful Heart, 490
- No longer droop! live, royally my Hope!
- On the full, safe Reversion! O, exult
- My Faith! my Love! my heavenly-rai'd Desire!
- My holy Gratitude! ---in ev'ry State,
- In ev'ry View, my *Whole of Being* blest! 495
- Amplly while living; amplest, when I die!

I quit th' affecting *Place*, inciting Themes
 Of too o'er-pressing Weight for mortal Powers.
 Here let my Thoughts divert awhile; to mark
 This peopled *Rookery*: All Abroad on Wing, 500
 Each with their several Families employ'd;
 Training to Industry their callow Broods.
 To *Man* how moral! loud it speaks to *Man*:
Man may learn here, that *Indolent*! his Work,
 His Duties Task: of helpless Progeny 505
 The Care, and Erudition's tender Toil.
 Man may learn here, that *Infidel*! to place
 On Providence his Trust: *These* all depend
 On its free Almonry: "*Wide dost thou stretch,*
 PRESERVER kind! thy lib'ral shedding Hand, 510
 Muni-

*Munificent, and with Profusion fill,
Of ev'ry living Thing, the large Desire.**
More useful Lesson yet to Man they teach,
To *Atheist Man*, that *Monster Rational*!
One obvious Lesson more important still: 515
Pray'r, *Nature's* Instinct, innate to the Soul,
A Tax of Homage on Creation laid,
The general Bond on universal Life.
Their morning *Orisons*, their *Vespers* loud 519
These teach their Young; *The Infant Suppliants* cry,
And ask *their Meat* from God: how sweetly, hark!
Sound their Responses! how devout the Charm!--
---And see, the sporting Minstrels! how in Troops
They make Excursion; now divide, now join
Their sable Columns; travel and return; 525
Yet never jostle in their mazy Flight.
While quick observing, thro' their lofty Camp,
Their planted *Centinel* gives warning Signs.
Strange Intuition! — cheaply tenanted
Free, and at Ease they dwell: content each Day 530
With Nature's *Dole*, and blest with careless Sleeps,
Hous'd in their skiey Chambers, rock'd by Winds.
Ah! happy *Freemen*! ye, your Fields of Air
Hold common with ye all. *Man*, tyrant Lord!
Parcels his Speck of Earth, to each small Spot. 535
(Counting mean Self *the whole*) lays private Claim!
And

* Psalm cxlv. v. 16.

And yokes in servile Toils his *vassal'd Kind*,
 Distinguish'd scarcely from the *vassal'd Brute*,
 Pre-eminenc'd alone, *by Birth*, in *Woe*:
 But lo! a stately *Mansion*, breaks at once
 From this short *Kisso*, on th' attracted Eye.

Hush'd in deep Silence seem the *Household Trains*:
 Sunk all, unconscious, in Sleep's wilful Death.

- *Opiate*, when us'd undue from *Sloth's* foul Cup,
- To wreck Self-murder on the Heav'n-born *Thought*.

Ye *Throngs* loquacious! with more clamorous
Croaks,

Call! louder, to these fascinated *Roofs*,
 And start th' obscene, *Day-dreamers* up to Shame.

Where am I brought in inobservant Range,
 By *Meditation's* Hand led gently on?
 An *Eden* sure, a new, *lost Paradise*,
 Seems in this blissful *Privacy* restor'd!
 Here let me sit: alluring is the Scene,
 Where the gay *Bank* spreads, soft, its native Couch
 Of velvet *Verdures*, and embroid'ring *Flowers*.
 The passing *Zephirs* from their loaded Wings
 Lodge their stol'n *Fragrance* here, a *Hive* of *Sweets*:
 Cull'd from the new-cock'd *Hay*, and blossom'd *Bean*
 And honied *Woodbine*; that with twisting Arms
 Weds her lov'd *Elm* in this dark *Nuptial Bow'r*.
 In whose cool *Cov'ring* fits the piping *Breeze*,
 With Birds *symphonious* answ'ring from the *Boughs*.

While

While, in blue *Sedge*, and rustic *Ofer* clad,
 Close at my Foot a *River* † gently strays :
 Its Murmurs rolling to a neighb'ring *Wood*. 565
 Beneath whose quiv'ring Shade, the sunny Beams
 Dance on the checquer'd *Stream*, with shifting Light;
 And

† Here follow the Verses promised in the Advertise-
 ment before the Work.

By *Lea's* dear Banks, where join'd in Play
 My Youth's smooth Hours stole pleas'd away,
 Late wand'ring : by *Reflection* prest ;
 Thus, taught the Friend, the mental Guest.
 Sweet Stream ! where most my Haunts delight
 Whose Scenes to solemn Thought invite ;
 May my calm Life resemble thee,
 Such Pleasure give, so useful be.

As passing Straws and buoyant Leaves
 Thy yielding Surface, but, receives,
 While Pearls that lure the searching Eye
 Deep treasur'd, in thy Bosom lie :
 May Trifles such Reception find ;
 Float, merely transient, on my Mind,
 While weightier Thoughts Admission win,
 Sinks its whole Depths, and rest within.

And in its Mirrour show the *finny Tribes*,
That o'er the shining Pebbles make their Chase.

And,

As the large Face the Heav'ns expose
Thy pure, reflecting Mirrour shows,
Yet paints, in small, terrestrial Scenes,
Some bordering Flowers or pendant Greens :

So, with Resemblances divine,
My copying Life direct to shine ;
While Earth's faint Forms, grown distant---left---
Their fewer Images impress.

Teach me thy Constancy--- to force
O'er Barrs, and Streights, a stubborn Course ;
Not idly in Suspension held---
Thy Path not chang'd, tho' oft repell'd.
Thy Patience teach my ruffled Soul,
When, like thy Waves, its Motions roll :
Who vex'd to foam, while Passions fray,
Gentle, in Smiles soon pass away.

Teach me thy Rule of temp'rate Bliss,
Pleas'd, just thy flow'ry Banks to kiss :
Yet by no Sweets allur'd aside,
Till Ocean stops thy restless Tide.
O may'st thou Pattern wise dispense,
Mod'rate to taste the Charms of Sense !
Still pressing to my wish'd Abode,
Nor fix'd, till at my Centre---God.

And, farther off, appears again at large 570
 The wand'ring *Current*; turning oft aside
 His *Husband-Flood* to kiss the *Consort-Mead*;
 And with her *Offspring* play, of smiling *Flowers*.
 He, from his wealthy *Affluence*, pleas'd relieves
 A thousand happy *Objects* in his *Way*; 575
 Yet, his own, kindred *Banks* leaves ever full.

Rich in his *Fountain*, like the *lib'ral Hand*,
 He gains by giving: and his crystal *Breast*
 Grows, by his *Alms* dispens'd, more sweet and pure.
 While (like vast, standing *Lakes*) *contracted Minds* 580
 Pent up, amassing for themselves alone,
 Infectious turn: more fœtid by their *Store*.
 How, all unchang'd, by *Lengths* of *Ages* past,
 These silver *Tides* have kept their stated *Course*!
 The *Sea*, that takes their *Tributes*, feeds their
Springs. 585

While proudest *Tow'rs*, that once these *Banks* adorn'd,
 Long since, are moulder'd in their pristine *Dust*.
 Strange *Contradiction*! *Things in flux*, their *Forms*
 Hold permanent; *Things fix'd*, by *Time* expire.
 Just so, the restless *Soul* that ever moves 590
 Tow'rd *GOD* its *Centre*, from his *Ocean* finds
 Encreas'd *Supplies*; when *Carnalists*, on self
 Proud-settling, feel their false *Foundations* sapp'd---
 Sunk---in their own *Dilapidations* lost.

The *Vale* has catch'd my Eye; where thro' the
 Brake,

596

At Distance-small descry'd, a spacious Waste
 Of stateliest *Ruins* tempts my Feet away.

Long desolate: in superstitious Times

An *Abbey* fair; with wandring-*Cloysters*-large, 600

And *Towers* broad-rear'd, and entring-*Arches*-wide,
 And *Walks*, long-bowring once, of sweetest Shade,
 All winding pleasant by a *fishy* Stream.

Ah! happy Country! from thy dreadful Thrall
 Releas'd; of *Error*'s Night, and *mental* Chains. 605

CHRIST and his Truths were lost: our bigot *Sires*

In the dark *Chambers* of their *Imag'ry*,

Serv'd *Idols*: falsely deifying thee

MARY, blest *Virgin* (blest, tho' unador'd)

Stil'd, QUEEN OF HEAVEN, and MOTHER (strange!)
 of God. 610

Plain Name of *Blasphemy*; when Mother, pure,
 Not of CHRIST's *Godhead*, but of CHRIST the *Man*.

Then *Mediator Saints* (some, while on Earth
 Least *saintly*) were invok'd; while HE, pronounc'd
 Sole MEDIATOR, with his *Righteousness* 615

By Faith alone imputed, was displac'd

For legal Works of Merit; falsely taught

To justify: Rome's gainful Mart for Gold.

Crafts, to serve *priestly* Av'rice, Pride and Pow'r.

—And, are there who that vile detested Yoke 620
 Would

- Wou'd re-impose *, by vain un-gospel Rites?
 -Who Souls mislead wou'd on Repentance rest

For

* *I should be deeply concerned if, by any misconstruction, these Lines should be thought to reflect on a Sacred Order of Men, for whom I have, in common, the most real, affectionate Esteem. All religious Ceremonies, agreeing with gospel Simplicity, in our protestant established Church. All Stations of Dignity, Profit, &c. conducing either to the Credit or comfortable Discharge of the ministerial Function, the extending any Sphere of Usefulness, or that are the just Rewards of Piety and Merit, are far from being design'd as a least Part of the Subject in this Reprehension. Such Abuses of the holy Office, as I have only glanced at, are the Grief of all worthy Ministers and good Men. The securest Heart may tremble at the Denunciations, which God hath himself express'd, (six times in ten Verses) against such mercenary, idle and rapacious Shepherds. Ezek. xxxiv. from I. to v. 11.*

Milton has a Passage, in his Lycidas, exactly correspondent with mine; applied wholly to a Clergy of this corrupt, scandalous, and carnal Stamp.

- + ——— Such, as for their Bellies sake
 + Creep, and intrude, and climb into the Fold.
 + Of other Care they little Reck'ning make,
 + Than how to scramble at the Shearer's Feast,
 + And drive away the worthy bidden Guest;
 + Blind Mouths! that scarce themselves know how to
 hold
 + A Sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least.

H

That

- For Life ? and Duties of defective *Law* ?
- Hirelings ? that make for Gain the SAVIOUR'S Church
- A *worldly* Kingdom ? that *meer* Titles seek ? 625
- And hunt for carnal Profits, Sloth, and Ease,
- In rich Pluralities ! who famish'd leave
- The pining *Flock*, and cloath them with their Wool ?
- LORD of thy *Israel* ! these intruding *Wolves*
 Cast from thy *Fold* !---to dress thy Vineyard fend 630
 Try'd, faithful *Labourers* by blest *Lucre* mov'd,
 Large Wages seeking *in*, not *for*, their Work.
 Holy, Regenerate, Humble ;---deep, best learn'd,
 From *inward* *Teachings*, in thy SPIRIT'S School.
 Striving, *alone*, who most with Zeal, with Love 635
 Shall burn for JESUS, in their *Toils* for Men.

What sudden Warnings give the must'ring Clouds
 That lour, tempestuous, in the alter'd Air ?

Beasts

- + That to the faithful Herdsman's Art belongs !
- + What reck's it them ? what need they ? they are sped ;
- + And, when they list, their lean, and flashy Songs
- + Grate on their scranel Pipes of wretched Straw.
- + The hungry Sheep look up, and are not fed,
- + But, swoln with Wind, and the rank Mist they draw,
- + Rot in-wardly, and foul Contagion spread :
- + Besides what the grim Wolf with privy Paw
- + Daily devours apace ; and nothing said——

Beasts their close Coverts, *Birds* their shadiest Trees
 Affrighted seek, the March of instant Storm 640
 Presaging sure. It points this Way---'tis come!
 Deep groans th' Ear-rending *Thunder*, that compels
 My speedy Flight: For Shelter, poorly sought
 Amid these bowing Roofs, and dropping Walls;
 And dark sunk Caverns, for the Foot unsafe: 640
 The *Toads* foul Nurs'ry, and the drear Resort
 Of lurking *Adders*, and th' ill-boding *Owl*.
 Thro' whose torn Clefts the haunting *Echoes* rave
 With Peals more horrid, and of hoarser roar.
 Hark! how the *Rains* in streaming Torrents burst!
 While livid flash the mix'd sulphureous Flames, 651
 Soon follow'd by new Vollies from the Skies.
 A dreadful fight of jarring Elements:
 The Strife of Waters, with the Rage of Fire.
 In that one Voice, now rais'd, what Terrors spoke!
 Again!---more loud it grows.---And shall I fear 656
 A FATHER'S Thunder? will his lightning harm
 A Child? a Fav'rite? in his fond, fond Heart
 Lodg'd, watch'd, remember'd; by as quick a Sense
 As the touch'd *Pupil* of the feeling *Eye*. 660
 Are not his *Angels* here? my royal Guard
 On kind Commission sent. *Himself* is here!
Himself! in ev'ry State of Conflict found
 My help! my SAVIOUR, nigh! my present GOD!
 And shall I fear? tho' Nature swift were seiz'd 665
 With her expiring Pang; tho' *Hell* should arm,

And hemm'd I stood, with ghastliest *Furies* round?
 Roar on, ye *Thunders*! flash, ye *Lightnings* *now*!
 On this untrembling Breast! 'mid all your Threats,
 Compos'd to sweetest Peace; while calm'd, assur'd,
 By the *felt* Pledges, of a FATHER's Love.
 —Try, *Unbeliever*! how thy *Bulrush*-Hope
 Will bear thee; in an Hour of stormy Fears;
 In Calm, in Courage like the *Christian's* Trust!

The Wreck comes near, in that thick, dun-red
 Cloud,

675

Full o'er my Head impended: big, and low.

Guard, gracious Heav'n! how direful was that Crack!

As if Earth's Poles were rift, and in her Doom

Heav'n's whole Artillery was discharg'd at once.

And---hah!---behold, the Havock, see this *Oak* 680

Cloze at my Side! that, but a Moment past,

Stretch'd his proud, vaunting Arms, himself a Wood,

Long Proof to all, the *Elemental* War:

Scath'd by the nitrous Blast, his knotted Trunk

In mangled Fragments strew'd, to shivers riv'd; 685

With all his antient Honours laid in Dust!—

So near its Fate, why mis'd the *fiery* Death

In my pierc'd Heart to drink the vital Stream?

THY Care, all watchful, THY love rescuing Arm,

PRESERVER dear! in prostrate Homage prais'd. 690

Fix, the deep Voice of Providence, my Thoughts

Of thy vindictive Pow'r. Whose less alarm

London!

London! thy *shook* Metropolis has felt,
 (Oh! had it shook more Hearts!) which, yet so fresh,
 Suggests a *Theme*, not devious, for my song. 695

Still rose the Morn; Security had lull'd;
 The flatter'd *Sons of Vice* in false Repose.

HEAV'N of its dread Intent no *Portents* gave;

Ah! too, too obvious in our gen'ral Crimes.

Pleasure had lent to *Time* her silken Wings; 700

And, to her *Syrens*, danc'd his wanton Hours,

Thoughtless of Change. *Mirth* wore her liveliest
 Smile,

And *Ease* sat, listless, on *Augusta's* Walls.

When, instantaneous, Earth's huge, cumb'rous Mass
 Heav'd, with strange Pang, and deep resounds her
 Groan. 705

All, at the signal, rouse---but stretch them soon

In *Folly's* dallying Lap, and hush their Fear.

The *Month* her Circle had in Pastimes clos'd,

Again---another---a repeated Shock,

A louder Voice, of Horror more severe, 710

Starts the dead Slumb'ers from their impious Dream:

Where fly the threaten'd Wretches? where? where,
 now,

For wish'd Relief?---To suppliant Penitence?

To Fasts? to Mournings? to the House of Pray'r?

A Posture due---Ah! no. To *Plays!* to *Sports!* 715

To midnight Revels! nearest match'd in Guilt

To those of Fiends ; the Jubilee of *Hell* !
 Hear it not, Strangers ! our Disgrace outbraves
 All Parallel ; in *two*, amazing Days !
 On each, an *Earthquake* ! and on each a *Ball* ! 720

- Has Man his Hours in charge ? important trust !
- All lent ? all number'd ? all with duty-tax'd ?
- In Sloth to rust ? in Luxury to waste ?
- To lose, in sensual Feculence, at will ?
- Like hardy Gamesters, desp'rate in their Play ! 725
- What are their rank Amours ? that dare the Sun
 In Day's broad Eye ? amid the num'rous *Stews*
 (Affronting, with Impunity, our Streets ?)
- Of shameless Youth the *fashionable Schools* ?
- All Order, Ties, Relations, Heav'n's wise Law 730
- Made the *Drole's* laugh, and broke, for *Modes* of Sin.
- What are their Meetings, at the swinish Board
 Of boasted *Fellowship*, their roaring Bands !
- But *Circe's* Monsters, wallowing o'er their Trough ?
- What, their *Assemblies* ? for Politeness fam'd ! 735
- Nurs'ries of Pride, and leud Intrigue, and fraud
 In lavish Play ; base lust, of *furtive* Gold !
- Health, Innocence, and precious Minutes, lost !
- Immortal Minds amus'd o'er *painted Toys* ! —
- View it not, *Angels* ! to enhance your Scorn 740
- Of Man ; already in your Sight too mean.

Oh—*Britain!*—oh!—maternal, weeping Land!
 These are thy Christians! sham'd by Pagan Climes,
 These thy sad Prospects! this thy hopeless Race!
 Mature for Ruin!—should the dreaded Blow 745
 Seize them, immers'd in Acts of daring Sin!
 Should Heav'n its Scenes of Horror, *then*, disclose;
 The yawning Earth! sunk Street! and cracking Pile!
 —Hark!—'tis at Hand!—prepare to meet thy God!
 Thy God, O *Britain!* thy tremendous JUDGE! 750
 Thy JUDGE INCENS'D! OMNIPOTENCE IN WRATH!
 A dreadful Foe! he speaks—but spares the Stroke;
 Love wrests the Vengeance from his lifted Arm.

- + O, timely be attentive! hear! hear! hear!
- + His monitory Voice! his awful, loud, 755
- + Yet gentle Call!—mild SAVIOUR! friend of Man!
- + Pour, in large Streams, thy soft'ning SPIRIT down,
- + To melt the *native Rock of human Hearts!*
- + Dear, bleeding *Advocate!* our hapless State.
- + Commiserate, all gracious; bow thy Ear 760
- + Pitying to suppliant Dust! *thy People's* Pray'rs,
- + The *Matrons* Tears, our *Infants* helpless Cries,
- + Invoke thee, “Oh, avert! avert our Doom!”

The Storm is ceas'd—The *Thunders* know their
 God,
 And still their roar. O! how severe is felt 765
 His Frown in Nature, tho' his *Frown of Love!*

Each Prospect mourns ! from all the languid Tribe
 Of weeping *Flow'rs*, and ev'ry dripping *Tree*.
 Soon shall your short-soil'd Beauties be repair'd,
 By glossier Lustres, and more spic'd Perfumes, 770
 For see ! the *Sun* his fresh-refulgent Rays
 Pours on the Skirt of yon soft fleecy Cloud
 That form a shadowy *Arch* of dazzling *Lights* :
 Gay *Yellow*, emerald-*Green*, and morning-*Red*,
Aurora's Blush ; a shining *Zone*, engrain'd 775
 In Tints of Heav'n. With whose sweet Aspect
 pleas'd,

God (in remembrance of *sworn* Amity
 With *Earth* established, and perpetual League,)
 Gracious will look ; his *Cov'nant-Symbol* * own'd
 Of *Peace*, and full-exterminated *Ire*. 780
Birds raise their joyous Song ; and *Flocks* and *Kine*
 Thro' the shower'd *Meads* for savoury Banquet roam.
 All is a State of Love, no Quarrels here
 Divide the different *Politics* : The *Bear*
 Feeds at full Range beside the Labourer Ox, 785
 With the tame *Steed* the *Lamb* free Pastures share,
Man only, Feud foment, proud, factious Man,
 The Savage, lordly *Wrangler* of the World.

- Such pleas'd Surveys of *Nature's* wondrous Frame
- Suit well the Sanctity of holiest Time ; 790
- And shall the *Bigot*, of censorious Stamp

The

* Genesis ix. v. 16. compared with Isaiah liv. v. 9.

- The *Christian* brand? who, contemplating *thus*,
- His *early* Lot or *late* of *hallow'd* Hours
- In *rural Wandrings* spends? *depriv'd* the Means
- Of *Closet-Thought*, by *Circumstances* strait 795
- Of numerous *Offspring*, or the *Want* of *Place*
- In *Household Privacy*. Acquiring *here*
 (Besides a *Mind*, more sooth'd to heavenly *Calm*)
Brac'd Nerves, rais'd *Appetite*, and purer *Blood* :
 The *Tides* fast pouring in of *Health*, and *Joy*. 800
Corp'ral with *mental* Good.—away! ye *gloom'd*,
O'er-rigid Race! stiff *Pharisees* in *Creed?*
Who *gospel-Saints* by *sabbatary* Forms
Would bind; that *Vassalage* of *legal Rest*.

- + Like me (e're hardness of degenerate *Hearts* 805
- + Compell'd strict *Jewish-Law*) in *Hebron's* Field
- + Accepted *Isaac*, at accustom'd *Eve*
- + Walk'd forth to meditate: and *HIM* ador'd
- + LORD OF HIS *SABBATH*, Man's *Exemplar* blest,
- + HE, (like his mean *Disciple*) thro' the *Paths* 810
- + Of tow'ring *Corn*, or some lone, shade-top'd *Hill*,
- + Took, social or apart, his devious *Way*.
Safe RULE.: If not from *HIM* his *Follower* swerve.

One *Duty* of the *solemn Day* is paid:
 The meet Remembrance of *Creation's Works*. 815
 But, *Works* more *Godlike*, more transcendent far,
 (A weightier Debt, a dearer *Duty* still!)
 Claim my full Sum of wondring, grateful *Thoughts*:

So ever, still, in paying ne'er to pay.

- + A *World*, miraculous like this, to make 820
- + A *Word* it cost! but *one prolific Word*!
- + But ah! th' *Almighty MAKER's Life itself*
- + Was paid, that *World* from *Ruin* to *redeem*.

God stoop'd to Sufferings, for his *Creature's Sin*!

Oh! that at once to him * (tho' not in *Grace* 825

In *Name* resembling) thou to me wouldst deign

(*Hid in the Clift* of thy spear-open'd Side)

In *Trance* thy passing *DEITY* to view!—

See me, thou meek *INCARNATE MAJESTY*!

With aw'd Request bow'd deeper than in *Dust*: 830

And thy free *SPIRIT* send, they purchas'd *Gift*,

In my *Mind's Glass* the *Vision* to reveal:

Some faint, short *Glimpse*, thy *Glories* *hindmost Parts*,

My *Morning-Wandrings* last, but sweetest *Theme*.

What may not ransom'd *Man* provided see 835

In the rich *Covenant* †, by *Redemption* wrought?

His *whole* of *Bliss* secur'd; the *Means* and *End*:

All his wish'd *Blessings*, treasur'd safe in *THEE*

Thou, *LORD* of *Angels*! but the *Sinners* *Friend*!

Ah! more, his *Kinsman*, in *fraternal Bonds*! 840

Where shall the guilt-convicted *Creature* fly?

Scorch'd

* *Exod. xxxiii. 18. and seq.*

† I would recommend it to all Persons under Con-
viction, and others, to read deliberately over *Ezek.*
c. xxxvi. from the 20 v. to the End. Compared with
Heb. c. viii. from v. 6. to v. 13.

Scorch'd thro', and stunn'd, with thund'ring Sinai's
Curse?

To Works? That Law, that first convinc'd of Sin!

The Dead to work? meer Carcass, void of Strength:

Shut up, long putrid, in Corruption's Grave. 845

"But he may seek to Mercy,"—Mercy! where?

The Sword of fiery Justice waving guards

That Gate, made inaccessible to Guilt.

Show, if thou canst, without a Ransom giv'n,

A Satisfaction adequate and full, 850

Show, in a Way becoming DEITY,

Mercy with Justice reconcil'd to Man:

Join Truth, that threatens Punishment, with Love.

What must he do?—"In deep Repentance plung'd,

Cleans'd, and abluted come."—Ah! proud Deceit!

Repentance is the Child of fruitful Faith: 856

Not its Progenitor, as falsely taught;

(Twin-Virtues, rather, in the heavenly Train.)

Come as thou canst: Just, loathsome as thou art;

For a free Pardon, held thee out by Grace. 860

Like the bare Prodigal* in all thy Filth

Take the blest Boon!—me in my Blood HE found,

(Blotted all thro' with ev'ry Spot of Hell,

Trembling, condemn'd, in my own Thoughts, un-
done)

And cleans'd me in the Fountain of HIS OWN. 865

With all my Fears, to HIM, when lost, I turn'd;

H 6

And

* Luke c. xv. v. 20.

And felt him soon my Peace, and feel him still,
 (With his *abiding Unction* * richly show'r'd)
 A vital Head of Influence own'd, to me
 His meanest Member: a weak Foot, defil'd, 870
 Of that blest Body; often warp'd aside,
 And turn'd away. Like the Sap-gendring Vine
 Nurt'ring his grafted Branch, from HIM I draw
 Growth, Sustainance, and Fruits. Ev'n *Ills* I feel,
 (Such, in their Nature) op'rating in Good. 875
 Blest is *Temptation* (not provok'd nor sought)
 That makes me but more watchful. Blest, I deem
Afflictions; helping in their Exercise
 My Work of perfect Patience, Ev'n my Lusts,
 The Strivings of my old Corruption blest; 880
 That drive me more to JESUS, drive me there
 For Purity and Strength; all stor'd in HIM.
 Push'd off by hostile Legions, safe I stand
 Safe in the Covenant; in that Hold secure. 885
 That Hold! not MINE OF HIM, but HIS OF ME.

And mayst thou not, Believer! clear'd, absolv'd,
 Lov'd, sanctified, and seal'd, thy purchas'd Heav'n
 By safe Assurance hold? and take thy Seat
 Now, † in celestial Places?—Gospel Sons 890
 (Not *shall*, but *do*) have enter'd in that Rest †.
 + Their present Privilege, tho' to most unknown.

Who?

* 1 John c. ii. v. 27.

† Ephes. c. iii. v. 6. ‡ Heb. c. iv. v. 3.

"Who? what high Fav'rite, more than Man, enjoys
A Charter so peculiar?" Multitudes!

Arriv'd at *filial Liberty*. A Right 895

Faith's weakest new-born *Babe* may safely claim.

ALL who in CHRIST believe, ALL OUGHT, ALL

MAY;

Who yield not blindly to the specious Guile

Of Carnal Reasonings, and base Unbelief.

False, wandering Fires, that lead in misty Night 900

The lost, sad Pilgrim, foul, and far, astray.

Is this th' immortal, emulating Prize!

A Palm, for contest set to human Race!

And will the Child, (by Passions nurs'd and Dreams)

Bent on a present Portion, pine for Earth 905

In frensied Wish, and hug his bawble-World?

What is Ambition, but base Discontent.

With what we are? What, Pleasure? but a Foam,

By the mad Torrent rais'd, of rapid Sense!

Beauty? what more, than an external Toy? 910

Those that possess it, too, enjoy it least!

Worn but for others! Guilt's Asylum, Gold,

What? a false Shadow, of as false a Good!

Fame, what? and Titles?---Breath! and empty Names!

What, Learning? but the Boast, with Labour gain'd,

Of knowing something?---that was known before!!

And are these worth a Wish! an anxious Sigh! 917

Thy chief Solicitude! which claims it best?

(Count,

* (Count, sensual Soul! revolve it oft, and deep!)
 A Portion, *spent on Earth?* or *stor'd, in Heav'n?* 920
 Th' important Difference, scan! deliberate! weigh!
 Note the vast, vast, Disparity! between
 A Portion, *hastning from!* or *hastning to!* 925

But hark! from all the distant *Hamlets* round,
 The lively *Bells* have rais'd their early Peals 925
 To welcome in the Feast of holy Joy.
 The due Regards of *Household Piety*
 Betimes exciting; ere their ready *Trains*,
 On Sound more gravely solemn, all convene
 In the full House of Pray'r, and Hearts commix 930
 In Adorations social; reverent hear
 His Message CHRIST'S EVANGELIST unfold,
 Rejoyc'd, with Fellow-Saints: *One* homeward *Stage*
 Brought onward, happily, to native Skies;
 A *Sabbath's-Journey* in their Way to Heav'n. 935

- What holds me then, but that with instant Pace,
- On the first Summons, earliest, I return?
- In the joint Duties timely to engage
- Of household Piety; 'till with the *Trains*,
- Call'd on more solemn Service, I convene 940
- In the full *House of Pray'r*; with Heart commix'd
- In Adorations social: reverent hear
- His Message CHRIST'S EVANGELIST unfold
- Rejoycing; while in Saintly-Fellowship

- To native Skies, in nearer Prospect still, 945
- Brought sweetly on, a Homeward Stage I reach:
- One Sabbath's-Journey, on my heavenly Way.

So if an *Eaglet* (practising for Strength-
 His wand'ring Wing) in mid Excursion hears
 The careful *Mother-Bird* her *Son* recal: 950
 To her known Signal back he speeds at once,
 And on her *Plumes*, in Flight celestial borne,
 High to the *Sun* on safer Pinnions soars.

The END of the FIRST PART.

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SEVENTH THOUSAND

P. 1

THE HISTORY OF THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL

SUNDAY SCHOOL

THE

SACRED SCRIPTURES

PART I

WITH EXPLANATIONS AND NOTES

THE

SEVENTH

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

THE

SACRED PUBLIC DUTIES.

PART II.

**With those of the FAMILY and SOLI-
TUDE.**

SUNDAY THOUGHTS C O N T E N T S.

SUNDAY, *waking Reflections on the Advantages and Blessings of a Divine Revelation. The first Sabbath's Institution, with the Reasons of its Change. The Devotions of the Closet and Family, recommended. An Invitation to the Communion of Saints. A Digression hereupon, to Mr. HERVEY and Dr. YOUNG. On approaching the public Ordinances. Several Subjects of a Gospel Ministry enlarged on; with the Celebration of the two Christian Sacraments. The right Improvement of holy Time after a Return from the sacred Assemblies, and a moral, pathetic Complaint of the general Neglect and Abuses of it, and of our corrupt, irreligious Manners. Concluding with a suitable, solemn, and interesting Contemplation.*

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

PART II.

ON THE PUBLICK, FAMILY,

AND

SOLITARY DUTIES.

AS one, belated on some perilous Road,
(Whom, a fresh Rumour of *Night-Murder*
done

Thrills with sad Damp) at his own Tread dismay'd

Stops listning oft, then speeds him faster on:

If in the Window of some friendly Lodge

5

His Eye, at length, discerns a *Taper's* Gleam,

His Hope revives, fresh Courage steels his Heart:

- So on his Way the heavenly *Pilgrim* bent :

- Thro' the World's Waste, this howling Wild of Prey.

- (Kept by the Murderer *Satan* fast in quest)

10

Looks

- Looks to the Lamp of *Gospel* Promises ;
- In fainting Fears his Sustainment sweet,
- Of Cordial full ; with God his saving Strength,
- A *Shield* to fend, a *Sun* to light and cheer ;
- With CHRIST, by gracious *Imputation* made
His *Righteousness* ; that white imperial Robe
By *Saintly-Sp'rits* Regenerate worn, and pure :
Espous'd by *Faith* to Heaven's *sole* Heir the LAMB.
- And in his Breast the holy COMFORTER
- Inhabiting, with *evidential* Seals,
- What shall he dread ? tho' (from his FATHER'S Home
- Absent and far) Hell's Snare in Ambush thick
- Beset his Path, what shall God's Fav'rite dread ?
- Thro' his worst Thralls assur'd to persevere.

* The high CREATOR had his *six* Days Works 25
In Man compleated, Man the Crown of all ;
Gracious, his *seventh*, th' approving ARCHITECT
(Not with that dread Solemnity with which
On thund'ring *Sinai* he promulg'd his Law
In Majesty of Terrour) view'd the Plan 39
All beauteous, and his *hallow'd* Rest ordain'd.
When our new Parents on his *Sabbath's* Morn
Existence, with Devotion's Acts began :
And *eucharistic* Sacrifice first paid 34
To their kind FORMER. Then the *Morning Stars*,
(Bright, eldest Servants of th' empyreal Courts)
Together sang, and with symphonious Shout

From

From all his Worlds, the *Sons of God* rejoic'd.
 O! what a *Sabbath* that of heavenliest Bliss!
 Angels, and Man on Earth, and God with Man, 40
 Inharmonis'd; the only *such* perhaps
 By unfa'n *Adam* known, elaps'd so soon.
 (Such the redeem'd, eternal, yet shall know)
 But *this*, soon darken'd, by our first Offence,
 Long since, the risen SAVIOUR hath annul'd. 45
 (LORD OF THE SABBATH *, *tho' the Son of Man*)
 That, soil'd, exchanging for *his* brighter Day.

Long cou'd not *Death* in weak-impris'ning Bands
 (Impossible) the LORD of *Life* detain;
 Nor the vain *priestly Seal*, nor *Roman Watch*. 50
 (Pick'd *Veterans*, besure, of stoutest Heart;
 No doubt inspected too by mingling Spies
 Of *Jewish* Zealots, curious for th' Event;
 The *Priests* themselves, perhaps, or trusted Friends)
 Avail'd all; th' appointed *third-days Morn* 55
 (First of the Week) had scarce unbarr'd the Skies,
 Ere from th' *etherial Portal* downward sped
 Th' ARCH-ANGEL, on Commission, vast, dismiss'd
 From SOV'REIGN JUSTICE SATISFY'D, to loose,
 In full Display of due, judicial Form, 60
 Our law freed SURETY. With his Presence mov'd,
 Earth, aw'd, and trembling for her guilty Sons
 Deep at her Centre quak'd; while from the Tomb,
 Back,

* Mark ii. 28.

Back, in resentful Look, the pond'rous Stone
 He roll'd: And on it with terrific State
 Sat sternly passive, full in dreadful View! 65
 Like Lightning shone his Visage, and his Robes
 Of heavenliest Lustre foil'd th' un sullied Snow.
 Where are the dauntless Guards? convuls'd with Fear
 All shiv'ring, struck to Earth like lifeless Men! 70
 Not so weak *Mary*, (Women, strong in Faith,
 Shall shame a Host of trembling Infidels.)
 Ah happy Females! as by Woman first
 Came mortal Woe, so Tidings now of Life,
 To *Eve's* recover'd Sons, *ye first* shall bear 75
 In risen *JESUS*. Lo! the *LORD* appears;
 Before the rest, to favour'd *Magdalene*;
 (Oft finds the guiltiest Sinner signal Grace)
 Then to th' *Eleven*, on the next *First Day* *Eve*
 Met all for Prayer, convincible to the Test 80
 Of Sight and Touch. Full forty blissful Days
 Conversing, was he seen; revealing Laws
 Of his new Kingdom *, when his little Flock
 To *Bethany* he led, ascending thence
 With words of Blessing, visibly to Heav'n; 85
 So † to return again to waiting Saints.

Hail Morn! more sacred than Creation's Light,
 When *JESUS* rose! accomplishing a Work
 In Man's Redemption happier than his Birth.

Thee,

* Acts i. 3.

† Acts i. 11.

-Thee, holier *Sabbath*, may I rise to hail ! 90
 -To sing thy Honours, and reprove a World
 -Forgetful of its SAVIOUR ! O what Pangs
 -My secret Thoughts have felt ! the Grievs to view
 -Of slighted *Sion* ; in the hallow'd Rest
 -Of CHRIST, dishonour'd ! Now let Pity move, 95
 (Let large Philanthropy for erring Man)
 To win the Wand'rer from the Path of Death.
 And thou, dear SPIRIT OF GOD ! so wont to bless
 The Day of JESUS, quickning with thy Pow'r
 The sin-dead Soul, regenerate by thy Word : 100
 -O ! Teacher, Friend, and Comforter of Saints,
 Smile on my Work of heart-felt Charity ;
 That to thy Influence, some at least, some Breast
 May melt, and Angels taste a new-caus'd Joy.

CHRIST's holy Pilgrim ! wake ! a Brother's Voice
 Alarms thee, 'tis thy Duty's friendly Call. 106
 Break from thy temperate Rest of Nature pure.
 Of freest Thought, of stillest Silence calm,
 Of sought Retirement 'tis thy choicest Hour.
 In Secrecy (like *Moses*) first thyself 110
Ascend the Mount alone, and prostrate there
With GOD, thy own, thy dear, thy vast Concerns
Transact ; and taste the Parent-Kiss divine.
 Then, mild, assemble next thy Household Charge,
 (If Heav'n has will'd thee in a Trust so high) 115
 Them to the Throne conduct, together bend,

Com-

4

† *Luke* x v. 10.

Commingle*d* *Interests*, banded in one Work,
One little, sweet Society of Love.

- 'Their Morning Sacrifice, the great HIGH PRIEST'
- Receiving, on *his* golden Altar laid, 120
- Shall with *HIS* Incense offer ; and return
- 'The quested Blessings, from auspicious Skies.

See, on *Augusta's* tall, ascending Spires
The Lamp of Morn has shot his whitening Beam.
Fair Structures, rear'd for blest Religion's Use. 125
+ But where the living Temples shall I seek
+ Of God ? where most his Presence loves to dwell,
+ Where Man ? the favourite Sanctuary of Heav'n !
Some on the Bed of Sloth, in Sleep supine
False Rest indulging, or in Wine's mad Dream 130
Fast captiv'd, or the Folds of deadly Sin.
Some wakeful with th' Alarm of worldly Care,
Base *Mammon* ; or on roving Pleasures call'd
Ill-tim'd, th' *all holy Season* to profane.
Can I not find the few ? the pious few ? 135
(Ah were their Numbers more !) whose Hearts pre-
par'd,

In Secret join the Fellow-Saints Above,
Leagu'd in their blest Employ, and well approv'd
By their all-seeing, gracious FATHER's Eye ?
+ Can I not mix in Spirit with their Train ? 140
+ Lift from dull Earth my Thoughts ? from sensual
Scenes ?
+ And soar with kindred Minds to long'd-for Heav'n ?

Dear

+ See *Milton's Paradise Lost Book XI at y^e*
Beginning.

Dear HERVEY! oft, *with whom* communing sweet,
 Our Souls associate (twin-born Souls are ours)
 Cast in one Mould, cemented by one Taste, 145
 Wrought to one Likeness, temper'd in one Flame,
 Nurs'd by one Judgment, tutor'd to one Theme.
 Dear, as if present to my visual Sense,
 (Myft'ry of vulgar Minds) e'er ever seen;
 How since endear'd! the Pow'rs of readiest Speech
 An Eloquence like thine, would fail to tell. 151
 Now absent, in ideal Sight retain'd,
 With Friendship like fraternal Sympathy.
 Where e'er thy long expected Labour new,
 (Rich in choice Art,) thy Judgment meliorates 155
 With height'ning Touches, delicate and pure,
 In Prose, Ear-rapturing as the Voice of Song.
 O might I but acquire thy happy Vein!
 Correct as that cou'd teach, persuade, and please, 159
 In the Love-impuls'd Thoughts that move my Lay!

And thou! with ev'ry grateful Honour nam'd,
 Last-living Glory of the BRITISH Muse,
 Her Chariots! Horsemen! all her Grace and Strength!
 Like the great TISHBITE, almost left alone
 The PROPHET OF THY GOD: whom, humbly aw'd
 I follow, and thy Steps at Distance trace. 166
 While, long the gentle THOMSON laid in Earth,
 Fair shrin'd, beneath his own fresh Laurels rests,

I

Shall

Shall I, O YOUNG! conversing with thy Art,
 My languid *Taper* kindle at thy *Sun*?
 And flowing Numbers, Fiety Heart-warm'd
 Pathetic Tumult, all the Soul of Verse,
 Nerv'd copious Sentiment, and quick'ning Fire
 Catch from thy *Page*? whose single Worth shall save
 The GENIUS of DISHONOUR'd POESY:
 From barbarous Bands, the *Vandal* and the *Goth*
 (To sink our Morals, with our Sense and Taste)
 In squalid Legions swarming from the Press,
 Like *Egypt's* Monsters, from the Mud of *Nile*.

If I with You, frail *Adam's* Sons at best,
 In one original Pravation born!
 If WE, by *Faith's* elucidating Beam,
 Heav'n-favour'd, have discern'd our *Nature's* Thrall,
 Her Sickness, Impotence, and BLEEDING CURE,
 Which her Pride will not, Blindness cannot see,
 Shall Pity be deny'd her Suit humane
 For kindred Bondmen? Brethren, yet in Chains?
 Shall not the feeling Heart, the weeping Eye
 The suppliant Knee, their Succours intercede?
 Their Freedom, at the MEDIATORIAL THRONE?

The awful Time advances, and requires
 Our earliest Presence at the *Temple's* Gates.
 How meet the Service, when the solemn Hour
 Calls to the House of Prayer, God's earthly Courts!

- How dear th' assembled *Family of Heav'n*, 195
- All Children of *ONE FATHER*, round the Throne
- Presenting large their Wants, with joint Address,
- By the lov'd LORD, their *elder Brothers* * Hands!
- How sweet to waft the Hymn of grateful Praise,
- Loud Melody of *Sion*, and attend 200
- The gracious *Preacher*, dropping Manna down,
- The Bread of craving Souls. O fix me then!
- (The heav'nly Dew thick-showering round my Tent)
- Not in the *Form of light Philosophy*;
- Those Metaphysic Figments crude and bold, 205
- The *Stagyrite's* Dogma, or *Platonic* Dream;
- Root to foul Heresies of eldest Growth.
- Nor seat me, list'ning in Attention waste
- On windy Sounds, the *Rhetorician's* Charm;
- Or modish *Reasoner's* proud Theology : 210
- When the *meer moral* Lesson aims to sooth
- With Eloquence the vainly curious Ear.
- Dead, tasteless Letter ; which the heathen School
- Of *Seneca*, or *Tully*, better teach,
- Than dares best modern Orator to boast. 210
- But place me where the *true Evangelist*,
- CHRIST's *Minister*, the *Gospel* Page unfolds,
- Full of Experience ; where the piercing Word
- May find the Sinner's Pride, and lay him deep
- In humbling Terrors of the killing Law. 215

I 2

Then

* Heb. ii. 11. 12.

Then *Faith*, *Repentance* then, both *Gifts* of Heav'n,
Once deem'd so easy, seem his hardest Task.

- Conviction gives no Power to conquer Sin,
- The Work alone of Grace; *this* lets him see 224
- His Danger, Wants, Dependance, Weakness, Strength.
Fresh from the Stores of sovereign, healing Love
The *Blood* of JESUS, ease-renewing Balm
To wounded Hearts, the kind *Physician* brings,
A welcom'd Cure; and lets th' Offender know
(Led thro' his Struggles of the second Birth) 230
Life-pleading *Faith*, that *justifying* Act,
(An empty Hand to clasp a tender'd Gift)
Faith (in its OBJECT'S MERIT, not *its own*)
Shall win his Pardon with th' indulgent King:
His Pardon ample, *everlasting*, free: 235
(That can, ere *Works*, * *th'* Ungodly justify,
Yet God be just: CHRIST's royal Donative,
His, made by Purchase, all by Gift made ours.)
Free, to the *Chief* of Sinners, to the Brand
Half-burning pluck'd from Hell, so large his Boon
To *Man*, tho' loaded with the worst of Crimes. 241
- O Root of Hope! O Proof of heavenly Grace,
- Too inconceivable for Worms below!
- Behold! the Caitiff, (once) and view him chang'd;
- How wond'rous! him, a sentenc'd Rebel late, 245
- A Favourite now, belov'd! long Foe to God,

Now

* *Rom.* iv. 5.

- Now dearest Friend! a *native Child of Wrath*,
- And now an *Heir adopted!* late a *Slave*
- Of abject *Hell*, now own'd a *Prince of Heav'n!*

So if the Passenger some stately Pile, 250
Majestic Work, beholds, with vaulting Domes,
And Columns *Tuscan* or *Corinthian*, rear'd
Where Desert late was seen, or Ruins waste,
He stops, in Pleasure fix'd, in Wonder aw'd;
And owns the beauteous Transmutation strange, 255
Effect of Skill divine, of Godlike Pow'r.

Droop not, dejected *Convert*, off' to feel
Corruption's rising Strife: True Christian Peace
Is earn'd by sharpest Toil. Faith *must* have Proof:
Heav'n always tries its Gift. Thy Fight, tho' hard,
Tho' long, (thro' many a Foil with deep Dismay
Sustain'd) the Truth will show of inward Grace:
Grace by its Trials only can be known.

Distrust thy own frail Power, but keep thy Eye
On thy great CAPTAIN for victorious Strength; 265
Fenc'd round by HIS ALMIGHTY PANOPLY

More shalt thou be than Conqu'rer, hardier grow
Thy holy Courage; then shall Joy divine,
Raptures unknown, dilate thy ravish'd Heart,
Known but to *Saints*, the Foretastes of their Heav'n.

So when foul Night enraps the loursing Air 271
 In hideous Shade, the Winds with rocking Gust
 Tempestuous Roar; while from the warring Clouds
 Blaze livid Lightnings, and in frequent Peals
 Bursts the dread Thunder—if at welcome Dawn 275
 In radiant Calm ascends the smiling Sun,
 All Nature opes her Sweets. the Fields and Flowers,
 Drest in fresh Blooms, unusual Brightness wear,
 And cheer the Senses with redoubled Charm.

Want'st thou unchang'd Tranquility below, 280
 Life without Storm, a holy, pure, serene?
 'Twou'd not be Earth: A State like this is Heav'n:
 The golden Age of a fair World to come.

- + Sin, still in-dwelling, the regen'rate Mind
 - + Oft combats; struggling for divested Power;
 - + And rallying, with a Tyrant's desp'rate Rage
 - + Encaptiv'd leads the Saint, too prone to yield
 - + But then the Pangs it costs him! what Remorse
 - + Descriptionless, at ev'ry sad Review!
 - + The deep-renew'd Repentance! warm with Faith,
 - + That vital Principle, *that ne'er shall fail.* 291
- His PITYING FATHER in his Book records
His Sighs, and counts his safe-embottled Tears.*
 + Yet *this* shall work his Good, by ruling Grace†.
 + This lights up self-Acquaintance, opens more 295

His

* Psal. lvi. 8.

† Rom. viii. 28.

+ His Labyrinth-Folds within, of hid Deceit;
His Nature's dread Revolt, his Guilt's Deserts,
His helpless Misery, tells, *Corruption's Taint*,
Black, ulcerous Sore, of Depth unsoundable;
The leprous Heart's *hereditary Plague*. 300

This the divine Physician more endears,
Shows him his Skill, his Faithfulness, his Love;
In-taught Experience gives him, of the Worth
Of his rich *Pleadings, Righteousness, and Blood*:
This keeps him humble, watchful more in Prayer; 305
Made, like *Antæus*, stronger by his Falls.
His *Slips* direct him (Sea-marks, set to warn
A safer Course) experienc'd how to steer.

So if, enamouring Sense, a verdur'd Path,
Flatt'ring with water'd Walks, and arching Bowers,
For deadly Snare by some Enchanter made, 311
The *Traw'ler* lures from his intended Way,
Till the black Clouds appear, and setting Sun,
The conscious Wand'rer, sad in lost Dismay,
Turns back in Haste, his happy Road to gain; 315
Then marks each Step with more suspicious Care.

+ Judge not (too rash) thy *State*, by present Frames;
+ Faith has its Flows, its Ebbs, and Dormancy;
+ May doubt like *Thomas*, may like *Peter* fall;
+ Its *Habit* safely fix'd, its *Acts* unsure. 320
(Hypocrisy has oft her Fit of Zeal.)

Wait on the SPIRIT'S Witness, Truth to clear
 By Luminations of th' unerring *Word*.
 So on the Dial's Plane insculptur'd lie
 The Hours unnotic'd, till the lucid *Beam* 325
 Points to th' Enquirer out his Stage of Day.

* Be oft' in self-Inspection, *know thyself*;
 (Next thy blest MAKER, next thy SAVIOUR known)
 Best, happiest Science Man can reach to know.

{ The Preacher's Merit rate not by thy Ear, 330
 His Phrase, his Accent: mean Respect of Taste.
 Taste is the childish Judgment's hum'rous Pride.
 To Truth thy Reverence pay, and not its Dress;
 Esteem him for his Embassy: the Blame
 Of miss'd Improvement oft'nest is our own. 335
 Meer Planters are *Apollas*, and a *Paul*;
 Growth is the SPIRIT'S Gift, *his* virtual Act
 Alone; *his* vital, germinating Dew
 Shed in the Soul; his incremental *Beam*.

Make far, far Progress in Religion's Path: 340
 Most at her Entrance stop, Truth's painful Way,
 Lab'ring with Burden up the steep Ascent:
 Weaken'd and faint with *Sisyphean* Toil.
 Their *Works not perfect*: like the *Babel* Pile;
 Or like the Web of fam'd *Penelope*, 345
 By Night unravel'd, what was wrought by Day.
 + Wishful of *settled* Rest, be earnest *thou*,

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177

+ Be arduous, be unwearied. Doubts, Complaints,
 + Rise from our negligent, our carnal Frames.
 + Weak Currents earliest feel the wintry Frost, 350
 + That never binds their busy, bubbling Springs.
 Divorce thy *Idols*, those adult'rous Loves.
 If Guile hold flend'rest Int'rest in thy Heart
 Thy Course will slack, and ruffled grow thy Hope.
 A crossing *Bulrush* in the limpid Brook 355
 Its Stream will check, and fret its even Brow.
 So the hurl'd Pebble in the silent Pool
 Spreads a wide Circle to its farthest Shore.
 Hast thou thy dearest *Isaac* sacrific'd?
 Lodg'd in thy Bosom, a Heart-cherish'd Lust, 363
 Warm Constitution's spar'd, her darling Sin?
 All must be sold (get prov'd Sincerity)
 All, for the Purchase of *Heav'n's costly Pearl*,
 Gain of Assurance, Peace, and grounded Joy.

Are all converted? suits one general Stile 365
 The *Saint* and *Sinner*? no just Diff'rence made?
 + *This*, to the cordial Promises of Life,
 + *That*, to the Threats of endless Death consign'd?
 + *This*, safe in CHRIST? endanger'd Alien *that*?
 + *One*, chang'd; approv'd in Works of *living Faith*?
 + *The other*, dead in *loathsome Nature* still? 370

+ The Saint, how sometimes need his wand'ring
 Steps

- + The questing *Shepherd's* kind restoring Care.
- + The *Sheep of CHRIST*, shall one be ever lost?
- + In their *LORD's* Hand eternally secure*.

Yet these the *Gospel Pastor* must reclaim.
 The distant, grossly stray'd, alarm with Fear:
 Their Danger from th' infernal prowling Wolf,
 Watchful to spoil them; while compassionate,
 His Voice shou'd Lamb-like Hearts more softly call;
 Gently reduct, their strengthless Faintings cheer,
 And rest them, safely lodg'd, within the Fold.

O ISRAEL'S SHEPHERD! How admir'd thy Love!
 The Cares for thy backsliding Fugitive!
 How wond'rous! that enlarge thy pitying Heart,
 Ev'n in the Wilderness † thy Flock to leave,
 Thy whole, dear Flock, to seek one Wand'rer lost!
 One, poor, lost, single Wand'rer! worthless Charge!
 Borne in thy tender Arms rejoicing Home.

- Preacher of in-felt Trials, hear him tell
- The Sorrows and Supports of tempted Souls.
- How GOD upholds 'em, by his secret Hand
- Mysterious, in the long, foul, loud, Night-storm

* John x. 28.

† Luke xv. 4. In these discouraging Circumstances
 the Christian may relieve himself from another Passage,
 exceedingly consolatory, Jer. iii. from 12 to 24 V.

- Of dark Desertion ! O ! the sure, safe stay,
 —Recumbence on PATERNAL DEITY ! 395
 Black Hour of Terrors ! when th' assaulted Thoughts
 With *Satan* conflict, and his firey Darts
 CHRIST's trembling Soldier roil, in hell-bred Fray.
 By *suff'ring* *Patience*, by *Belief's* try'd *Shield*
 Best warded, and the might of conq'ring *Prayer*. 400
 * Sharp Warfare ! to my Faith severely known.

- Well shall the skilful *Teacher* bend his Pains
 The thoughtless Mind to rouse by awes of Death ;
 When *Angels* ministr'ing, or waiting *Fiends*
 To order'd Worlds shall parting Souls convey, 405
 Uncertain Summons, soon to pass on All !
 ---To warn of *Judgment*, strict-accounting-Time
 For trusted *Talents*, Life's important Charge.
 —Of heav'nly *Crowns* to tell, of *penal* *Chains*,
 Endless Duration. (O *Eternity* ! 410
 Thou vast Idea !) —In conceited Hearts
 Lull'd into stupid Safety, unrenew'd,
 * To humble *Nature's* *fleshly* Confidence,
 * Chief bar to CHRIST. —To shake *Formality*, 414
 False-trusted Rest. —Clear *Scripture* Marks to show
 For Man's *self-Proof*, his *safe* or *dang'rous* State.
 The Privileges of th' adopted Heir,
 Union with *JESUS*, Nuptial Fellowship,
 Assurance, filial Liberty, Access
 With free, with holy *Baldness*, near the *Throne*. 420

- Nor less shall it advantage him to learn
- His needful Cautions, *Pride in heav'nly Gifts,*
- Fond *worldly Love, Remissness in his Watch,*
- *Slips, sure Fore-runners of a shameful Fall.*

The right *Dispenser* of the saving *Word,* 425
 Studious of Heaven's high Will the *Whole* to know,
 The *Whole* to teach, himself a *living Rule,*
 No Tenet of the Writ inspir'd conceals.
 By Praise unmov'd, condemning Man's Contempt,
 (O Fame, best slighted! O exalting Scorn!) 430
 He courts no Patron, no loud Censure fears.
 Tho' the dread Glories of the FATHER'S Name,
 And his dear Counsels deep, of *antient Love:*
 Tho' GOD THE SPIRIT, his *Personality,*
 His *Teachings, in-felt Presence, Joys, and Aids* 435
 (Truths, brightly obvious thro' the *Scripture Page,*
 Howe'er disown'd in our Apostate Day :)
 Tho' JESU'S *Natures, Merit, Offices,*
 His mean, and glorious *Advent, Cross, and Crown,*
 Tho' these lead most, best lead the sacred Theme;
 Yet Righteousness, the Christian's *Rule of Life,* 441
 What forms his Temper, sanctifying Truths,
 Heav'n's *Scribe* neglects not, Lessons sweet to Saints.
 (*All holy his Elect, belov'd of GOD *.*)
 Doctrine and Practice, Faith and answ'ring Fruits,
Inherent Rectitude that fits for Heav'n, 446
 How well ye mingle! *Works,* how well enforc'd

By

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By Gospel Motives! Laws of CHRIST, the King,

The Preacher's Task is done.—Employment new
Has call'd him, on his ministerial Toil. 450

Ye conscientious Parents, O! be found,
Amid th' Assembly congregate and full,
Your Infant Race presenting; to receive
Appointed BAPTISM's Initial Rite.

Free Members made, by this inducing Sign, 455
Of the Church visible.—Your Lambs repose

In the mild Shepherd's Arms: see, where he waits!
With Pray'rs, and holy Washings mystical
His little Vot'ry-Flock to dedicate;

A living grateful Sacrifice to GOD, 460

An Off'ring sweet! on CHRIST, the Altar, laid
That sanctifies the Gift. HEAV'N'S SOVEREIGN,
pleas'd,

Affixes now HIMSELF the binding Seal

To his own faithful Cov'nant; that infuses
Pardon, Adoption, Grace, regenerate Pow'rs, 465
His SPIRIT's Energy; here typify'd

By the pure sprinkled Element. CHRIST, giv'n!
(Prefigur'd in this sacramental Act,

Its TRUTH AND SUBSTANCE) with his saving Fruits,
Suff'rings, and Merits: Blessings how divine! 470

On thee, Believer! and thy holy Seed,

All HE entails. Ah! how mistook, by those
That the blest Laver from their Babes withhold,

Who

Who Gospel Converts make less priviledg'd
 Than legal Circumcision ; and deny 475
 Their hapless Children free-born Fœderal Rights,
 That rigid *Law* to bondag'd *Jews* allows,
 Wake now in ev'ry Soul more filial Light,
 More glad'ning Sentiment ! Each humbled Heart
 Make, fitly, of it's own once-plighted Oath 480
 Fresh Recognition ! while we joyntly bend
 The grateful Knee ! *Faiths* solemn Pomp to close,
 FATHER OF BOUNDLESS MERCIES ! *this* THY LOVE
 To helpless *Man*, and his polluted Race,
 Thy thankful *Church* adores ! On our young Band
 Of Brethren, thy new-listed *Militants* 486
 (Who in thy gracious Ord'nance have received
Regeneration figurative) O shed
 That ! with thy Gifts in Pledge, there signify'd,
 In large Effusion ! This, our Work fulfill'd
 Of *Charity*, by Warrant from *thy Word*, 490
 Kindly accept ! as on *their* Parts, and *Ours*,
 Homage, and Praise : with vow'd Obedience due !

The gentle Innocents are with their Trains
 To native Roofs dismiss'd.---But wilt *Thou* go ? 495
 Go yet so soon ? from thy best Blessings haste ?
 + Lo ! that rich Table ! where the BREAD OF LIFE,
 + Spread by ALL-PITYING GOODNESS, open stands
 + To Wretches, famish'd with Sin-pining Wants :
 + Lost *Prodigals*, with Favour welcom'd Home, 500
 The

- + The KING himself is enter'd ; from his Host
 + Of prostrate *Angels* that more distant wait,
 + How gracious, see ! he moves to mortal Friends !
 + How kindly, hark ! to ev'ry Guest he calls ! 404
 + Ah ! wherefore wou'dst thou fly ? he calls to Thee,
 + Poor trembling Sinner, pale with causeless Fears.
 + To thee heart-humbled *Publican*, self-deem'd
 + *Unfit, unworthiest*, welcome therefore most.
 + Stay---thy mild Sov'reign bids thee---taste his *Feast*,
 + Will'd thee by Love, his dying, dear *Command*. 510
 + ---But why, intruding Stranger, tarriest Thou ?
 + Proud *Pharisee*, without the *Wedding Robe*,
 + Censorious, hateful Spy, of Life unclean ?
 + Why thou, mask'd Hypocrite ? dissembled Friend ?
 + With trait'rous Kifs re-acting *Judas' Guile*. 515
 + Wretch ! Thou ? whom Gain of secular Employ
 + Alone has brought, the Banquet to profane ?
 + Bold Innovator, unprepar'd and vile !
 + Expect ! the Lord of his dishonour'd Board 519
 + Shall note thee, and pronounce vindictive Doom.

The *Bread* is blest : reach forth thy thankful Hand
 And take--- “ *Memorial of thy dying LORD.* ”

Not *Transubstantiate*, Blood, and Flesh, and Bone,
 Whole, very CHRIST, Rome's Idol, big with Sin :

Nor as *Consubstant* with the Elements 525

By partial Presence, *Luther's* dark Deceit :

Nor yet as *meer Exemplar*, dream'd by some

Traducive

Traducive of his Glory : more, be thine,
Sacrificial Remembrance, of the Price
 Our Ransom ; paid in Blood for deadliest Guilt. 530

- Oh ! hide thy shame-spread Face, and turn thy Eyes
- In mournful Prospect back to *Calw'ry* now,
- Back to the *Garden*, to the dolorous Ground
- Grief-moisten'd with his *Blood-sweat Agony*. 534

- Ah ! what that Agony ? — ah ! felt for whom ? ...

Say, *Angel* * ! near him then, that heard, beheld,
 Thy humbled MAKER, agoniz'd thyself)

What --- but Thou can'st not say ! --- no Thought
 can pierce

Of *Man* or *Angel* that profound of Pains !

'Twas his Soul's Travail, Sorrow's sharpest Throe, 540

'Twas *Love's Delivery of a new-born World*.

Miraculous ! from dead now living born.

- Fix, *Meditation* ! still, thy Tear-brim'd Eye !

- From Earth he rises, rise and follow thou

- Thy JESU still, (tho' left of ev'ry Friend) 545

- To *Annas*', *Herod's*, *Pilate's* guilty Hall,

- His triple Cavalcade of solemn Scorn.

Oh ! thro' what Streights of shifting pageant Woes !

Slow, linger'd, studied Miseries ! matchless all !

Stoop'd thou to Suff'rings, patient SON OF GOD ! 550

How meek he stands the Charge of venal Tongues !

Lamb-like before his cruel Shearers dumb.

But ah ! behold him now ! behold him bound

(Tho' faultless own'd) by his unrighteous Judge !

* Luke xxii. 43.

Abus'd by Buffetings (by Taunts, that loud 555

His dread Omniscience dare) with Scourges torn;

To Injuries, mocking join'd, and rude Contempt,

His Sceptre-Reed, and bloody thorny-Crown.

— Ah still behold! if thou can'st bear the View,

— See! thy dear *Sacrifice*, beneath his *Cross* 560

— (Like typeal *Isaac*) bending with its Weight!

Merc'less! all fainting, to the baleful Tree

They nail my *JESUS*!—whelm'd in bitt' rest Woes,

And *Dereliction*! Sport of hellish *Jews*. 564

+ ---Ah! brand not *Jews*, our Sins (procuring Cause)

+ Thy Sins, *Believer*! wrought his Change of Woes,

+ Thy Sins and *Mine*! these forc'd his sanguine Sweat,

+ Rent him with Stripes, fix'd deep the bloody Thorn,

+ Mark'd him with Blows, expos'd his sacred Face

+ To Shame and Spitting; drove the wounding Nails

+ Deep-tort'ring, in his streaming Feet and Hands: 571

+ Thrust thro' his *Spear-pierc'd Heart* the murd'ring

Steel;

+ And urg'd his Soul to Pains!—to Cries!—to Death!

Early to Man the dying *Sacrifice*

His saving Merits reach'd. Ah! why to Man? 475

Why to lost Man? yet not to Angels lost?

Angels! Heav'n's noblest *First-born*! Heirs of Love!

Man! vain, vile Prodigal! the younger Son?

Why to one Convert-Sufferer, on the Cross?

And not his Fellow? why to vilest *Jews*! 580

Those

Those *very* Jews who late, *with wicked Hands*,

The SAVIOUR *slew*? (by *Peter's Sermon* turn'd

At *Pentecost*) and not to *Jewish Priests*?

Those guilty Rulers? and *all Israel's Race*?

+ Why, *chosen Sinner*! *Miscreant*! why to thee 585

+ This Grace? and not a *whole degenerate World*?

+ Unfathomable Thought! *Love's Mystry* all!

Still, Mercy waits thee.—Take: "*The saving Cup*,"

To him, of bitt'rest Sorrows, fill'd with Wrath;

To thee, of rich Redemption, dearly bought.

Blessings assur'd; the *Covenant in his Blood*

Seal'd with the FATHER. He, to be a God,

To thee a God, all-comprehending Tie:

Thou, to be his, devoted: happiest Bond!

Drink; the sweet Pledge of Union, *Sonship, Bliss*. 595

O Cordial! felt mysterious in the Soul;

+ *Law*, dreadful *Justice*, *Conscience*, *Satan*, *Guilt*,

+ All silenc'd, by one Draught from *Jesu's Love*!

Touch'd, captiv'd, raptur'd, aw'd, all extasy'd!

All lost! in trembling Wonder, thy Embrace 609

I meet, thou HEAVENLY BRIDEGROOM*! ah! repeat.

My Life! my Sweetness! those connubial Vows

Soft

* *The bold, and familiar Metaphors used throughout this Paragraph, tho' differing from the common Idioms of Speech among us, are, the current Language of Scripture, and genuine Sense of it; customary to the Conceptions, and Expressions of devout Minds: and it is hoped, will be admitted, and understood by every Christian.*

P. II. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 187

(Soft, as when first the Sounds betroth'd my Soul)

"THY MAKER IS THY HUSBAND"*. O! repeat
Earth, Air, and Skies th' eternal Echoes round, 605
"THY MAKER IS THY HUSBAND"!—'tis for Words
(Th' o'erwhelming Bliss) too vast! for Thought too
full!

Ye Nymphs of *Solyma*, my bridal Friends,
That view my shudd'ring Pangs, my speechless Joy,
Tell my Soul's LORD, the too too lovely—(ah! 610
By Pity's Softness I adjure ye!) tell
My Prince! my Charmer!—*I am sick of Love.*

*Turn thy sweet Eyes away! their Beams o'erpower,
With Ravishments too soft, my fainting Sight!*
—Yet hold me near Thee; set me as a Seal, 615

Deep on thy dear dear Heart! for strong as Death
Are the fond Ardours of impatient Love;
More cruel than the Grave, its Jealousy.

—And art thou mine? the dread, dear Lover mine?
Th' espousing God?—ah me! a worthless Bride!
How base, how poor! bow prostrate Thoughts in
Praise, 621

In grateful Thanks: with all thy purest Fires,

* Flame, kindled Heart: bend Choice, Affections, Will;

* Be wholly HIS the Life his Pity fav'd.

Go,

* *Isaiah liv. 5. I would affectionately recommend to the pious, believing Reader's Perusal, this amazing Passage, down to Verse 11. than which, I think, there is not any one more remarkably, and singularly comforting in the whole sacred Scriptures.*

Go, Christian ! with th' endearing Pledges seal'd
 Fresh on thy Soul, resembling Pattern show
 How JESUS liv'd ; thy lov'd and loving LORD.
 Go, copy his Humility, his Zeal
 To glorify his FATHER, his Contempt
 Of vain, base Earth ; *Disciple of his Cross*. 630
 His Temp'rance copy, Resignation, Truth :
 His Meekness, Pity, large Benevolence :
 His godlike Fortitude, firm Constancy :
 His Love of holy Privacy and Prayer.
 Go, happy *Fav'rite*, feed his pining Poor, 635
 Silent in patient Want ; the friendless Poor,
 His suff'ring Int'rest (by the selfish World
 Neglected) Merit little mark'd below.
 Thy *Saviour-Judge*, thy love-remember'd Work
 With echoed *Eugé* shall applaud, and crown. 640

Shall not this *Rite* the Charity enlarge.
 Of Brethren, differing by Dissensions small !
 Differing, not disunited ; Members still
 Of one, same Body : Branches in one Vine : 644
 CHRIST'S Fold, tho' many : *all but one*, his Spouse.
 — SPIRIT OF GRACE ! Peace-breathing PARACLETE ;
 — Thy Children nearer bring, bring nearer yet
 — In love thy Saints. This bridal Supper make
 Their *Eucharist*, their *Agape* : of Joy
 The Season known, a *Feast of heaven* by Friends. 630

O LAMB OF GOD! self-humbled, once, to Death
 On the vile *Cross*! when? in exalted Pomp,
 When? to thy whole Elect, shalt thou return
 With full Salvation? to that Day thy Church 654
 Looks from these sad *Memorials*. LAMB OF GOD!
 Hasten, to be more admir'd by joyful Saints.

O LAMB OF GOD. By thy *once*-offer'd Blood
 Here represented, offer'd *once* for all,
 Perfect thy holy People; keep the *Flock*,
 Thy dying Purchase, by thy wakeful Eye 660
 And Presence, hourly guarding. LAMB OF GOD!
 Here often meet them, and record their Vows.

The solemn *Myſteries* cease.---The *Pastor*, hear!
 With awful Mien, and Lips of Grace, has clos'd
 The parting Benediction.---But is all, 665
 + All ended?---all?---is now the vacant Time
 + For trifling Visits? for the vain Discourse
 + Of worldly Friends? by nearer Int'rests claim'd,
 The Calls, domestick, of *intrusted Souls*.
 The soft *Companion* of thy Life's vow'd Hours, 670
 Where, where is *She*? thy other dearer self?
 Where her lov'd *Offspring*? Wedlock's sweetest
 Bonds,
 Pledges of mutual Faith, of chastest Joys?
 Invite 'em round thee by a Father's Voice,

That

That Voice of mildest, soft Authority. 675

Examine! teach! exhort them! warn! reprove!

Their Instrument of Being, ah! be mov'd,

Be rous'd, be arduous for their highest Weal.

So the fond Couples of the plump Race

Teach, with joint Pains, their cherish'd Young to fly;

Around the little artless Broods they watch, 681

With flutt'ring Hearts; and by Example kind

Instruct them, frequent, thro' the treacherous Woods,

Where safe to stretch, where slack th' experienc'd

Wing.

O Education! are thy tend'rest Laws 685

Expell'd the Parent's Heart? where then is Love?

Paternal Love, that first of Laws, O where?

Where Nature's strongest Instinct felt of all?

And hast thou *One*, within thy menial Charge,

One left (by Servitude's inferior Place) 690

O'erlook'd, neglected in thy partial Thought?

Subordination meer, of Man to Man.

+ Name of corporeal Difference, not of Souls:

Souls have one Essence, one congenial Life,

One Dignity, one Worth: in Heav'n's high Kin,

Nearest affinited; one SPIRIT breath'd 695

Their Virtues eminent, immortal, pure,

Impress of DEITY: one hapless Fall

In Guilt enthrall'd 'em, one rich Blood redeem'd.

By Dust thy Brethren too, thy Flesh, thy Bone,

Parts of thy dread Account, thy awful Trust: 700

Parts

Parts of thy common Nature:—shall not these
(Careful for thee) excite a grateful Strife?
Of due Returns, some generous Heaven-warm'd
Zeal?

Large, best Returns, a Master's worthiest Care
Ah! drop Distinction now, while call'd to serve
ONE HEAVENLY MASTER in thy *House of Faith*.
By common Wants, by common Mercies join'd,
Join in Petitions too, in mutual Praise.

Retire———o'erlabour not Youth's feebler

Strength:

Thy Cares devolve on safe maternal Trust. 710
Thy Task is done. To freer Scenes retire;
For lonely Joys, for solitary Sweets,
For friendliest Counsels with the mental Pow'r.
Yet, while deep-wand'ring in the Paths of Thought,
If not so well the Chamber's cloyst'ring Walls 715
Thy Health or Temper suit, as open Skies,
Or in the Garden, or sequestering Field,
(Not where throng'd Numbers range for graceless
Mirth)

+ At large thy meditating Walk pursue;
+ Reposing, 'gainst thy Hours of future Want, 720
+ The *treasur'd Word* with faithful Memory.
+ So JESUS oft' to *Gethsemane's* Shades,
+ Or some still Mountain's Heights, alone withdrew.
Religious Musings may the pious Breast

Raise

Raise from this Earth, this *lower House of GOD* : 725
Heav'n's costly Cabinet, of Wonders full.

What ever some, of *rigid Sanctity*
(So misconceiv'd) have taught, to gloom the Mind,
Forbidding ev'ry harmless Use of Sense,
Corrupting CHRIST's by *Jewish* Discipline 730
Now vacated, use wisely thou thy Grant
Of *Gospel Liberty* : *all Place* is free ;

* GOD, not the Place considers, but the Heart.
Yet, have a Care ! thy own frail Weakness know ;
Know, and be watchful : to th' unguarded Saint,
Oft', Solitude proves worst Society. 736
Fear *that unseen* OBSERVER, than thyself
More intimately present, and with HIM
Converse, in sweet ejaculated Prayer.

+ O sweetest Converse ! O Grace-strengthening Pray'r !

+ Best Work in private of the love-born Soul. 741

But if thy *Mate*, or home-left *Family*
Still, near demand thee ; if the *sick-pain'd Friend*,
The *Widow*, or all helpless *Fatherless*

Thy Visit need, thy lonely Haunts refrain : 745

— Seek others Welfare readier than thy own ;

— Most, pure Religion dwells with Charity.

— In *this* be like thy SAVIOUR : Pattern fair

— Of heavenliest Virtues, labouring Good to All.

These are the Pleasures, in Religion's Paths 750
(Blest Paths of Safety) to be *only* found.

And

And will deluded Man, perverse of Heart,
Self-cruel, on the World's infested Wilds

Risque for vain Toys the *Jewel of his Soul*?

— View that tumultuous Road! how thick appear 755

— The Sons of sportive Folly! bent on *Speed*,

— When Heaven's high Wisdom bids a sacred *Rest*!

Perverting, in that Breach, his kind Decree,

Ease to the labour'd *Creature*; haply some

Shall, ere return, his dire Resentments feel, 760

Death-smit (how frequent) by Disaster fore.

View those ill-peopled Fields! the thoughtless Throng!

All, on unseemly Recreations drawn!

What Swarms! of ev'ry Rank, and Sex, and Age!

Vagrants from *Sion* all, God's *humbler Throne*. 765

— Ah! better far a *Day*, an happy *Hour*,

— One heavenly *Moment*, in *thy* blissful Courts,

— Than *Ages*, lavish'd in their impious Joy.

— Dread Charge! of precious Seasons vainly spent,

— Or *lost* in sensual Indolence at home. 770

Others, the Bands of bolder Riot, view!

Sunk in Debauches o'er th' intemperate Glafs.

Or loud in Feuds, or clamorous Levity;

In Oaths, in Revels wasting sacred Time

To decent Silence due, and public Peace: 775

Too oft' in dismal Consequences rued;

Disease, neglected Families, and Loss

Of strict paternal Government, Youth's Bane.

Presumptuous Insult on almighty Pow'r!

- Contemtuons Scorn of sov'reign Will! THAT POWER!
- *Heard* in the Thunder, in the Light'ning *seen*, 781
- *Felt* in the angry Winds. — his Goodness too
Lives free diffus'd through wide Creation's Space.
And dares weak Man! dependent, subject Man,
Affront the Law of God? his Maker's Law? 785
His Governor? his Judge? dares the vile Worm,
Reptile of Earth, defy the LORD OF HEAV'N?

O native *Britain*! Land of *Gospel* Light!
Fav'rite of Heav'n! professing purest Truth!
Seat of mild Liberty to Vice abus'd! 790

- Justly, dear Parent! do thy *virtuous* Sons
- Drop o'er thy Matron-Neck the conscious Tear;
- Of thy insensate, iron Progeny
- The griev'd Spectators: vex'd (like upright *Lot*)
In Wrath-doom'd *Sodom*) while our mourning Streets
The nightly Lewdness shames, the raging Oaths 796
Of Blasphemy, and *Circe's* bestial Throng.
While Music in the *sober Hours of Morn*
Effeminates our Isle; Waste, Luxury,
And Sloth engend'ring; Sloth, worst social Ill! 800
HE, who his *Sabbath Rest* ordain'd, enjoins
Thy *Six Days Labour*: Sloth subverts his Law.
- Lamented View! while on the devious Stage
- Lewd *Comedy*, in loose intriguing Dress
- (Degenerate from the antient, worthier Scene) 805
- Appears, seductive of the Youthful Heart;

While

While (blush to Manners) on the midnight Sleep
 In Revels, wakes th' infernal *Masquerade*,
 Transplanted Vice of modern *Italy*,
 Sink of dark Superstition, Sloth and Sin. 810

- Shall not, for Guilt like this, long patient Heav'n
 - In Judgments visit? — O'er the slumb'ring Realm
 Has shook (already felt) its milder Rod.

Already War has thinn'd thy numerous Sons,
 In Death left weltring on a foreign Plain. 815

Rebellion, worst domestic Fiend! has rag'd
 Thy frightened Cities round: and through thy Herds
 Long wasting *Murrain*, threat'ning ghastly Want,
 Has breath'd Contagion; *breaths her Threat'ning still*.

Should Locusts, summoning thy Harvest Fields 820
 Their Legions call! (whose Scouts have late been sent
 To spy thy Coasts) should broad-wing'd Pestilence

Her Millions sweep away! Or from beneath
 Earthquakes their Horrors wake in tenfold Strength!

Such, but more fatal as have *twice* forewarn'd 825
 Thy pale Inhabitants, Alarming Thought!

How big with Portent! Oh! provok'd at last!

- Shall not, for Guilt impenitent? for Guilt

- Accumulate like thine, long-patient Heav'n

- Rise terribly vindictive? doom-full rise 830

- To smite, to waste a vain-professing Land?

+ Ah! pitied Blindness of apostate Man,

+ Made to be only in his MAKER blest,

- + Yet can in All, in all Things Pleasure know 835
 + But his dear FORMER : willing to be known,
 + His to be known ; his Portion, Father, Guide ;
 + His present Guardian-Friend, and *final Good*.

O Goodness ! all Parental ! Father still 839
 Of Man thy Creature, Man, though fall'n, not lost ;
Enoch cou'd walk with thee, and *Abraham* ; Worms
 With DEITY ; frail Dust with mighty GOD.
 Why may not now frail Dust in Favour walk ?
 Why not vile *me* ? thy Pity's Miracle,
 Wonder of Guilt, from foulest Life reclaim'd, 840
 A willing Vot'ry, though thy feeblest Child ?

O ! let down somewhat OF THY HEAVENLY SELF
 In this dark Breast, this Hell-benighted Heart !
 Parent of Life divine, some vital Beam !
 In Privacies, my frequent lonely Walk, 855
 By Hill, by Field, by Willow-arbour'd Brook,
 By twilight Paths of Woods with Closet Shade,
 Alone from ev'ry Eye (yet least alone
 With thee all present FATHER, mild of Grace)
 Thou deign'st me sweet Communion ; while I breathe
 (With Love-uplifted Hands, and Eyes, and Soul) 856
 To thy Communion sweet, Returns I breathe
 In prostrate Thought, and Vows, and murmur'd
 Prayer.

- + —HE whispers to my deepest Solitude,
 + In Pressures of my loneliest, saddest Thought, 860
 + “ *Be undismay'd ; thy GOD is present here,*

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+ *Is nigh, is with thee** ; though through *whelming Floods,*
 + *Thro' Fires, thy Path is mark'd: distress'd, and try'd,*
 + *The FRIEND OMNIPOTENT, THY GUARDIAN STRENGTH*
 + *Accompanies thy Steps; is with thee still."*— 865
 + I trust thy Promises, I plead them o'er,
 + I urge them often on my sinking Heart,
 + I drink into their Sweetness deep, and taste
 + Their Ravishments, and feel their Cordial Powers.
 —Ye Hills! ye Fields! clear, willow-arbour'd Brook!
 And Woods with twilight Paths of Closet Shade! 871
 Lov'd Haunts, that my celestial Solaces
 Have seen, so oft' have heard my filial Vows,
 Be Witness to those Interviews divine.
 Records of favour'd Seasons, fast impress'd 875
 On grateful Memory: like the votive Stones
 In *Luz*, by solitary *Jacob* rear'd
 To *Padan* journeying—These to meditate,
 Thro' the dark Lab'rins of my Pilgrimage
 Shall cheer its sablest Gloom, its heaviest Hours. 880
 By *JESUS* manumis'd from hellish Bonds,
 A sentenc'd Slave, the ransom'd in his Blood,
 O dear *EMANUEL*! (*GOD in human Flesh*
 Intabernacled strange) my remnant Days
 (Few Days, alas! of conscious Evil full) 885
 Shall all in Acts of Love be vow'd to THEE.
 Health, Action, Powers, will I be ONLY THINE:

K 3

Soul,

* *Isaiah xli. 10. compared with xliii. 2:*

Soul, Flesh, thy Creature, consecrated *all*:
Thy Servant, only thine, REDEEMING LORD!
By Choice *the self devoted to thy Fear.*

890.

Thus the poor, feathery Captive, hard escap'd
With Life th' ensnaring *Fowler's* deadly Wile,
With flutt'ring Bosom hastes, (her timorous Wing
Unbating) till of happy Covert sure,
Hid in her cloyst'ring Bow'r: there, safe at Rest, 895
'The Fear-deliver'd-Wand'rer, sooth'd and calm'd,
In her sweet Shelter fits: too warn'd to roam:
'Then, swells her Note with more exulting Joy.

The END of the SECOND PART.

SUNDAY THOUGHTS,

EVENING EMPLOYMENT.

PART III.

On the subsequent and closing DUTIES,

**Recollection, Self-Examination, and the
several Offices of CHARITY.**

**The whole concluding with a Contemplation on
the ETERNAL SABBATH.**

And a Glimpse of the SAINT in GLORY.

C O N T E N T S.

I *INVOCATION to the BLESSED SPIRIT. Evening Worship ended. Enquiry of its Effects on the Heart. The Duties of Charity instanced and enforced; closed with an Encomium of the active Christian. Sun Setting described, Twilight, Night and Stars. Several Conjectures mention'd, with the Folly of such Enquiries; introducing an Episode in the History of an exemplary Noble Penitent. A Moonlight Scene. Retiring to Rest, with the Prayer. A Midnight Contemplation on the ETERNAL SABBATH. A Vision, in Sleep, of a departed Saint. Discourses with it, on the Nature of the Soul, its Individuation, Præ-existence, and universal Redemption. The Spirit's Answers, reproving such Speculation, and exhorting to others more useful: to further which it give a Prospect of Heaven, and selects three Instances for Observation; a glorified Saint released from a State of Poverty; one that had been a notorious Sinner; and a third who died in Despondency. A Complaint on the Vision's ceasing. The Spirit's consolatory Speech, with Rules for a holy Life. On the Question, if Friends know each other in Glory? It discovers itself and departs. Exciting a pathetical Meditation, which ends the Whole.*

SUNDAY THOUGHTS.

P A R T III.

On the subsequent and closing DUTIES,

Recollection, Self-Examination, and the
several Offices of CHARITY.

COME holy VISITANT, celestial GUIDE,
SPIRIT DIVINE, OF GOD! (not less THY SELF;
ESSENTIAL DEITY :) whose strength'ning Hand
Thro' the still Wand'rings of my *Morning's Walk*
And holier Duties, in thy *House* engag'd 5
Homeward my feebly-fainting Steps has brought
To my last Period now, of *Sabbath Hours*.
Come, with thy wonted Aids to close my Theme!
With thy fresh Breathings on th' instructed *Muse*,
Thy consecrated Gift! — As vital Gales, 10
Thro' the Reeds whisp'ring in the Heat of Day,
Sooth in lost Thought the list'ning 'Traveler's Ear
Tir'd with his painful Road, so feel my Pow'rs

K 5

Thy

Thy quick'ning Influence, that e'er while deprest
 As with some fatal Omen, half resolv'd
 No more to travel in *Parnassian Soil*,
 Tho' sweet; a *Map* with many a *Fairy Spot*,
 Illusively, in pleasing Prospect mark'd,
 Mocking th' Advent'rer's Search : So shadowy all
 Has prov'd my Way ; a *Desart*, beat with Storms : 20
Hope, almost out of Sight, that shew'd me once
 My *Land of Rest* ; and naked, wintry *Age*
 Threat'ning me near (unshelter'd and ill sped)
 With Cares, and Wants, her numerous growing Brood,
 Like the Night Mists my Heel fast gath'ring on : 25
 But thy Life-cheering Voice, OMNIPOTENT !
 Speaker of Comfort strange ! allures me forth
 To *one more Labour* due ; perhaps my last !
 For Something bodes me so, of sad, within
 — Unless, late flow'ring in Life's barren Path, 30
 — Some Sweet unlook'd-for, some *autumnal Rose* ;
 — At length I pluck, that *Daughter of the Thorn*.

The *Church's* Rites, her last Solemnities
 Are fully ended : Twice in Public paid,
 Her Claim maternal. What returning Trains 35
 Flock from the *Sanctuary* ! a graceful Sight.
 + Some, for HEAV'N's Favour, on the *Duty done*
 + Resting their CHRISTLESS HOPE. Some posting, fast,
 + To Walks, to Company ; o'erjoy'd to find
 + Their Task discharg'd, and anxious how to lose. 40
 The

- † The least Impressions, recent on the Heart.
 But whether hasten'st thou, thy after-Work
 Of *Recollection* grateful, to begin?
- * What are thy Frames? has the keen, piercing *Word*?
 * Reach'd Home, and fasten'd in thy Soul; its Mark?
 * When CHRIST is preaching on the Gospel Mount, 46
 * At his Descent, the *Leper* shall be cleans'd.*
 * Trembled thy Conscience when the fiery Law
 * Flash'd its red Threat'nings? who? what Angel-
 Strength?
- * What Fortitude invincible can bear 50
 * When God is angry?—bow'd thy willing Ear
 * To the mild Tenders of thy SAVIOUR-KING?
 * Are thy Hopes rais'd, thy misty Damps all clear'd
 * By the bright Promises, and Unbelief
 * In their warm Sun-shine melted sweetly down? 55
 To his State-Rooms of *Ordinances* brought,
 Thro' their pure *Lattice* have I seen my Lord
 The heavenly *Bridegroom*, and could mark his Smiles?
- * What Resolutions, for thy Watch, thy Walk
 * Has thy Heart plan'd, led out on *Grace* for Strength?
 * Thy Breast examine well, thy Gain, thy Loss 61
 * In this rich heavenly Traffic, and record
 * In Memory's Volume *where* inclin'd the Scale.
 Yet are thy Toils not done: reduce thy Light
 Now into Practice, 'tis th' expected End 65

K 6

For

* *Matth. viii. 1, 2, 3.*

For which we hear. Our Sabbath has its Work;
Love may yet labour, on Care's Day of Rest.
 Knows thy Friend-pitying Heart no penfive Saint
 Journeying in Darkeness, whom thy *Pilgrim* Voice
 (From a large Fund of stor'd Experiences) 70
 Gently might cheer? None, grip'd by wordly Straits,
 Whom thy free *giving*, or (in Act next kind)
 Thy *lending* Hand as lib'ral, or at least
 Thy pleading Interest, might from deadliest Want
 Timely redeem? No Mourner, destitute
 In lonely *Widow-hood*, Woes most tragic Scene!
 With her young Brood of helpless *Orphans* left,
 Wat'ring with Tears the fond, sad Mother's Knee?
 Have Alms been added? Alms shou'd follow Pray'rs
 Their Harbingers, as Sunshine does the Dawn. 80
 Will Indigence exempt thee, art thou poor?—
 And is thy Soul poor too? the meanest Wretch
 Has somewhat; *PITY*'s godlike Charity.
 Thou'lt call this Counsel *moral*, be it so:
 'Tis *Christian* too; built on *Belief*'s sound Base, 85
 Its Evidence and Fruits; *no Works, no Faith**.
 A formal proud Morality may vaunt
 Without Religion, but Religion's Self
 Ne'er had true Life without Morality.

Its

* 1 *Ep. Coloss.* iv and vii compared. *James* ii. 17, 20, 26. *Matth.* vii. 16, 17, 20.

- Whence was that Peal, that beats on trembling Air
- Its slow, dead Pulse!—I hear—and yet I hear 91
- Its mournful Echoes!—'tis the *Passing-Bell*.
- How dolefully it sounds!—there went a Soul!
- But where?—and art *Thou next* prepar'd to die?
- Where is LIBERTY? late the gay, the vain, 95
- 'Till Sickneſs seiz'd him—hah! that wakes a Blush
- In conſcious Memory. Once thou had'ſt a Friend,
- NISUS the lov'd; in his fall'n Nature's State,
- Guilty, inſenſible, and unreclaim'd
- He died: Without one kind Attempt from thee. 100
- What haſt thou done, thou Loit'rer for thy God!
- A Life, a Friend, a Soul, perhaps is loſt,
- Loſt—and for ever!—can I bear the Thought?
- Deep let it goad me! may it wring me now!
- + Up! ſtir! exert thee! double all thy Cares, 105
- + And taught by paſt Remiſſneſs labour more!

Ah! might this Thought alarm the Sons of Sloth
 That now! here! only on Man's preſent Stage
 Heroic CHARITY can act her Part:
 Where human Miſeries give her, fair, to ſhine. 110
 In *Heav'n*, no moving *Drama* will preſent
 Fit Scene, her godlike Talent to diſplay.
 Life's ſuff'ring Graces too, REPENTANCE, there,
 Divine FORGIVENESS, FAITH, and patient HOPE
 (View'd in the Step of Majeſty below) 115

When from Earth's *Theatre* dismiss'd, undrest,
 Their final, their eternal *Exit* quite
 Must make; behind the Curtain (dropt) of *Time*.

Well hast thou traffick'd in thy holy Work,
Servant of God! with all thy Tasks discharg'd 120
 Hast thy full Course in *Duty's* Circle run
 Of Sacred, Household, Private, and as due,
 Of Neighbourhood; tho' latest not less dear.
 Hallowing the Day, thy MASTER's Jubilee,
 Hast serv'd, in HIM, thyself: by heaping more 125
 Thy Sum of *Talents*, lent in Steward Trust,
 Against thy *Audit-Hour* of doubled Gain.*

* *Pray'rs* yield thee Bills, mean Time, for present
 Wants;

* Prompt-paid from the *full Treasury of Heav'n*.

But see! where now, thy own best Parallel, 130
 See where at length the downward-bending Sun
 His low, broad *Orb* of setting Splendours rests
 On the green Pillow of yon Western Steep.
 In smiling Radiance bidding half our World
 Farewel, on Speed to visit nether Skies. 135
 Carrying Morn, Noon, and Night in ceaseless change
 Each new, swift Minute round the peopled Ball.
 Look! how the rapid Journeyer seems to bait
 His slack'ning Steeds, and loos'd to Evening Sports,
 Shoots

* *Matth*. xxv. 20.

Shoots down obliquely his diverging Beams! 140
 That kindle on opposing Hills the Blaze
 Of glitt'ring Turrets, and illumin'd Domes;
 A Prospect all on Fire: 'till sinking still,
 More, and still sinking, while to Sight quite lost,
 His Rays play upward, in the fleecy Clouds 145
 That, swiftly pencil'd, dress a mimic Scene
 In Fancy's Eye, of Groves, and whiten'd Alps;
 And *Towers* romantic, rear'd Compleat, or Waste
 In ruin'd Majesty; with Interspace
 Of golden Ether, and Elysian Plain. 150
 Then vanish quite, as soon; and shift by Turns
 To Tinctures of a thousand diff'rent Dyes.
 Till *Twilight* last steps forth, her modest Face
 Half hid, beneath her gentler-lucent Vest
 She, from their flowery Prisons strait unlocks 155
 The light-wing'd *Odours*; that on sweetest Range
 Drop their rich, nectar'd Treasures as they fly;
 Catch'd, vagrant, by the sultry-soothing *Gale*.

'Tis solemn Gloom, toil'd Nature's grateful Hour
 Of universal Solace; calm, and still. 160
 The little Warbler of the cheerful Day
 The Charmer-*Lark*, has sung himself to Rest.
 Each feathery Labourer has his Vesper clos'd
 Perch'd on his Bough. But wakes, in conscious *Man*,
 Wakes still, the deep Solicitude of Thought! 165
 And now more deep, while mounted in her Sphere
 (Prime

(Prime near Attendant on her *Solar* Lord)
 The Star of *Eve* lights up her Diamond Flames.
 And the pale milder *Regent* of the Night,
 Replenish'd from her *Brother's* lucid Urn, 170
 In her fill'd Orb, new ris'n, compleatly thron'd,
 Pours thro' wide Fields of Sky her argent Stream.
 Queen of the Shades, amid her lesser Train
 Of fix'd and planetary Lustre's joyn'd
 In Lumination mutual, flow she moves 175
 Thro' her throng'd Court; and Heav'n's vast Palace
 glows

With an infinitude of living Fires.

- + At the grand Pomp of Wonders, in what Heart
- + Glows not Devotion too?—"My Sire! my God!
- + All-glorious King! of thy dread Greatness much, 180
- + Much have I heard, by the awe-shudd'ring Ear.
- + But in this Mirrour, my o'erdazzled Eye
- + Of Sense, surveys THEE; more tremendous far!
- + In Dust, my Mother, humbler, humbler—oh!
- + In penitential Ashes, let me view 185
- + My Self, abhorr'd: my Self! more black, more vile +."
- + —What a big Swarm of bold Inquisitors
- + Burst in, tumultuous, on the Reasoning Pow'r.
- O'er curious, of the Trembler they enquire
- If those immensely-distant Globes be Suns, 190
- With each his System of revolving Earths;
- Plac'd inaccessible to human Ken?

They

* Job. xlii. 5, 6.

P. III. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 209

They question, why those *four* resplendant *Moons*
 (Discernable but thro' the nightly Tube)
 Are seen to roll round Planetary *Jove*, 195
 And ask for what they roll, for whom they shine?
 Or, to what Purposes in *Saturn*, serve
 His *Moons* more numerous, and Elliptic *Ring*?
 Or, if intended for *our* Use at all,
 Why hides, beneath his *Sun*, th' *Hermetic Star**? 200
 Th' unruly Thoughts, all up, next start a Doubt
 If *Comets* be expiring Worlds on Fire?
 Purg'd in the *Solar* Furnace (as perchance
 Our *Planet* shall in turn) and thence detach'd 204
 Each, a new Earth (like *that*) new Heav'ns to fill†?
 Is *Space*, they ask, that dolorous Dungeon vast
 Of Suff'rings final, that Abyfs which Fiends
 So deprecate, as by the *Scripture Code* ‡
 May intimated seem? Sad, wand'ring State
 Of Souls intelligent, down that dead Void 210
 Immenf'able, in *outer Darknefs* cast,
 Exil'd, and shut from all the Worlds of Day!
 Or (since Effects most cross and opposite
 From the same Cause can boundless Pow'r produce)
 What if this very *Sun*, our now best Gift 215
 Shou'd Man's tormenting Prison prove, at last.
 Destin'd

* *The Planet Mercury.*

† See *Conjectures by the Reverend Mr. Wall, Memoirs of Literature, Vol. 4. p. 69.*

‡ Luke viii. 31.

Destin'd by awful NEMESIS DIVINE
 Guilt's dread Abode, it's *local Hell* of Fire*
 To such wild Doubts the *mental Wranglers* fall:
 Then to extreams, far wide, they run; and form 220
 Conjectures diff'rent, all as dark and strange,
 That, possibly, *it* Residence may yield
 For happiest Beings; the bright Place where *John*
 Saw in *Apocalypse* † the Angel stand.

- Begone, Seducers of my humbler Heart! 225
- I chase ye from my meditating Hour!
- On the proud Plumes of Science where wou'd soar
- Th' unsatisfy'd Enquirer? O, 'tis vain,
 'Tis daring, 'tis for Man's weak Flight too high,
 The poor, raw Pupil, in his childish School! 230
- + Salvation† be thy interesting Theme
- + My whole, blest Study here; and *Suns, and Stars,*
 A Kind of trav'ling Speculation, made
 My *Road-Employment*, as I pass their *Spheres*,
 Led up by Angels, to my FATHER'S Skies. 235

Can I this Hope appropriate, and the Grace
 Fail to admire, unmerited and free,
 That calls me to a Dignity so high?
 The grateful Thought that labours in my Breast
 Has woke a Theme that, suitably, shall yield 240
 My

* Enquiry into the Nature and Place of Hell, by
 the Reverend Mr. Swinden.

† Rev. xix. 17.

My Evening Solitude a sacred Song.
 A Theme that has (encreasing heavenly Bliss)
 Been hymn'd by Angels to their golden Lyres.

The courtly WILMOT was of noblest Blood; ^{† Earl of Rochester}
 Comely in Person, nor in Mind less grac'd 245
 With Genius, native Modesty, and Wit:
 Humanely affable, and of a Soul
 Dauntless and brave; in Britain's naval Wars
 In many a Deed of hardiest Prowess try'd.
 From Learning's Fount Accomplishment he drew, 250
 Where *Isis* by her younger *Athens* rolls;
 Heighten'd, by Travel, with a Knowledge gain'd,
 Of various Lands, and *European* Courts.

Whence his nerv'd Muse, too rich in Strength and
 Fires,

Learn'd first to mate the antient *Latian* Vein. 255
 - Yet, with these choice Endowments, *innate Vice*,
 - In her foul Poisons, deep had drench'd his Heart.
 - Impious he prov'd, his Life was shameless, leud,
 - He spurn'd his SAVIOUR, he deny'd his God,
 In *Satire* rag'd, and revell'd in his Song, 260
 Scoff'd at all Warnings, every Check out wore.
 But *Heav'n* that in his Book of hid Decrees
 Had mark'd *even this Apostate* for his own,
 Mov'd to *Paternal* Chastning, bent his Bow:
 And a keen, deadly Arrow, *dipt in Love*, 265
 Sent thro' his Soul, with wasting *Sickness* wing'd;

That

- That rous'd *Reflection* from her sensual Swoon.
 — *She* plac'd *Gorgonian* Horrors to his view,
 — His Talents squander'd, his enormous Crimes,
 — 'Gainst Nature's, Reason's, and Religion's Light; 270
 Who can express the Pang!—'till timely sent
 By pitying *Grace*, the good *Evangelus*,
 Tender in Labours for distemper'd Souls,
 A healing Cordial, sweet *Conversion* brought:
 Giv'n from the wise *PHYSICIAN*'s Hand above, 275
 That a new Life the hopeless *Patient* gave.
 — He blest—admir'd—*Pray'r* loos'd his Guilt-bound
 Tongue;
 — He wept, he worship'd, search'd God's reverenc'd
 Word,
 — And in *Isaiab's* * Death-enlightning Page
 — Saw his dear SAVIOUR, bright in *Prophecy*. 280
 Heard, hear'd him speak! with kind inviting Voice
 As once to *Peter* † (*Faith* when *JESUS* calls
 It's Foot will venture on the stormiest Wave
 To reach him in her desperate, drowning Arms.)
 Felt his Embrace! (his Danger past, and Fears 285
 At those kind Accents "*wherefore didst thou doubt?*")
 — Then, with a placid Smile, and gushing Eyes,
 — Fix'd on his LORD, a Joy too big for Words!
 — Full of calm Confidence, and Hope, and Peace,
 He

* *Chap. lii. beginning (as the Connexion ought to be)*
at 13 v. and continued through the whole liii. Chap.
 † *Math. xiv. 29.*

III. P. III. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 213

— He bow'd, ador'd, and on his Breast expir'd. 290
 — Now in the blest Society of *Saints*,
 With the thron'd *Class* of pardon'd *Penitents*,
 (His *Brother Miscreant*, who on *Calv'ry* nail'd
 Died near his God, and *Sister Magdalene*
 Of seven strong Fiends by *JESUS* dispossest'd) 295
 The *Victor* sings the LAMB's triumphant Song.
 Leaving his impious Life, his Godly Death
 A Monument, in ev'ry Age, to stand
 For guiltiest Sinners, of REDEEMING POW'R.

Hark !—'tis the *Nightingale*, Love's lonely Bird,
 In the deep Bosom of this dusky Wood
 Pathless of human Foot, she sits recluse,
 Her Arbour; by the melancholy Scene
 Sweetning her Note; while the soft *Lamp of Night*
 Gleams on the burnish'd Brook with liquid Gold: 305
 Cheering the Shade; on whose tall, top-most Boughs,
 Paled with the *glimmering* Rays, the rustling Leaves
 Join their low Whispers; clos'd with Cadence deep
 From the drone Beetle's Sleep-exciting *Horn*.
 And off the sharp-brow'd *Cliff*, in Murmurs faint 310
 From hence scarce heard, a distant *Water-fall*
 Adds it's hoarse, solemn, dying Harmony.
 All, with Confusion-mix'd, of Music rude,
 Reverberated, from the cavern'd Hill;
 The Cell where ever-waking *Echo* keeps 315
 Her still, nocturnal Watch.—'Tis pleasing thus

To

To wander, thoughtful, thro' the sylvan Grove,
At fragrant Morn, scorch'd Noon, or dewy Eve;
Oft' as her Season-free Occasion lends.

Slow as the silent *Fowler* roves, who steps 320
The fresh-plow'd Glebe, and in each Furrow quests
Some springing *Game*—nor ceases this to please
The Mind of *Nature* fond in ev'ry Dress,
Ev'n when she wears her Virgin *Shroud* of Snows,
And weeping Mists spread, sad, her *Funeral Pall*. 325
Each Change affords Delight. But mark! where

North

Shot from the *Pole*, a new Aurora breaks
With imitated Dawn. *Mysterious Light!*
Perhaps portentous of *Earth's* hast'ning Doom,
Vapour, and sanguine Cloud, and Pillar'd Smoke, 330
As speaks the Seer inspir'd *. And now the *Moon*
A Curtain-Fold of richest Drapery draws
O'er her dim'd Form, that warns to due Repose.

- But first, e'er rested on my Bed's kind Down,
- HIM I once more invoke, whose GUARDIAN-WING
- Broods o'er me while I walk, and when I rest. 336
- “ GOD of my Days and Nights, be gently near
- “ With thy safe Presence still! and Sleep, thy Gift,
- “ Health's dear Physician send, to drop his Balm;
- “ With Dreams devoutly pure, from Dread, or Sin!”
- I close my Eyes, but Meditation wakes: 341
- My Midnight Pillow's silent Visitor,

Long

* Joel ii. 31.

P. III. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 215

Long with my Thoughts us'd mutely to converse ;
Renewing *thus* her heavenly *Monody*.

Has one *seventh* Portion more of measur'd Time,
Of holiest Time been lent ? accomplish'd well, 346

Tho' weak, in *Duties* painful Husbandry.

And wilt thou, senseless ! from the *Harvest Feast*
Serv'd by *my Hand*, a Self-Absenter turn ?

From this *Sabbatic Type*, of shadow'd Rest, 350

Climb thy Mind's Scale to it's Reality,

Thy EVERLASTING SABBATH : hop'd and sure.

What must it be, of exquisitely blest,

That *Eye*, nor *Ear*, of pleasant, or of sweet,

Nor Pow'rs of human *Heart* can least conceive ! 355

- Has GOD created *Earth's* mean Spot so fair,

- A Work not meant for perfect, which his Hand

- (As the rough *out-Lines*, a meer *Sketch* of Pow'r)

- One Day shall blot, consigning it to Flames ?

- How must HE then, so Opulent, and Wise, 360

- His lovelier, everlasting World have built !

- A standing Trophy of Almighty Skill.

Where *Saints*, all congregate in one, shall keep
Eternal Sabbatism of Joy and Praise.

In his pleas'd PRESENCE, over-full of Blifs ! 365

Associate with their MEDIATORIAL KING !

And dear Companions of *Angelic Thrones* !

No Night, discomfoting, shall heavy spread

Her Raven-Wing, nor Moon shall need suspend

Her friendly Lamp ; THE POW'R *who made the Sun*

That

THAT IMMATERIAL, UNCREATED LIGHT! 371
 HIMSELF shall beam the more effulgent Day.
 O, what a *Temple* shall I enter then,
 Myself a *Pillar*, by the BUILDER, made;
 From my blest Station ne'er to be displac'd! 375
 + To view this *Mortal* in *Immortal* shrin'd!
 + *Corruption*, chang'd for *Incorruptible*!
 + This *Life of Sin*, for *Life Immaculate*!
 + The *triple League of Satan, World, and Flesh*,
 + Spoil'd, routed, broke—*Temptation*! ended all! 380
 + And last *Repentance*, flying in their Rear! ———
 No more with *Sickness, Care, and Penury*,
 Sharp *Disappointments, Insults, Slight and Wrongs*
 Myself to mourn, or share another's Pang!
 From Fears of Life at rest, and Fears of Death; 385
 My Works of Imperfection, Toil and Pain! ———
 — What Transports shall it give, to feel *my Tears*
 — *Wip'd all, for ever, from these Eyes away*
 — By GOD's own *blissful Hand**, his Face to see;
 — In *Fatherly Relentings*, reconcil'd, 390
 — Rejoycing o'er me!—and be seated near
 My lovely JESUS, while with longing Soul
 I hear, of matchless Love, his *suff'ring Tale*!
 Hear! with a holy Gratitude, that needs
 (With a strange Kind of pitying Sympathy) 395
 My trembling Spirit must half-mourning leave:
 Sad, in the Bosom of so many Joys.

Her

* Rev. vii. 17.

Which his sweet Converſe ſhall as ſoon appeaſe;

Fill'd, *from his Preſence*, with Beatitude

Ineffable, as from a living Stream

400

Pour'd; plenteous as my *finite* can ſuſtain.

— No longer, *there*, my Solace-keeping Heart

— Shall of Eſtrangement, Frowns, and Abſences,

— Rebellious Hardneſs, or dull frozen Damp,

— Darkneſs, or Wandrings, ever more, lament. 405

— Perfection iſſues, from *our Union* full,

— In ev'ry Pow'r, and Faculty, matur'd :

— My *Knowledge* ſhall be perfected, and *Will*,

— And *Holineſs*, grown up a *Nature* there ;

— And perfected Affections, all at height;

410

— Love burning clear, and full, Meridian Joy! —

— Strange Blifs ! too wonderful for Mind or Tongue

— To comprehend (myſterious) or expreſs.

— *Completed*, and, at once, *Progreſſive* too !

— *Loving*, ſtill more to *love* ! and without Bound, 415

— *Riſing* to *riſe* ! and *knowing*, but to *know* !

— *Beginning*, as we *end* ! and running thro'

— Myriads of *Æras*, only to *begin* !

O, what a Centre, indiviſible,

In one vaſt Circle, is Eternity !

220

O, what an Ocean deep is *Infinite* !

Impoſſible to fathom, or exhaust.

+ What Corruſcations, felt, of DEITY

+ (Too brightly glorious for a Mortal's Strength)

† Break on my sinking Dust! Thought can sustain, 425
 † And Utterance reach no more---*My God! my God!*—
 —So fine a Clue cou'd *Contemplation's* Hand
 No longer touch; for my o'erlabour'd Pow'rs
 A feathery Slumber now laid gently down,
 And with her Wand, in Poppy Odours dip'd, 430
 A Spell upon my visual Orbs let fall,
 That ev'ry Portal of the Senses clos'd.
 Like *his* enchanting Rod, as Fables tell,
 Whose potent Touch cou'd Sight, oblivious, seal.
 But on my *mental Eye* a *Vision* stole, 435
 'That plac'd before its View a *shining Form*.
 White were its Robes, and gracefully beneath
 A starry Circlet play'd its flowing Hair:
 That, from its Rings, ambrosial Fragrance way'd
 Whom lowly Greeting, and with prostrate Look 440
 Of Salutation reverent, as befits
 Celestial Guest, I thus in brief address'd.

O! sent on kindest Errand, for no less
 Than heavenly I must deem thee, what to *Earth*
 'This Seat of Worms has brought thee, and to me 445
 Least worthy of such Grace?—When smiling meek,
 As in familiar Use of Friend with Friend,
 Thus answer'ing, interpos'd the *Radiance* mild.

Offspring of Dust, my Origin like thine,
 Tho' now prefer'd so high; for of thy Race 450

I once was mortal, till releas'd from Flesh,
 Me, to this Rank, REDEEMING GOODNESS rais'd.
 I come in kind Commission, nothing loath,
 Thy Couch to tend with gentlest Ministry.
 My freest Converſe offering; if of thee 455
 I ought may win, imparted, and impart
 To thee, in Change, my Mind's Experience all,
 (All what I may) as fits thy State to know.

Friendlieſt of *Spirits ethereal* (rapt I cry'd)
 Wondrous is ſure thy Goodneſs! that can yield 460
 A Moment of extatic Blifs to loſe
 From that bright World, where much I long to dwell!
 Near that *dear LORD*, whom more I long to ſee!
 Gentleſt thy Condeſcenſion, that can deign
 To viſit me, poor *Cottager in Clay*!
 Invited to ſo ſtrange Communion free:
 That now I haſte, advent'rous, to begin.
 — But what for Theme?—If *freely* (as thou ſayſt)
 — Much could I of the *human Soul* enquire
 — That Myſtery to herſelf; if yet it holds 470
 — Specific *Differences of Sex* in Heav'n? *
 — Tho' theſe *firſt Ends* of Nature there ſhall ceaſe,

* See the *Rabbinical Writers*: and *Spicilegium Patrum*, ſaid to be written by the Patriarch Enoch, and publiſhed in Greek by Dr. Grabe, to which many of the Fathers, and St. Jude is thought to refer.

- May not the *manly Spirit*, bold, robust,
- Converſing with its *ſiſter-Eſſence* pure,
- Delection heighten from that ſoft Alloy ? 475
- And, contrary, the *gentler Virtue*, mild,
- Taſte happier Solace by her *Male Compeer* ?
- As Lights in Paintings more ſet off the Shades ;
- Or as in Muſic's meliorated Tones,
- The finer Strings chime ſweetieſt to the Baſe. — 480
- Might I not aſk, if, after Death, this *Soul*
- Lives *individueate* ?* or, as Love of Self
- (Tho' needful here to Preſervation's Ends)
- Works much her Infelicity below,
- In that ſtrong Paſſion grown inordinate : 485
- May not her ceaſing from this *Self-Enthral*,
- Theſe *individueating* Affections, Cares,
- And Labours, perfect her Delights above ?
- Conglobing with the *uni-verſal Soul*;
- As Bucket-Drops themſelves in Ocean loſe, 490
- By Union of one common Element.
- Haply, to *better Self* again reſtor'd
- When *Reſurrection* ſhall fit Body yield.
- Theſe, would it not miſlike thee, could I point
- As Subject for Diſcourſe ſublime and high. 495
- And thence interrogate when *firſt* aroſe
- This *intellectual* Spark of Entity ?
- Created daily, by a recent Act

In

* See Baxter's Works.

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In each fresh *Embrio*? when ALMIGHTY POW'R
 Is said from his *creating Work* to rest; 500
 Or *all at once*, in one coëval Birth
 Of *Spirits*, in some *pre-existent State*?*
 From whence laps'd differently, *ethereal* first,
 And next *aërial* stationed, she at last
 Is drop'd, to act in weak *terrestrial* Life. 505
 Probationer for her first, Birth-right Skies?
 As *Brachman*, *Magi*, and *Gymnosophist*,
 (*Indian*, and *Persian*, and *Egyptian Sage*,)
 The whole World's Learning; and the *Attick* Schools
 Of *Plato* and *Pythagoras*, antient Jew, 510
 And later *Christian*, all for Truth have taught?
 How justly stays not here to grant or null.
 What Questions might not, more, this Theme suggest
 Dared I recount them, for thy Art to solve.
 As whether Threatnings of *eternal Dole*, 515
 He's Woe, in *Strictness*, shall for *ever last*?
 To which my Thoughts, as safest led, incline.
 Or whether God, since infinite in Good
 (With Reverence, diffident I speak) his *Ire*
 On Beings, *reprobate* denounc'd, and lost, 520
 (Angels and Mankind, after Ages past)
 May not remit? his *Justice* so content;
 And that REDEEMING PRICE, *sufficient* paid

L 3

Far

* See Glanvil's *Lux Orientalis*, and Dr. H. More's
Works.

For all (more free his *Grave* to magnify)
 In Season due accept? that by his SON 525
 (Whether in Heav'n or Earth) all Things again
 He to their pristine Stations shall restore,
 Of Amity and Bliss; once found so dear.

- So, *in himself*, regath'ring into one
- *All Beings*, harmoniz'd in Union sweet? 530
- Whence *Sin* and *Death*, no Creatures caus'd of God,
- Shall be for evermore annihilate,
- Made frustrate, and all Enemies be slain? —

But far be from my Thought (tho' pleasing sure
 And honouring, as I deem my MAKER'S Grace) 53
 Far be from me to say that this, or ought
 Prelectur'd here, I dare for *Creed* adopt!

Where *Scriptures* Silence chuse in *all*, or *most*.
 Pond'ring, that oft', unwittingly, at Times
 Deep *Cogitation* conflicts in her Walks. 540
 At best, but what has seem'd (nor less, nor more)
 Than specious, and propounded, meer, as Doubt.

— And rather wou'd I, tho' so wide digress'd,
 This favour'd Season of Instruction use
 On mete, important Queries; how I more,
 How better, most acceptably might serve
 Him, whom deserv'dly lov'd, supremely prais'd,
 Serve, love, and praise both *we*, and all the *Blest*.

To which, with Look that more than half betray'd
 Disapprobation, join'd with mild Reproof, 550
 The

Th' *ethereal Guest*, in Accents as of one
Long waiting patient, gave in meek Reply.

I blame not thy Enquiry, 'tis the means
Sure *Truth* on safe-establiſh'd Ground to learn.
If venturing on too hazardous a Sea, 555
Thy Bark thou riſque not, with thy Compaſs loſt.

- * Man's Wiſdom is to know his *proper Truth*,
 - * Not what *beſt liſts*, but what *concerns him moſt*;
 - * All is, beyond, but Folly, or worſe Pride: 559
- Fruit of that Tree, twice pluck'd, by which he fell.
But whether ſocial Bands of happieſt Souls
Diſtinction need of *Gender*, as on Earth,
Imports not thee, e'er curious to enquire.
- Enough, if thou attain but this for ſure,
 - Perfect they live, and perfect *Beſt* implies, 564
 - Which e'er that be, in differing Sex, or none.
- Nor ſhall it ſerve thy ſmalleſt Good, if told
In what ſtrange Way *unbodied Mind* ſubſiſts:
Reaſoning *Individuate* (beſt to think)
Or in one *universal Flux* convolv'd. 573
- Labyrinth where much vain Thought has wilder'd run-
Or the *Soul's* Birth wou'dſt thou interrogate,
Whether *immediate*, or long *Ages paſt*?
The ſame it, either Way for thee ſhall prove,
A mournful Truth, ſince laps'd indeed—how ſure
Thyſelf can feel! ſmall Comfort when, or where.
One *Protoſtaſt*, with all his hapleſs Sons!

- Fall'n thou canst find thou art, and need'st no more ;
- Save means of thy Recov'ry how to know.
- Rest center'd there, on *Revelation's* Point 580
- Not wand'ring tread dark Circles of the *Schools* :
- Which would but more perplex thee, not instruct,
- Much less content: with'd End in all Research.
- Truth to expect, and hold implicit *Cree'ds*
- By popular Opinions, and *high Names*, 585
- What falser ? who, than the meer Man profound
- Of Learning, the deep scienc'd, carnal *Scribe*
- CHRIST'S *Church*, in ev'ry Age, has troubled more ?
- Not the least Grief of her try'd, present Day.
- But fly Dispute, distemp'ring long the World, 590
- If threaten'd Torment shall for ever last ?
- To which thy Thought, *affirmative*, inclines.
- Safest for *Man* such Thought, and wisest too,
- Where Passions need their strongest Curb of Fear.
- The other dangerous, and too like profane: 600
- Seeking of God's sharp Threat to sheath the Sting ;
- And by bland Artifice, and soft-spun Phrase,
- A Theft of Compliment, wou'd steal away
- *Justice* that Gem essential of his *Crown*.
- Feigning it Honour to his Nature done 600
- That *Grace* should *universally* redeem.
- First minted in that *pre-existent* Forge
- Of *Plato*, and the Crew of *Cabalists*.
- (Specious I grant to purblind Reason fair)
- Squar'd well to suit their *Fable of the Soul*, 605

Thio

P. III. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 225

Thro' her feign'd *tripartite* Progressions laps'd;
And many Lapses must have many Cures.

- Thus GOD, as *Just*, must cease; for GOD, as *Good*?
- Bold Mutilation of the DEITY!
- That (worse than *Babel* Insolence) would build 610
- God's *Goodness* on the Ruins of his *Truth*.

Accounting Nought is *Good* but what is *Kind*;
Not measuring it by Wisdom's Line: and what
Is *Justice* Self, but *Goodness*, modify'd?

- + And *Punishment* is *Good* where *Sin* is Ill, 515
- Shou'd *that* ev'n *endless* be, while *this* exists.

- *Faith* is a *Sceptic* in *Philosophy*;
- Prudent, suspicious, modest, slow, and cool;
- And when smooth *Speculation* pleads its Vote,
- And *Scripture* Silence keeps, sits silent too. 620

Leave the *sole Judge* his *Laws* Interpreter,
Dark (for this Purpose) oft' to Man reveal'd:
Ablest his own high Cause of *Attributes*
To vindicate, and clear from foul Asperse.

Whether *all Beings* he shall *sawe at last*, 625
(Dear to be wish'd!) or leave them where they fell,
Fruit of self Choice, in *unremitting Woe*.

I paus'd for Answer, with the Influence aw'd
Of reasoning so divine; when pleasing Speech,
Not clos'd, the gentle *Monitor* resum'd. 630

Well hast thou urg'd, and grateful to my Ear
 Thy Purpose, rather to investigate
 Truths useful, not entangling and abstruse;
 Wisdom's best Choice the Culture of the Heart.
 Sublime of *Christian Science*, and Result 635
 Of hard-earn'd Knowledge, Searches, Costs, and
 Aims.

Heat gath'ring in with Light: and what so fit
 The Heart to warm as *Heav'n*, in nearest View?
 Which I, Occasion wish'd of ministring,
 Wait to impart; for such I have in Pow'r. 640
 And the bright Mansions of that blissful World
 (Some few faint Glimpses shadowing to thy Eye)
 Will point thee, in *Imagination's* Glass: 645
 Made pure, and plac'd the Objects best to show.

Scarce were the Accents ended, e'er my Soul 655
 (Loos'd, or in this *Corporeal*, hard to tell)
 Felt Transportation wonderful, like *His*
 (The *Gentiles great Apostle* fitly stiled)
 To the third Heav'n up-caught, or like, what once
Ezekiel * knew, whom sudden by the Hair, 650
 The *Angel* (in the *Visions, high, of God*)
 From far *Assyria's* Land, a spacious Tract,
 Bore thro' the Firmament; and in the Courts
 Of

* *Chap. viii. 3,*

Of antient *Salem's* Temple sat him down.
 Such, and much stranger my Transition seem'd: 655
 Brought to a Temple more magnificent,
 With glist'ring Pavements, and transplendent Domes.
 Before whose adamantine Portals, large,

A Troop of lovely *Graces* waiting sat
 In comely Order; oft' dismiss'd to Earth 660
 On high Employment, by the SOVEREIGN KING.

- FAITH in the radiant Circle first appear'd:
- A royal Stole her princely Shoulders spread
- Impurpled deep in Blood; and in one Hand
- A Book she held, inscrib'd THE WORD OF GOD:"
- The other fastly clasp'd a *Cross*, on which, 666
- Immoveable, she fix'd her earnest Eye.
- + Close by her Side sat HOPE her Sister-Twin:
- + Lent on an *Anchor* her enfolded Arms,
- + With Aspect turn'd inquisitive, to gaze 670
- + Within the *Vail*. Next, lowly at her Feet,
 Sat PATIENCE, smiling, in an *Anchorite's* Weed.
- And LOVE was there, below call'd CHARITY,
- Wing-footed, as they tell of *Maia's* Son:
- Matchless in Speed, the *Nuncio* of the Skies: 675
- Holding his kindled Torch, in saffron Vest
- Array'd; with Wings expanded as for Flight,
- That when they wav'd shone, pure, like lambent
 Fires.

- + And last was TRUTH's fair *Championess* nam'd ZEAL;
- + Clad, as old *Poets* of *Bellona* feign,

- In *Mail*; with *Helm* and *Launce*, and martial *Scarf*
 — All o'er inwrought with Tongues, and flaming Hearts:
 + She sat with Dove-ey'd MEEKNESS Hand in Hand;
 + Of *Cberub* Countenance, and Child-like Form,
 + Who wore, beneath her Breasts, a Virgin *Zone*. 685
 + Whereon, "THE LAW OF KINDNESS," fair was
 wrote
 + In Gems, and golden Letters bright emboss'd.
 We pass the sacred Entrance and arrive
 Soon at the Centre of th' empyreal Fane.
 Where Myriads of *celestial Dignities*, 690
 In Numbers that all Number wide surpass'd,
 Before my Sight their shining Forms display'd.
 And Incense from their golden Censers fum'd
 Of richest Odour! nor was wanting Song,
 To Symphonies attun'd of dulcet Harps, 695
 By fullest Chorus clos'd---*Part*, HIM ador'd,
 In Anthems loud extol; who once their Tribes
 Redeem'd, by precious Off'ring of *his Blood*,
 From ev'ry peopled Nation, Tongue and Clime:
 Made, of Earth's Aliens, *Kings* and *Priests* to God.
 Worthiest, by dread Atchievements, to receive 701
 Trophies of *Glory*, *Blessing*, *Wealth*, and *Pow'r*.
 Part, chaunt, in Airs responsive to the Lay,
 Blessing and *Honour*, *Glory*, *Pow'r*, to HIM
 Eternal, on the universal Throne, 705
 Be ever giv'n, and to th' exalted LAMB!
 Then, in rais'd Voices bursts the general Quire.

AMEN!

P. III. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 229

AMEN! they shout, and farthest Heav'n resounds
 With HALLELUJAH; past what Heart e'er felt
 Melodious, yet in strong, sonorous Force 710
 The Stound of rushing Torrents not unlike,
 Or Thunders when they croud their deepning Peals.
 At Charm so awful! so o'erpow'ring sweet!
 All mortal Sense, expiring must have sunk
 In the dread Blandishment; had not my Pow'rs 715
 (Bliss-overwhelm'd) immediate Rescue found
 From Voice, as of some heavenly Speaker nigh:
 New Wonder thus suggesting to my Ear.

Turn dear fraternal Pilgrim while I point
 Thy Eye, attently fix'd, to these few Scenes. 720
 In my weigh'd Choice, officious for thy Good
 Selected: that peculiar Will to thee
 Significant appear, if ponder'd well.

- See'st thou that *Spirit* of superior Port
- High in meek Majesty, that near the Throne 725
- (Clouded with Light too dazzling for thy Eye)
- Bears in his graceful Hand the Victor *Palm*?
- Ah! wou'd'st thou think that ever (while on Earth)
- So chief a Favourite should be rank'd so mean!
- Affliction's heaviest Rod he once sustain'd! 730
- *Sickness* besieged the harrass'd Warriour long.
- Love's Suff'rings, for a *numerous Infant Brood*
- He felt; Humanity's most bleeding Pang!

Obscurely

- Obscurely wretched, with no helping Friend,
- The Vulture *Care* fed daily on his Heart, 735
- Chain'd to the Rock of Wave-vex'd *Poverty*.
- Yet unrepining Life's worst Lot he bore.
- To teach thee, how *Humility* must wait
- E're her blest Hand, releas'd, can reach the Crown.

* *Faith's* Triumphs are from Combat not by Rest. 740
When *Grace* some *signal Hero* means to train,
Storms sweep the blooming *Roses* from his Path.
She bids *Affliction* found the Trump of War,
Leads him to thorny *Difficulty's* Field,
And throws before each Step a stumbling *Cross*. 745
Gold must its Trial thro' the Furnace pass;
 And stand, for Proof, the *Touchstone* and the *Scale*.

See'st thou that other choice-illustrious Form, 748
 In Vestments gliftring bright? like Mountain-Snows,
 When their broad Sheets spread, opening, to the Sun.
 How chang'd, from what in Nature's Filth he wore!

- + So foul! one Spot of Vice throughout he seem'd.
- + Sensual, profane—the Monster had his Step
- + Just set in Hell; 'till *Conscience* rung alarm,
- + *Conscience*, let loose: the Hurricane of *Fiends*! 755
- + He flies to Duty to appease the Storm;
- + Toils in vain Washings, Penance, Fasts, and Prayers,
- + And gains a *Self-wrought Righteousness*, misdeem'd
- + By blind *Legality*, the *Wedding Robe*. 760
- + For, not from Life he works. Now plum'd he stands
 On

- † On his own boasted Strength, a sandy Base.
 † Anon Temptation arms : he fights—and falls.
 † Down drop his Resolutions, Courage, Peace,
 † All his proud Armour spoil'd. In many a Fray
 † Stir'd, by rash Confidence, new Fight to wage 765
 † He ventures desperate, and is vanquish'd still.
 † Where is he now ? in his first State or worse !
 † *Despondence*, with his Giant Foot, insults
 † O'er his prone *Captive*, weak (by Proof) confess.
 † When *Faith* a strong *Deliverer* points him near, 770
 † The pitying JESUS ; HIM, with trembling Hand
 † He importuning holds, and, *on his Touch*,
 † A purer Righteousness, an abler Might,
 † A different Life and Nature feels infus'd.
 † On his bruis'd Heart the melting SAVIOUR pours 775
 † (That good *Samaritan*) his precious Oyl,
 † From his own Wounds, the sov'reign *bleeding Balm*.
 † —Thus Grace has giv'n true Strength, but gives not
 Pow'r
 † Completely to fulfill strict, rigorous *Law*,
 † That no Abatement grants. *Law* binds to *Death* ;
 † This, too, he sees discharg'd.—O what a Peace,
 † A Friend how *all-sufficient* has he found !
 † With *Sin*, the curst *Canaanite* on watch,
 † Disturbing still the Camp (a Foe block'd up,
 † But yet within the Fort) in shameful Soils 785
 † In mourn'd Defeats, to the dear *Blood* he hastes
 † Of daily *sprinkling*.—His REDEEMING KING

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 † Of daily *sprinkling*.—His REDEEMING KING

- + Fights all his hardy Battles, covers safe
- + His Head from Dangers, in his Hand sustains
- + His *Saint* when slipping, and when fall'n restores. 790
- + A *Victor* prov'd the *vanquish'd*; fought his way,
- + Led by his glorious CHIEF, thro' all the Pow'rs
- + Of Guilt and Hell, where now he wears the Crown.

Yon raptur'd Saint beholdst thou? just arriv'd
 From thy far World; whence, ev'ry changing Hour,
 The *Convoy-Hosts* with some new Charge return. 799
 How blest an Alteration has he found,

From what his gloomy Fears were wont to form!

- Dim were his Views, his Raptures few below.
- Darkness had seiz'd him, tho' a *Child of Light*. 800
- Dismay'd thro' his whole Pilgrimage he walk'd;
- In deep Complaints, in holy Sadnesses,
- And died on the black Confines of *Despair*.
- Such Horror may the *fav'd Believer* know:
- The lax *Backslider*, or the *strict in Watch*, 805
- Who (on his Tears, or Duties, stay'd for Peace)
- His Comforts from *himself* perversely seeks;
- And lives not on his SAVIOUR, but his *Frames*.
- Comforts are sweet, a choice wish'd Privilege,
- But not Essentials that insure our Crown; 810
- Which oft' wise Love it's dearest *Saint* denies.

- + We count bright Days and Calms must follow Pray'r,
- + Forgetting that in *Scripture* stands enroll'd
- + A mourning *Heman*, and a tempted *Job*.

P. III. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 233

- + A leading *Moses* must, himself, on Earth 815
- + Fruition be deny'd of that *good Land* :
- + But once, short-favour'd with the transient Sight.
When Doubt o'er shades thee with dejecting Thought
Call to remembrance *Him*, before thy Eye :
 How false his Apprehensions ! which he tells 820
 (Hark ! thou may'st hear him !) to the list'ning
 Throng.

- If e'er a Blush can stain thy Cheek in Heav'n,
- 'Twill be at Memory of base Unbelief.

I heard no more---I listen'd close, and long---
 But all was hush'd !---I gaz'd, but all was Blank ! 825
 Nought spoke ; or to my Ear, or in my Eye !
 Ah me ! 'twas o'er---each Prospect chang'd and fled !
 Like what (not seldom) on a Winter's Morn
 The *trav'ler* spies, when the Night-Vapour froze
 Has with a feathery, mimic Foliage drest 830
 The whiten'd Groves, and ev'ry Bush and Spray ;
 That leave, with the first Blast, a naked Scene.
 No wonder mine so prov'd ; for from the Top
 Of *Speculation's* Mount, with swift Descent,
 Back in the Views again of joyless Earth, 835
 Th' *Intelligent* had brought me ; which, perceiv'd,
 Hy Heart in heaviest Disappointment left.

- As when a *Hill*, deceptive of the Eye
- Seems close at Hand (some hollow Way between
- O'ergaz'd by Sight) at the Plain's farthest End, 840
 Where

- Where the Path seem'd to touch, the Trav'ler brought
- Sees a wide Valley left him yet to pass,
- So paus'd I sad a while; then broke abrupt,
Shook with such Paralytic as, 'tis thought,
Fix'd sometime on th' entrans'd *Apostle's* Speech 845
'Trembling Impediment; *the Thorn* (perhaps)
Felt in his Flesh *. Ah! how shall e'er, I cry'd,
(With faint, with stammering Voice) how ever more
This Exile Bondage of terrestrial bear!
- + Happier to not have seen, than leave for Pangs 850
- + Of deadliest Absence this celestial Clime!
- + To tread again below the darksome Vale,
- + From that pure Land of Light; and combat new
- + Corruptions, Miseries, Sickness, Fears, and Death!
- Me! miserably blest!—to taste afresh 855
Infectious Poisons from Pollution's Cup,
Sweeten'd with Flatteries by the *Traitor Heart*,
And tire *Repentance* with my tardy Cure!
- To feel Temptation's *Spring*, Lust's *Summer-Heats*,
- And Grace's *Winter*, in my Soul's dead *Year*!
And find my *Sun* withdraw, and long, dread Night
Hang o'er my *North*—a Borderer on the *Pole*.—
But I must bear it!—Up to those dear Hills
My Soul on the safe Dove-like Wings shall climb
Of *Hope and Love*, and oft look out for Dawn. 865
Nor always look in vain, wish'd Light shall rise,

* 2 Cor. xii. 7.

*Death shall my Morn of vernal Equinox,
And better, my eternal Day restore.*

I droop'd not long for Answer (such as hears
Some Mourner from his soft condoling Friend) 870
But, quick, the sympathizing *Form* reply'd.

- + Think not that, *now*, so distant from his Bliss
- + The *Christian* lives ; a *neutral State* he holds,
- + His *Flesh* in Service here, his Heart in *Heav'n*.
- * Use, not condemn, thy Lot of present Life : 875
Best for thee (*Yet*) be grateful, and content.
Nor, by a Zeal, o'erstrain'd, of Sanctity,
Reject what Good, to cheer Thee, *Heav'n* bestows :
Not for thy Portion, but thy Solace meant.
- Taste as Refreshment——they as much abuse 880
- The Giver's Kindness, who quite slight the Gift ;
- Which speaks their close Suspicions, and upbraids
- His Blessings as but Baits to hide a Snare.
- + There is, of Life, a sinful Weariness,
- + An Avarice for the *Hire* without the *Work* ; 885
- + A meer gross, carnal, forc'd *Severity*,
That by it's sullen, peevish, moap'd Deport
Seems from it's Pleasures with a Grudge to part,
And loves to rust, in *Sloth's* feign'd-sainthly Cowl.
- * Man's Post is in the *World*, and not his *Cell*, 890
- * Dissembling Hardiness by Coward Flight.
- * Safe in Enjoyments, while o'ervaluing none

Keep

- * Keep thy strait Course, in Sunshine, Wave and Storm.
 As well thro' *Sea* as dangerous *Wilderness*,
 O'er many a Shole, rough Gulph, and lurking Sand
 Thy Passage lies; like him of *Ithaca*
 Long Homeward wand'ring after ten Years War.
 — Learn by his Wisdom; stop thy deafen'd Ear
 — To Beauties *Sirens*, fly from *Circe's* Shore.
 — But above all keep wide thy sailing *Bark*, 900
 — From two dire Rocks, *Security* and *Pride*.
 Fatal as those *twin-Monsters*, said of old
 To haunt for Prey the fear'd *Sicilian* Deep.
 + Look not for lasting Calms, but while they last
 + Improve them, and for changing Skies provide; 905
 + From Wreck ne'er safe 'till haven'd in thy *Port*.
 + Nor trust thy Vessel with too swoln a Sail!
 In thy best Duties, in thy holiest Walk,
 Despise not others, nor thyself exalt.
 * By thy good *Pilot* steer, *Humility*! 910
 * And thrust proud *Thought*, that *Dæmon*, from the
 Helm.

Thus, launch'd on Ocean, or thro' Defart led,
Live Faith's laborious Life: each cautious Step
Take, closely, by thy Rule the written Word
Read by the SPIRIT's inward-shining Beam. 915
When Way-laid and assaulted, ne'er in Thought
Stand reasoning with Corruption; 'tis a Snare
Will catch thy Feet; thy Safety lies in Flight,
With Eyes glanc'd up in Pray'r-ejaculate.
 Weapon,

P. III. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 237

Weapon, that will be found, of wond'rous Proof! 920

Walk in the *Pilgrim-Spirit*; round thy Loins

See thy *Vest* girt succinct, thy kindled *Lamp*

High-lifted in thy Hand, and on thy *Staff*

Of *Promise* stay'd, hold cheerful on thy Way.

Nor cheerish least Distrust that him thou lov'st 925

Will e'er disclaim thee; but thy Work sincere,

Wrought with much Weakness, will thro' Grace accept,

And thy prais'd, *final Perseverance* crown.

I shall thy safe Arrival, in the Train

Of *Pilgrim-Friends*, with gladdest welcome hail, 930

And *all the Blest*—'till when, my Hour fulfill'd

In Charge assign'd me, I must up return;—

I will not say to leave thee, but to wait

When thou shalt follow; whom my Love, not small,

With tend'rest Benediction bids farewell. 935

Lost for more Words, I cou'd but just exclaim

Might I presume, O too prepar'd to part!

One short, blest Space, one little Minute more,

Might I, by Grant, obtain thy Steps to stay,

This, only, farther should I wish to learn. 940

(Have learnt in Part by what I late have seen)

Since *Memory* is in *Heav'n*, or how should Man

But by comparing what he *was*, what *is*,

Past, deadly *Danger* scap'd, with *present Bliss*,

His Obligations to his SAVIOUR know, 945

Do

Do *Friends*, long parted? in that happier State
 Do Friends, yet dearer by Relations Bond——
 Speak, for I see thee hast'ning——It withdrew!
 No Voice rejoining!—yet, at parting left
 A Look, celestial sweet, that more than Voice 950
 Spoke pleasing'ft *Affentation* in my Ear.
 When anxious yet to snatch a last, wish'd Glance,
 Struck *Memory* back recoil'd! I turn'd, and knew
 The gaz'd lov'd Form! the dear SOPHRONIA'S SHADE!
 Nor more had Speech to call, nor Sense to gaze. 953
 But, all o'erpow'r'd with tenderest Extasy,
 Thus, to myself, in silent Thoughts convers'd.

Adieu! for ever dear! for ever blest
 Adieu!——ah! when shall that sad Word of Woe
 Be utter'd, from my Grief-taught Heart, no more!--960
 —'Tis *She*, that whispers Patience to my Dream,
 —Calms my long midnight Watches, and inspires
 —Devotion, in my Eve-spent Solitudes.
 —Too rapturous Consolation here to tell!——
 —Oh! be thy self my Pattern! thy blest Lore
 —My Study! how *like Bliss*, PARENTAL SAINT!
 —I may attain.——On this, a *Text* divine,
 —Let my Life preach! my Sanctity! my Faith!
 —My active Zeal! my warm, laborious Love!
 —What thy own Comment has explain'd so well. 970
 And when, as now, on my last Bed of Pains
 My *Mortal* shall be mould'ring, laid to waste,

(Fit

P. III. SUNDAY THOUGHTS. 239

(Fit to be held to Expectations view,
 When Time is wint'ring on my Head with Grey)
 When at the Limits of my final Stage, 975
 The *Pilgrim* just at Home, with nought but *Death*,
 That intercepting *Jordan*, in my Way;
 Instant, its gulphy Waves about to pass.
 Be then my *Eve* all hush'd as Summer-Calms!
 Clear without Vapour, let my *Sun* go down, 980
 A setting Brightness! 'till on *Canaan's* Shore
 My Feet shall rest; *EMANUEL's* promis'd Land.
 There his pleas'd Face admitted to behold,
 With better Wreath than fading *Laurel-Crown*
 Rewarded, and presenting loftier Strain 985
 Before my KING! — Not with the *Pharisee*
In Self-exulting Boast, "I thank thee God!"
Not with the *Prodigal*, tho' Penitent
In Rags of Righteousness. May I appear
 (From the lov'd BRIDEGROOM's own rich Wardrobe
 clad) 990
 In Righteousness, not mine, but purer far
 Wrought BY HIMSELF, compleat: *no less my own*
 By *imputative Merit*; that safe Rock
 •For dying Hope her Bark to anchor sure
 In the Night-Wreck; when ev'ry Shelf beside 995
 Will prove a treacherous Quick-Sand of Despair.

So, from some Dream the timorous Infant woke,
 That finds itself alone, with Darkness round,
 For

For Succour lifts its little helpless Hands :
Unable how to tell its sad Distress.

1000

— Soon as the *Parent's* pitying Voice it hears,
It stops its Moan ; Sleep stills its trembling Heart,
Dropt, gently, in its careful GUARDIAN's Arms.

THE END.

